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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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William Burroughs,
Terry Southern,
John Sack,
–Chicago!**

see page 83

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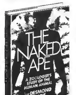
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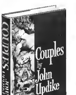
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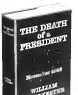
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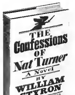
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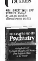
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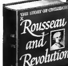

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1968

VOLUME LXX NO 5 WHOLE NO [illegible]

LAMENT TO A LEGEND

THE ELEVATION OF SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY "thou must be made immortal" Malcolm Muggeridge 118
THE LOGISTICS OF THE FUNERAL So little time, so many hands, such coming Anthony Howard 119
THE FUNERAL LIST R. S. F. K. I. D. [illegible] M. The family's own list; the White House was in the [illegible] 120
THE SKEPTICS In politics, death is not the end of any campaign Milton Viorst 123
RELICS Seven who, for varying reasons, have something to remember him by 130

CHICAGO, THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1968

GROOVING IN CHI Competition proved strong in that area [illegible] Terry Southern 83
THE MUMMERS OF THE ASSEMBLY A four-star show that ran out of stars Jean Genet 86
THE COMING OF THE PURPLE BETTER ONE After the fact, an orderly kind of fiction William Burroughs 89
IN A PIG'S EYE A conventional day for one of Chicago's finest John Sack 91

ARTICLES

THE APPENDIX IS WHERE YOU FIND IT Provided, of course, the patient has the time William A. Nolen, M.D. 96
HUNG ON LORD HARLECH His diplomatic career may be over but he's learned the lessons well Martin Page 106
DIARY OF MY FUTURE Most of his plans for work have withstood time James Agee 111
STOMPING AT THE GREENSBORO COLISEUM Vaudeville is not dead; it has a different schtick Larry Brooks 116
HEALTH FOR HIRE The corporations are now watching the [illegible] in Wall Street Paul Finney [illegible]
THE VERY RICH ARE NOT UGLY AND TIRED LIKE YOU AND ME Tithonus revisited Patrick M. McGrady Jr. [illegible]

FICTION

MY SON THE MURDERER He was, it was plain to see, his father's own son Bernard Malamud 102
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION She was the one for the moon Donald Harrington 108

PICTURED ESSAY

WHY IS THIS MAN WHISTLING Tips on an underblown mode of communication Drawings by Jerome Snyder 105

TRAVEL

WATCH CLOSELY THE NEW TRAINS OF EUROPE They may cross the Atlantic Richard Joseph 98
RICHARD JOSEPH'S TRAVEL NOTES All aboard for Alaska, Siberia and the Orient 66

POTABLES

DIFFICULT DRINKS FOR TECHNICIANS ONLY Four ways to get glowing before you sup 112

WEARABLES

A RELISH OF NEW SHIRTS, FINE FUR COATS, OTHER BID ELEGANCES All taste and tone have not vanished 133
ESQUIRE PREDICTS: THE EASY SUIT As interpreted at four European fashion centers 134
THE FASHIONS OF OUR DESIGNING MEN Sable pours and spotted cats can be made dashing and different, utterly unfeminine 135
THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE: THE COONSKIN COAT COMES BACK They're warm, comfortable, and expensive 136
THE [illegible] CARRIAGE COAT IS MORE [illegible] THAN ONE If you'd disguise your Chinese [illegible] use a [illegible] 128
A NEW LOOK TO LEATHER Leather may be as evocative of the past, but it's as new as the age of those jackets and coats 140
DRESSY AND DECENT [illegible] The [illegible] is bred this season and it's worn with youthful exuberance 137

ADVERSARIA

ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA But what if a fine bloom? [illegible]

FEATURE

UNDER BREATH IN THE FIVE-POINT BLOCK He couldn't take it any other way J. P. Bernhard 18

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ESQUIRE'S INSTANT RETAIL INFORMATION SERVICE Shop the easy, quick, pleasant way. It's free [illegible]

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Page THE OLYMPIANS, OTHER TALK 6
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 10
THE SOUND AND THE HURT 16
FILMS Wilfrid Sheed 21
POPULAR MUSIC Robert Christgau 31
RECORDINGS Martin Mayer 58
BOOKS Malcolm Muggeridge 76

TALKING SHOP

SHOPPING LINES beginning on 13

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

The beauty part of the Olympics

As this is written the year 1968 is only a little more than midway through its third quarter, but already it knows few equals as a year of astonishment. Its first quarter was as quiet as most but from then on the unexpected has become routine. To think that last month's issue of this magazine was concerned with salvaging the rest of this century—there've been times in this year's second and third quarters when it might have seemed a bit more apropos, for all of us to have worried about getting through the rest of this year.

This page for this month had for some time been earmarked to be a salute to Mexico's handling of the Nineteenth Olympiad, the games aspect of which will be taking place just as this issue attains currency but the cultural aspect of which has been underway since last January and will continue well into December. As you undoubtedly know by now, this Olympiad has a broader content than has been customary in the modern revival of the ancient games that has become a quadrennial fixture of world sport since 1896. In this aim, the Olympic Organizing Committee of Mexico planned the Cultural Olympics as a year-long festival of the arts, and while this has been widely publicized in our papers and magazines, with especially good coverage in *Venture*, *Sports Illustrated* and *Saturday Review* among many others, we still haven't seen a better summary of its inspiration and goals than was contained in the official statements both of the committee itself and of Mexico's President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz.

Encuentro Internacional de Poetas.

In announcing this broadened Olympic concept, the Mexican Olympic Organizing Committee said: 'The arts were an essential part of the festivities of the Greek Olympics of the fifth century B.C. At the conclusion of the day's athletic events were added evening presentations of creative abilities in the arts. The best talents of all Greece were gathered for these programs: poets to sing epics of victory, actors to present the great tragedies, musicians and dancers to interpret the sacred and profane sentiments (inspirations) of the competitors. The current Cultural Program has not been devised with the aim of competition (as prizes or distinctions of any kind will be awarded), but rather in the spirit of excellence, so as to better demonstrate the true spirit of humanity by combining art and athletics into a unity similar to that of the body and the mind.'

Reunión Internacional de Escultores

A splendid statement of a wonderful idea, and one can only applaud it as with this one from the Patron of the Games himself, President Díaz Ordaz: "In order to link the Olympic ideals of friendship and fraternity with Mexico's sensibility and historical background there has been included in the games of the XIX Olympiad a cultural program that will enable the participants to form closer ties through their knowledge of each other's cultures, an area in which man's expression, independent of the color of his skin, his ideology, or degree of development, attains levels of manifest equality. In physical strength, size, sources of wealth, economic development, and in other areas certain nations may be outstanding; in loftiness of thought, no nation, no one group of people can consider itself superior to the rest."

Festival Mundial del Folklore

Ironically, we had just read that last sentence and were reflecting on its fundamental truth by summoning to mind such obvious examples as the little city states that were the Athens of the age of Pericles, or the Florence of the Quattrocento, and the tight little isle of Shakespeare's day, when the news broke of the Russians moving in to play Big Brother to Czechoslovakia, thoughtfully bringing along a dozen divisions to serve as baby sitters, and we were struck by the kind of thought that would normally classify as unthinkable: what if Uncle Sam, in this day and age, were to move in on Mexico from one night to the next morning the same way? Most of us are quick to admit that there are a lot of things wrong with our country at this juncture in the affairs of man, but when a thing like the Russian move can happen, the temptation is strong to fall into the prayer pattern of the Pharisee and thank God that we are not as others are.

Ballet de los Cinco Continentes.

As a (Continued on page 182)

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Depending on what has happened to the country at large within the next few weeks, pages 83 through 94 of this issue may or may not reflect some of the trickiest footwork ever carried out by this magazine.

The sequence of events began last March, when Editor Harold Hayes decided there was only one reasonable approach to the coming Democratic National Convention, and that was to look on it as "Theatre-in-the-Streets." As such, he felt, the writers who could best tackle the subject would be the great Black Humorists like Terry Southern, William Burroughs, Ionesco, Samuel Beckett and Genet. All of these, except Southern, were in Europe.

The first step for Editor Hayes was to take some preliminary soundings and secure Southern's agreement to be Esquire's anchor man. His next step was to proceed to Europe, with the objectives of (one) *finding* Burroughs, Ionesco, Beckett and Genet and (two) somehow convincing each one of them that Esquire really did have in mind the unlikely business of sending him to Chicago, Illinois, in August. The quest proceeded, as Mr. Hayes recounts it in flashback, more or less as follows.

Arriving London. I find that Burroughs is not here but somewhere in rural England hung up on Scientology. Decide to shelve Burroughs for the moment and go to Paris instead, to track down the others.

Arriving Paris, last week in March, to meet two people who are going to help me. The first is a friend of Robert Benton and David Newman, a man named Jean Pierre de Lucovitch who is a reporter for *Paris Match.* He shows up for lunch date wearing a Bonnie & Clyde outfit, a very smooth cookie indeed with flawless English and two Swiss cigars in his pocket. I explain that I merely want to meet Genet, Ionesco and Beckett. Jean Pierre says don't worry, he can set everything up. Also waiting for me in Paris: Mme La Comtesse de Toulouse Lautrec, an American lady from Michigan who is a member of the painting and haute cuisine family and who speaks perfect Parisian French. She adds some needed class to the enterprise.

This evening I go to a party at the apartment of James Jones and tell *him* what I'm in Paris for. Everyone wants to help. (The interesting thing is that Paris is a tiny community, so that as soon as I have explained the problem word has begun to go out in expanding circles.) Anyway, by the next morning Jean Pierre has managed to set up a lunch date for me with Jean Genêt and an appointment to see Ionesco afterwards.

Persuading Genet. The Countess and I are met in the corridor of Genet's hotel (he doesn't live anywhere, but moves from hotel room to hotel room) by a faun-like young man who leads us to a room where Genet is in an immense bed, not feeling well. He's a little man, bald, with a scarf around his throat. He starts off the conversation with ten minutes or so of great admiration for the work of Toulouse Lautrec. Finally I get him switched to Esquire and he assures me that he has heard we're the most formidable magazine in America and he'd love to write for us—about Vietnam. I say fine, fine, but what I'm really here for is to ask him to cover the Democratic Convention. He says impossible, he hasn't the political knowledge, and besides, who would be interested in what he has to say? I refer to the article Norman Mailer wrote for us about the 1960 Convention and tell him that even John F. Kennedy read that. Then Genet says he abhors America and everything American. (In fact, the word he uses to convey the degree of his detestation is so strong the Countess tells me there isn't any English translation.) Genet asks, won't that put us off? I say, well, it's the policy of our magazine to express different points of view. Then, finally, he pauses, and says, "I will go." After which he tells me he might have a little visa trouble, but adds, "Don't worry about it. I'm a good friend of Pierre Salinger."

(The English agent who represents both Genet and Ionesco has assured me that if Genet says he will do something he will. If Ionesco says he will, he probably will not.)

Encountering Ionesco. We met at his house in a suburb of Paris. Ionesco, a very shy, retiring man, first says he was not very pleased with the New York staging of *Rhinoceros,* because Zero Mostel wouldn't allow him into the theatre. (Editor's note: Mr. Leo Kerz, the American producer of *Rhinoceros* writes: "When *Rhinoceros* opened on Broadway in 1961 it was an instant success. How can Ionesco's so-called unhappiness with this production be explained when he immediately complained to his New York agent that I neglected to send him a cable of congratulations? . . . The truth is that after the London and Paris fiasco Ionesco met at least a dozen times with me and went over all my changes, enthusiastically agreed to each and every suggestion as I read them to him in Paris and later in Zurich and in New York . . .

"Ionesco never attended a rehearsal, never saw a run-through and never saw a single performance of *Rhinoceros* in New York despite my fervent pleas to do so. He left New York three weeks before the play opened, not because he was in any disagreement with Zero Mostel or myself, but because New York itself became traumatic for him.

"The real reason, in my opinion, for Ionesco's disenchantment with the New York production of *Rhinoceros* is that while it started a whole new era in the commercial theatre it ended his claim to being an avant-garde playwright. Acceptance on Broadway, he felt, made him old hat.") Then we talk about the Convention. The friends Ionesco is staying with think the idea is marvelous and they and the Countess start belaboring the poor man about what an experience it would be for him and what a wonderful literary project it would make. Finally he weakens, says it all depends on a play of his which will be opening in Zurich, tries to call Zurich but can't get through, but it is left that he will eventually consent.

This is on a Thursday. The same night, while I am visiting the James Joneses again, a phone call comes through from a friend of Samuel Beckett's, who reluctantly gives me Beckett's phone number. I telephone and make an appointment for the morning.

Beckett passes. Again out to the suburbs, where Beckett has an apart-

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ment with a magnificent view overlooking a penitentiary. He's a string of a man, like a Giacometti, very brusque and perfunctory. He says he cannot take on my assignment because his health is not good and he writes painfully slowly, so I decide to leave it at that.

Back to London where I call Burroughs' agent and tell him that Ionesco and Genet have agreed, so he says yes; in that case Burroughs will do it too. (End flashback.)

All of this took place last March. It was Esquire's plan then that Terry Southern would write a chronological account of the Convention, and that Genet would be assigned to Lyndon Johnson, Ionesco to Robert Kennedy and Burroughs to Eugene McCarthy.

During the summer, though, word came in that Ionesco had changed his mind and decided to direct his play in Zurich instead of going to Chicago. Then we heard that he was in Mexico. Editor Hayes called Richard Seaver, Ionesco's editor at Grove Press, and learned that Ionesco was in fact in New York. So with Bernadette Revest, a bilingual Esquire staff member, he went to the Pierre to see him. "Ionesco is very much of a tease—he's like a woman in that respect," says Mr. Hayes. "'But you don't want me anyway if you have Genet,' he kept saying. 'Besides, Genet's very destructive of everything he sees, very contrary to my point of view.' I hastily assured him that we could handle all points of view, even the positive ones, but his mind was made up."

So a week before the Convention opens (and more than a month after the date on which under normal conditions our pages should be with the printer), Esquire's plans have been modified as follows: Since the enterprise began, Robert Kennedy has been assassinated, President Johnson has withdrawn. (In fact, the only consistent political factor turns out to be Eugene McCarthy.) As our crash program now stands, Terry Southern will still record the Convention's developments as a whole; Genet (who was, the last we heard, planning to go from Paris to Montreal and from Montreal to New York) and Burroughs will cover "targets of opportunity." Satirist David Levine will draw caricatures of all three of our men. Associate Editor John Berendt will fly to Milwaukee to rent a car to drive to Chicago where he will chauffeur and coordinate.

The Very Rich Are Not Ugly and Tired Like You and Me (page 142) will be a part of the book *The Youth Doctors* to be published this month by Coward-McCann, Inc. The author, Patrick McGrady, is former Moscow correspondent for *Newsweek*. *Diary of My Future* (page 114) will appear in *The Collected Short Prose of James Agee*, edited by Robert Fitzgerald, which will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company early in 1969.

The cover originally planned for this edition is one readers will never see, since it was a casualty of intervening drama out of Chicago. In intention, though, it was a photograph of the crucifixion as it might have been covered by our mass media in the way Robert F. Kennedy's death was covered. For the television and motion picture equipment that were used for the first cover, Esquire is indebted to Tele-Tape Productions, Inc. Tele-Tape Productions produces and packages taped live and filmed shows for other producers. Among their recent TV productions are *The Merv Griffin Show* and Robert Morse's new fall series *That's Life*. Tele-Tape's film company, Paradigm Films, Inc., showed its documentary *The North Vietnamese Never Called Me Nigger* at the New York Film Festival in October. Tele-Tape also lent us the services of an associate producer, Tony Marshall, and a crew of two to make sure the crucifixion and the equipment were set up properly. The Speed Graphic camera came from Olden Camera & Lens Company, New York; the Uher tape recorder, headset and mike by G&G Recording Service, Peekskill, New York.

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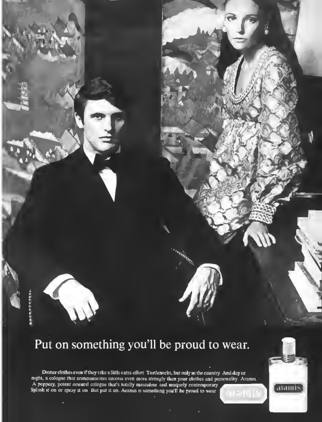

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

We infer you prefer

In your strangely fulmed last September on the page identified as 97 an article by Burton Hirsh entitled *The Last He only* the first paragraph [illegible] the [illegible] "Once the dream was made, however he slipped into the familiar harnesses and even worked up enough enthusiasm while in West Virginia to infer, with unaccustomed cleanliness that he might be back in eight years to campaign for himself."

This sentence makes absolutely no sense to me unless I imply that by Kennedy's inferring to campaign by himself, with customary cleanliness he infers to be back in eight years to campaign for himself inferentially or perhaps by implication.

Emil Yahn
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Irregardless, a Kennedy runs good like a candidate should.*

Joe blown

Esquire's presentation of what, at first blush, is a clever juxtaposition of two versions of *The Joe Namath I Know* (September) is a rank setup. Allowing a professional sportswriter the luxury of reviewing an amateurish and mawkish article by a friend of a rather unsympathetic character is specious. And Hirshberg blew it!

Richard M. Helberg
New York, N.Y.

* * *

Re Al Hirshberg's marginal dissection of the myth of Joe Namath: one of Hirshberg's major themes, that Namath's poor performances in [illegible] games and his frequent injuries stem from his refusal to train and take care of himself properly, represents the heart and soul of the Jets' continuing failure to win.

Al Fischer
Wantagh, N.Y.

To the hills, men

One aspect of Rust Hills's experience in retirement (*How to Retire at Forty*, September) loomed very big in my own career as a [illegible] kick [illegible] when I launched the new deal three and a half years ago. There seemed so much *explaining* to do!

Did I know what to do with myself, and how had I managed (I hadn't) to make myself so secure financially that I could afford to quit my [illegible] salaried government [illegible] at such an early age as fifty-five (?)?

I wish I'd had R. H.'s article with me for reference in those days right around when I quit, so that when older retired persons, regarding me as an upstart kid, made me feel I didn't belong in the august ranks, I could have shown them something authentic about a forty-year-old getting into the act.

No, I couldn't afford to give up a regular salary and still [illegible] whatever standard of living I'd brought my [illegible] up to that point. But since I definitely hadn't enjoyed very much had been [illegible] itself under anybody's [illegible]—supervision [illegible] the sacrifice of whatever luxuries I'd had [illegible] my twenty-five-plus [illegible] career (and [illegible] years in the business [illegible] that I proved [illegible] to me.

Closely connected with that [illegible] and adjustment was another feeling which proved to be something of a blessing in the new period. Ever modest in endow[illegible] as a plunger and concentrator I'd [illegible] even daydream on the job (involuntarily, it's [illegible] of lessening into a failure's success in countless [illegible]. Afflicted with just [illegible] talent to help me [illegible] in various side [illegible] I learned to busy myself [illegible] with sufficient [illegible] to gain after my[illegible] [illegible] than as a retired [illegible] consistent with my

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Photographed at Primrose Farms Somers, N. Y.

Duncan Andrews is doing everything for his thinning hair.

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And that's only the beginning Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative Duncan uses a grooming agent A good one sure One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head By squashing it Making it look even thinner Besides it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again So, back to another drying shampoo

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beginnings in each hobby while I was regularly employed; nothing I've done could be deemed remunerative

Always having something to do can mean an embarrassment of riches (the no-money kind of riches), though when that scatterbrain streak is back of the whole thing. Thus, when I'm through with my correspondence chess tourney stint, I'm hard put to decide whether I should write a letter to a newspaper editor sit down to my fuzzy harmonic improvising of old jazz standards (or hymns) on a weakening electronic organ I can't afford to replace, try my hand at a little drawing or read this or that paper, magazine or book, etc

There remain two daily problems. One is the seemingly traditional one of helping my wife the best way I can—that way, of course, consisting of serving as a grocery-shopper and doing other such things as are best calculated to keep me out of her way The other task which bothers me less as I grew older and more crotchety if that can be, is to maintain a modicum of amiable relations with old friends, neighbors, old office mates encountered by chance here and there I'm pleased to report that I'm less and less defensive feeling quite unobliged to *explain* anything In fact whatever I do offer in response to stock questions is apt to have a tart content in order to discourage further inquiry

JOSEPH GANCHER
Albany N Y

Hell sucks

In a war that becomes commonplace to those involved the volumes of stories, commentaries and interviews that are published take on a sense of come-back value, for those who know see and smell the real war in Vietnam I am one of the soldiers privileged because of occupation to see the blood and tears on some days, and the clean, orderly desk on other days. I have read a lot about this war Impressions and Opinions of outsiders who have *tried* to give the American public an idea of what is happening to its young men over here *Hell Sucks* (August) by Michael Herr is the most accurate account of this insane war that I have ever read You're right Michael—"Hell does suck"

SP/4 MICHAEL D GOODELL
Combat Chaplain's Assistant
San Francisco Calif

* * *

In Michael Herr's account of the battle of Hué, I am purported to have called non-Protestant troops who were reluctant to receive Holy Communion "silly bastards." I disclaim ever having addressed them as such.

In Hué *all* the men of 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, were participants in a special act of communion. Those Grunts were tight, man. There was a common lot, a common adversity, a common union (communion) The wounds of the many were the wounds of us all The elements were not bread and wine but rather broken bodies and shed blood Many who survived the holocaust will never again be quite the same They have come to know the bitterness of mankind's alienation the enormous price of sacrifice, the futility of war and the absolute need for reconciliation

ELI TAKESIAN
L.C.D.R. Chaplain Corps U S N
U S Naval Air Station
Lakehurst, N J

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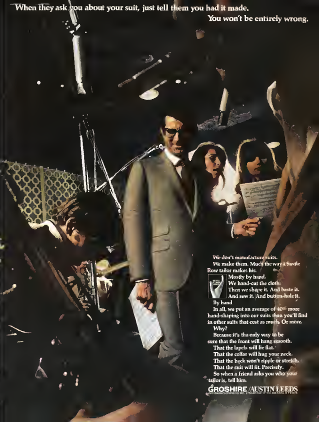

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High standards in the public interest.

FILMS

WILFRID SHEED

If this keeps up pretty soon Carson McCullers won't have any reputation left at all. Talk about "losing it at the movies"—every time they make a film out of one of Miss McCullers' books, it is like a fresh flock of pigeons flying low over Grant's Tomb. There are some authors that Hollywood will neither leave alone nor do right by, and the late Carson leads all the rest right now.

There are reasons for this. She is, or was, a tone-deaf touch writer. I get a feeling with her books of being shown around a freak show by a bemused Southern lady in a veil and sneakers: see the cow with two heads, see the homicidal dwarf (poor little bugger, we had to castrate him). Her voice is someplace between wry and fretful. Does it conceal a scream or a giggle, or both? Are we meant to feel sorry for these creatures or amused or what? Finally, did this stuff really happen or is the lady fancifying? She looks up the exhibits and sequences so solemnly that it looks like rue.

This ambiguity is the essence of the Southern Gothic but it is hard to reproduce on the screen. Either the freaks are meant to be funny or they're not. In *Reflections in a Golden Eye* John Huston split his pants trying for both effects. *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* leans toward the straight sentimental and winds up a humdrum tearjerker with all the McCullers backspin missing.

Alan Arkin plays (extremely well) a deaf-mute who helps other people with their burdens until he collapses under them. Trouble is that we too are asked to shoulder every cotton-pickin' burden and this, for a space of almost two hours, however smartly you slice it, is soap opera. A fresh disaster every few minutes certainly keeps a body busy—a sigh for daddy's cancer, a tearful moan for Willy's amputated leg (mustn't worry too much about sister's flat chest because we'll need those tears for when father's hip fails to mend). And so on.

The result is a progressive enfeeblement and a mounting disbelief. In a novel, it is possible to imagine some life going on between the calamities; the best novels are swollen with implication. But in the average movie (and this is the average movie if ever I saw it) we only know what we see; and our final thought is that in this particular town it just doesn't pay to get up. Most [illegible] is whether it would have helped if the direction were less bland and the dialogue more quirky and real. But very few movies can carry such a load of subplots without becoming superficial. The complicated novel has traditionally snarled up the film people.

The one kind of novel that has not snarled up the film people has been the one-two-three boom-pa-pa type based on a single story line, a narrow focus and a small cast of flat, [illegible] characters. The very thinness and [illegible] of *The Hustler* and *The Maltese Falcon* as books made them ideal as movies. Unless you are going to transform the original into pure [illegible] à la Antonioni, it is best to resign yourself to something pretty limited. Movies are a [illegible] story-telling medium next to print—although of course they have their compensations.

Roman Polanski has followed this principle with *Rosemary's Baby*, a passable novel that has been transcribed beat by beat, line by line, into an equally passable movie. Polanski has thrown in his obsession with [illegible] and curtains and has goosed up the big dream sequence a touch, but otherwise it's just the way Ira Levin wrote it, a [illegible] tale of sup

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Palm Springs—J. W. Robinson's Mr. Boy's
San Bernardino—[illegible] House of Lords
San Diego—All Walker Scott Stores
San Francisco—All Hastings Stores,
All Prussin's Stores
San Jose—All Hart's Stores
Santa Barbara—Kellogg's Men's Wear
Santa Monica—Henshey's Campbell's
COLORADO
Denver—Cast Crown Haulsters, The May Co.
Mount Alpine Mr. H. Shop
Lakewood—Bernard Goldfarb
Littleton—Men's World
FLORIDA
Daytona Beach—Buck Lindsey
Jacksonville—May Cohens
Miami Beach—Martin Burns
North Miami Beach—Tall & Big
Pensacola—Douglas Allen
GEORGIA
Albany—Churchwell's
Atlanta—All Rich's Stores
Macon—Joe N. Neel
IDAHO
Boise—Riley's
Twin Falls—Shirley & Wyatt
ILLINOIS
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
IOWA
Cedar Rapids—Armstrong's, Killian's
Council Bluffs—Harman's Clothes
Des Moines—Herman Kochere
Sioux City—Weatherwax
KANSAS
Wichita—Henry's, Inc.
LOUISIANA
Alexandria—Wellan's
Baton Rouge—Varsity Shop Cohn Turner
Lafayette—Sandry's
New Orleans—Porter's Inc. Godchaux
Shreveport & Monroe—Selber Bros.
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis—Juster's
MISSISSIPPI
Hattiesburg—Fine Bros. Matison Co.
Jackson—Stevens
MISSOURI
Kansas City—Woolf Bros. Jones Store,
Rothschild's
NEBRASKA
Alliance—Famous Clothing House
Lincoln—Ben Simon's
McCook—Tremaine's
No. Platte—Ayer's
Norfolk—By Joe's
Omaha—Sidles's, J. L. Brandeis
NEVADA
Las Vegas—Allan & Wilson Jackman's;
4 Seasons, Bowman's
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque—Henry's
Farmington—J. C. Men's Wear
Hobbs—B & I Clothiers
NEW YORK
New York City—B. Altman Phil Bonfeld
Saks Fifth Ave.
Rochester—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville—The Man's Store Ivey's of Asheville
NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo—Straus Clothing Co.
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City—Rothschild's
Tulsa—Renberg's
OREGON
Albany—Geel's Ron
Eugene/Salem—The Gay Blade
Klamath Falls—Leon's
Medford—Drew's
Portland—The Clothes Horse, Meier & Frank
The Dalles—Sperling's
SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia—Lourie's Inc.
Greenville—Lou Wright
Spartanburg—Aug. W. Smith
SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen—Ingerson's
Rapid City—Walsh Men's Wear
Sioux Falls—Crawford's
TENNESSEE
Memphis—Goldsmith's Oak Hall Julius Lewis
Chattanooga—Loveman's Inc.
Nashville—Swope Shop Petway Reavis
TEXAS
Amarillo—Blackburn's The Hub
Austin—Rayon de Portland
Beaumont/Longview/Tyler—Hurwitz
Corpus Christi—Lichtenstein's Inc.
Dallas—Dreyfuss & Son E. M. Kahn
Sanger Harris James K. Wilson Volks
El Paso—The Popular
Ft. Worth—Monnig's Washer Bros.
Houston—Sakowitz Norton Ditto
Lubbock—Hemphill Wells Mall of s. B&Q
Odessa—Du-charbon Co.
Wichita Falls—McClurkan's
UTAH
Ogden—E & E Clothes Buckley Gingham,
Fred M. Nye Auerbach's
Salt Lake City—ZCMI Stores
VIRGINIA
Richmond—Thalhimers
WASHINGTON D.C.—Bruce Hunt
WASHINGTON STATE
Bellingham—Pehl Barre
Bremerton—Costello's
Olympia—Sellins
Seattle—Bon Marche Frederick & Nelson,
I. Blitz Inc.
Spokane—Kemp's
WISCONSIN
Sherwood—Harley Inc.

pregnancy and diabolism.

If it lacks some of the book's suspense, put that down to a rasping performance by Ruth Gordon, who plays all parts exactly the same without fear or favor, in a style that doesn't remotely suit any of them. As the witch on the case, she couldn't frighten a cat. Yet it is up to her to provide the day-to-day menace. When she comes shuffling in with her little cup of herbs to help baby's horns grow, we are supposed to tremble at her fiendish magnetism and not, as one does increasingly here, to yawn and scratch and wander disconsolately up and down the aisles.

There have been random complaints about the blasphemy in *R's B*, but you can't make any kind of witchcraft movie without breaking icons; sacrilege is the name of the game. Anyway the only people here with a legitimate gripe would seem to be certain ancient pagan groups whose divinities actually did dabble in rape and assorted traveling-salesman tactics. The point of the Christian version—and whether one accepts it or not one might as well grant the story's intention—is that there was no deceit or lechery involved. So peace National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, and let's hear no more about it.

To see how the sex and exploitation crowd are making out these days, I hied me over to *Therese and Isabelle*, the story of a schoolgirl crush. "For mature audiences" advised the sign outside, and a line mature[illegible] we hunkered, my holding colleagues and me, as we adjusted our range finders and peered around to make sure no one had seen us come in. Two hours later we were older and wiser still. Because, for all our maturity, we had been had—just the way we used to be in the old days.

The big scene, the one they said couldn't be made, features two feet (or at the most three) sticking out demurely from in back of [illegible] or whatever they call those things, while a slew of giddy subtitles fill in the rest. Anxiety over those feet caused me to take the words in rather randomly, but I'll swear I saw one line that read "I groped for your mouth—in your hair, in your neck, in the folds of your uniform." Things are marching with difficulty back there, one conjectures.

The school where *Therese* takes place is absolutely tops in its field. The students all look like Goldwyn girls, achingly nubile, and the only class we are shown is some species of Biology I, with the teacher solemnly explaining how the sap rises through the stem—the last thing I would bother to tell these girls.

For a slightly more plausible school and an infinitely better movie, you could try *Young Torless*—which looks from the ads as if it should be called Young Topless, although it is actually one of the more thickly garbed movies of recent months.

It is based, faithfully [illegible] rather, on a story by Robert Musil written in 1906. The theme is the banality of bullying—and also the banality of being bullied. Three boys in an Austrian military school have decided to combine justice with pleasure. They have at their mercy a sneak thief, whom they ought to turn in, but decide to keep for themselves instead. Upon this boy's mind and carcass they proceed to play elegant variations in punishment, testing their sensibilities, nail him to the

"My secret?
Lemon peel dipped in dry vermouth.
And the perfect gin, of course."

A lot more civilized technique than merely passing the cork over the drinks.
But remember, if you like your martinis this dry, the gin is the very heart of the matter.
So, you better pick one that's dry in the extreme. Smooth as they come.
You better pick ours.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

utmost, until the cause of the war is long forgotten.

The point is that they are not "natural" bullies, looking for prey. In normal circumstances they would not have believed they had it in them. Like good little existentialists, they have become bullies simply by bullying, and the victim becomes a victim by being victimized. When Törless, the most sensitive of the inquisitors, asks the latter how he came to be such a snivelling coward, he is genuinely perplexed. It wasn't planned; he just began acting like a snivelling coward one day, that's all. Nothing seemed to change. It was terribly easy. That, in fact, is the only thing that bothers him about it—how easy it was.

This is probably the exact truth about school-bullying, and possibly about gas chambers as well. But it still has to be established dramatically, and here the movie falls just a little short of perfection. The victim (Basini) is fine. His descent into the comforts of submission, and even of complicity, is absolutely convincing. He would cooperate with his tormentors even if there was nothing in it for him, simply because embracing pain is less strenuous than resisting it.

The phenomenology of bullying is accurately laid out too, from humble beginnings through seasons of why-stop-now escalation, to the ultimate voluptuous orgy, when either the victim gets killed or maimed, or outside intervention enforces sobriety.

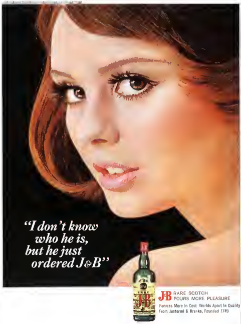
The only thing that does not quite satisfy is the development of the three torturers. This is a little stiff and we more or less have to be told that it's happening. At the end Törless gives a little talk about it that comes perilously close to a slide lecture. And then, a pat little point is made about how his mother might have become the town whore as easily as he had become the school bully—not a bad notion in itself, but you can't just leave it hanging there. Circumstance is not the only determinant of character. In the exact same situation, some will become bullies and some won't; ditto victims and ditto whores. The question, Why *these* particular boys? is the one that the movie doesn't quite answer.

Which doesn't keep it from being an admirable movie, filmed with an elegant plainness and severity, and graced with three of the best young performers—Matthieu Carrière, Marion Seidowsky and Barbara Steele—you could wish to see.

Stuart Millar, the producer, kindly allowed me to see some rough-cuts of *Paper Lion*, and while it would be illegal, immoral and fattening to review the final movie on the strength of these, a few half-completed, half thought-out ruminations may be in order.

Mr. Millar was clearly faced with at least three problems. One, George Plimpton's book has about as much plot as a cookbook; it is essentially anecdotal, just as Plimpton himself is essentially anecdotal. Which brings us to problem two—finding an actor to play the hero. Now that C. Aubrey Smith is dead, Hollywood's bank of natural aristocrats is low. It is no use portraying Plimpton as just another curious journalist, the kind who poses as Brigitte Bardot's plumber in order to get at her thoughts. He, or at least his literary persona, belongs to the line of gentlemen-sportsmen, the kind who used to crack their skulls merrily in the hunting field or the trenches. Born two cups of adrenalin below par, he must work a little harder for his excitement. Normal embarrassment is too weak for his blood, so he courts excruciating, man-killing doses of it. The middle-class reader is sick with shock just hearing about it.

And, finally, the book is about professional football, and the Industry is nervous about specialty movies. Not nervous enough to stop making them, but nervous enough usually to short-change the specialty. The amount of actual pool in *The Hustler*, of baseball in *Pride of the Yankees* or of whatever it is they're doing in *The Fox* is much less than the audience supposes. The assumption is that most people don't care about anything in particular and don't want to hear about it either, so movies avoid the risks that the Balzacs and Melvilles took of forcing their


"I don't know who he is, but he just ordered J&B"

J&B RARE SCOTCH
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Pennies More in Cost Worlds Apart in Quality
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How's that for a new record?

interests on you and making you like it.

So those were some of Mr Miller's problems. Taking them backwards he has decided to take a chance on the football. There is still not enough of it for my taste, but then there isn't enough on New Year's Day either. I would like to see Plimpton learning to make the hand-off, learning to run the draw, etc. Forget the spavined story line and play ball I cry hoarsely. On the other hand, the lady in the next seat said there was quite enough football as it was and who wants a training manual? So we'll leave it at that. What football there is is of the finest.

On the Plimpton problem Miller, I would guess, has sacrificed some of the complexities of the original in favor of an actor who can master the physical side of things. Alan Alda appears to be interpreting Plimpton's soul in his own lines—verdict will follow on this—but does undoubted wonders for his body, making it appear both funny and graceful, misguided but never ridiculous. Alda is a highly accomplished physical actor, who knows how to fake conscientious ineptitude as only an artist can. I had a chance to talk to him, and he told me he still wanted to get some more footage of himself being smeared by the Detroit front four. This suggested masochism beyond the ordinary; the first time they came at him he admitted, he expected to be permanently impaired, lose his eyesight, be paralysed on the left side, talk in grunts. Nevertheless he wanted more; he wasn't satisfied with the excellent footage they already had, and was on his way back to the slaughterhouse.

The plot was the biggest problem of all and here I defer judgment until the final version. The climax of the film is an exhibition game, and it will be the movie's task to make this appear more important than it is. In the rough-cut, several crucial minutes were missing, also, more important, the sound track, that purveyor of empty portent, was half on and half off. Even so, the last moments in which Alda waltzes to destruction are of a terrible beauty. I have a hunch that when the final mix has been made the whole thing is going to work out.

Miller has piled up a heap of film: five hundred thousand feet or so and he ran an hour's worth of spare parts. The only lesson I learned from this was that I was glad I wasn't the one who had to choose among them. Monday morning is when I prefer to do my quarterbacking. Omniscience is my racket but this does not lessen my awareness that movies are uncommonly hard to make well, and my respect for those who pull it off is greater than may sometimes appear in these pages. ###

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scotch, then Irish whisky, and now it is American Bourbon which is the favorite.'

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The secret in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate, the perfect Bourbon formula.

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All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT… —When the world f… er-Not all-bottl… formed last night… Hall, all eyes … on band mem… Dassey.

Reason… fna… Dassey played … Bourbon bottle… preferred the Be… said that the … square shape … "groovy" sound …

There was im… lation that the J… tle m… eval… sound … where.

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the … the label says … cause 86 proof … people prefer … figure alcohol … y divide proof by two. But remember … he proof is not … lways quality.

…Toast

…our next party … your knowl… …rnational lan… …n America we … ya ar' Bot… course the … Cana…

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There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

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Fresh Charred Oak

And t… …here's the great forests … …te oak, nearby. It's in … this car… wood f… the all im… takes pl…

The … Beam B… much to … tion and … inal form … more to … se for ov… Beams wi…

Walk t… and one of … notice, if you're acquainted with the making of Bourbon is that a fresh batch of jug…

…d by … …ains the … …tillery in the wooded Kentucky hills. It's far from the main thoroughfare, but near (practically on top of, in fact), the all-important Beam …

…by … …stilling Co. Clermont Beam, Kentucky. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey distilled and bottled by the James B. Beam Distill-

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SECULAR MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Marvin Rainwater or no Marvin Rainwater, I assume it is emblematic of something when folk singer Buffy Sainte-Marie, a Cree Indian—in fact if I am not being unkind a *professional* Cree Indian in the same honest sense that Dick Gregory, say, is a professional Afro American—goes to Nashville Tennessee (read Music City, U.S.A.) to record an album of her own country western songs. C&W is, after all, the white-eyes' music. Yet the jacket is right in front of me, graced with a color photograph of Buffy, her characteristic ebon hair and uncharacteristic alabaster teeth gleaming with equal luster, her right eye hidden by a grey slouch hat that presumably goes with the title, Which is *I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again*. Now, I believe Buffy when she insists that this effort was inspired by nothing more calculating or (ugh) commercial than a long-distance friendship with guitarist Chet Atkins. But not everyone can be expected to concur, especially down in Music City, where the record is doubtless already taken as one more proof that good country music has *taken over*. I wouldn't even be surprised if someone tried to marry her off to Marvin Rainwater—or Charley Pride.

In New York this interpretation is subject to shrewd modifications on the order of "Country music is happening, baby!" The industry is trend-hungry, and the best-hyped new thing of the year is America's rediscovery—like Miss Sainte Marie's "Again," the prefix is of dubious specificity—of C&W. The phenomenon, such as it is, is overdue. I began waiting for it about two years ago, when I learned that C&W dominated the jukebox at Max's, the New York artists' hangout. Two years later I gave up, and a year after that Bob Dylan released *John Wesley Harding*, which I take as signaling if not actually causing the revival.

Despite the hoopla, the revival is small, nothing more than an inevitable recombination in this decade. C&W—a major factor in pop throughout the Fifties—has been the victim of xenophobia. Theoretically, a hip college kid might prefer country culture (and while C&W has long since left the country, it still expresses rural values) to that of his parents. When faced with the actual choice—usually while driving across Nebraska—he plays Perry Como (or nothing) in preference to Merle Haggard or Tammy Wynette. When rock and roll was achieving status in the mid Sixties, little was made of its debt to C&W, even though The Stones dug Gene Pitney and Chuck Berry himself was a fan of Kitty Wells. Instead the blues roots were emphasized. But as Ray Charles made clear when he began doing country music almost seven years ago, C&W and R&B have much in common. Each began as the expression of an insular rural (and economic) group from the South that used music to reaffirm cherished verities in the wake of massive geographic and cultural movements. Black star Joe Tex, whose own songs are published by one of the largest C&W houses, Tree, recently tried to reify that spiritual kinship with an album entitled (naturally) *Soul Country*. A great idea, if done for love; unfortunately other considerations appear to have interfered, and the result, though not without its amenities, is Tex's poorest LP. It does, however, illustrate some affinities. Tex's version of country music is (in part) a refuge for the rugged and beleaguered individualist—trucker, cowboy, outlaw—

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And there you are, thinking that coming home to her is not enough of an "occasion" for a Beefeater Martini.

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Beefeater. So dry, so disarming, so—Beefeater.

It's worth it.

So's she.

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The 1969 Ambassador may well be the only popular-priced automobile that doesn't look ridiculous sitting next to a chauffeur.

But then, we believe that luxury is not the exclusive property of the rich.

Neither is comfort; so in addition to the chauffeur, the Ambassador comes with a huge air-conditioner. Big enough to cool a good-sized room.

The air-conditioner is standard equipment at no extra cost. Just like the heater.

And because engineers have known for years that a longer wheelbase gives a more comfortable ride, the Ambassador has the longest wheelbase of any sedan in its class.

The result is a posh, boulevard ride, unheard of this side of Palm Beach.

But the Ambassador SST gives you more.

Automatic transmission and a V-8 engine are standard.

You can't see the seats in this photo, but they're a rich, soft velvet velour. The kind you find in limousines. (Velour seats are available only on the four door SST.)

They recline, and contain coil springs. In most cars, coil springs are out this year. They cost too much.

Ball-bearing ashtrays cost too much, too. But the Ambassador has them. They're smoother than the other kind. With us, little things count.

So you see that instead of taking things out to save money, we put things into the Ambassador. And save you money despite that.

Unfortunately, this is all hard to see in a photograph.

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To make an appointment for a test ride visit your American Motors Dealer. A number of them have chauffeurs available.

(*Green Green Grass of Home*) for traditional family values (*Set Me Free*) and for simple decency (*Skip A Rope*). It is direct and adult. This traditional honesty combined with C&W's unique musical virtues—all that dexterous banjo, fiddle and guitar—accounts for the current boomlet. C&W seems unspoiled. It has the sound of masscult folk music just like rock and roll before its elevation into rock or rhythm-and-blues before its promotion into soul. Its voice is distinctly casual, replacing blues with lament and joyful noise with wacky high spiritedness.

But note: This record bless its soul closes with Bobby Goldsboro's *Honey*, the classiest schlock of the year and the epitome of what is called "modern country." Having changed with its audience like any popular music, C&W is not a very encouraging gauge of what happened to all the dust bowlers who emigrated in the Thirties or after the war. It is closer to easy listening than to bluegrass or blues. First to cash in on the impending trend, if you think about it, was not a rock group but Engelbert Humperdinck. For this reason, the line between high camp and great country music is often thin or nonexistent. (*Green Green Grass of Home*, an almost old-timey good bad song, was performed at the Newport Folk Festival this year by Joan Baez.) This is sometimes a problem in black music too, but it is usually obviated by the beat. And the beat is where C&W, with its hinkety twang tone, shows its true color.

Since my basic commitment is to rock, I tend to distrust music that doesn't have a beat. I detect in the limpid ballads of Buffy Sainte-Marie (remember?) a penchant for prettiness that is little more than Guy Lombardo mush in youth drag. At their respective nadirs, traditional pop and acoustic folk and modern country are equally insipid. Luckily intelligence and feeling keep folk from hitting its low too often. But what a temptation the rural romanticism of country music must be to that breed of artist who from Joanie on down still believes that if only we can somehow *simplify* everything life will be lovely again. That seems to be Buffy's bag, and so she has put together a tuneful pastorale that praises the love of a good man, rabbits in the pen and so forth. Except for the tasteful to brilliant work of a predictably professional complement of Nashville sidemen and a new version of *Where Have the Buffalo Gone?*, *I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again* is assimilated music at its emptiest.

I am no C&W aficionado, but I am a fan of a few special country artists—the late Hank Williams, Roger Miller, Buck Owens and The Buckaroos, Flatt & Scruggs, Kitty Wells, Jerry Lee Lewis—and I think Johnny Cash's *Live at Folsom Prison* is one of the best LPs of the year. Yet even though several of these performers (Miller and Cash especially) are quite self-conscious, I don't judge them the way I judge Buffy Sainte-Marie. They all get automatic points for innocence. In modern blues I might deplore such an attitude as folk condescension, but there it is. *I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again* is a not bad collection of country songs, but—possibly because it is devoid of endearing crudities—more is necessary, and similar strictures apply to all the others—from irrelevant Ian and Sylvia to just plain greedy Frankie Laine—who happen to find time in their schedules, this year, for that Nashville album they've always wanted to do.

I like the C&W sound best, predictably enough, when an original rock song is written for a hard country arrangement (*Ain't No Use* on *Moby Grape*, *I Am A Child* on *Buffalo Springfield Again*) or when country elements are incorporated into a total style (as on Buffalo Springfield's beautiful farewell album, *Last Time Around*, or on

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the much ballyhooed *Music from Big Pink*.) But not always. Next to Hendrix-Clapton fuzz-tone, country is gimmick of the year, and while unlike fuzz-tone it doesn't seem to encourage utter tastelessness it guarantees nothing. Someone for example ought to rescue an exquisite country song called *Walkin' and Singin'* from the Ill Wind's *Flashes*, thus permitting them to blow somebody good.

When all this was just beginning I received an unprepossessing LP called *Safe at Home* by The International Submarine Band. The cover depicted a typical rock group, four smiling longhairs, but inside was skillful country music. Presiding was a native of Waycross, Georgia, named Gram Parsons, who selected five solid country tunes, one Arthur Crudup blues arranged for steel guitar, and four original compositions that fit both him and the album. In one, he even managed to talk about getting stoned with no strain. The album was an assertion of continuity from Arthur Crudup to Gram Parsons, with country music and all its simple virtues square in the center. In retrospect it seems a brilliant conception. Yet at the time I listened twice and filed it in the closet.

The album's very subtle defects have become clear to me only after prolonged enjoyment of The Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. But then, so have its virtues, because *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* is *Safe at Home* done perfectly. Parsons is on this record himself, as a Byrd; as sidemen, so are his drummer, Jon Corneal, his pianist, Earl Ball, and his great steel guitarist, Jaydee Maness. But the reality of The Byrds dominates. The record opens and closes with twin talismans of modernity, Dylan songs from the period of seclusion between *Blonde on Blonde* and *John Wesley Harding*, and those harmonies are unmistakable.

Safe at Home failed because Parsons, with his deep respect for country music, was just too straight. He needed the cutting edge of The Byrds, who combine respect with critical distance. The key is a Louvin Brothers waltz called *The Christian Life*: "My buddies shun me since I turned to Jesus/ They say I'm missing a whole world of fun/ I live without them and walk in the light/ I like the Christian life." The mournful, drawling harmonies partake inevitably of camp, but the best kind of camp, suffused with tenderness—a condescending tenderness, I suppose, but what else does the song deserve? Whether they are hoedowning gleefully through Woody Guthrie's *Pretty Boy Floyd* or laying down the refrain of Dylan's *Nothing Was Delivered* ("Take care of your health and get plenty of rest," certainly the ultimate country advice), The Byrds are celebrating voices so sublimely simple that we must suspect they are attainable only on record. But we know they admit the same suspicions.

It appears that this album will be one of a kind for The Byrds. Gram Parsons has left in a dispute over a South African tour, which he opposed, leaving two original Byrds—Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman—to preserve and transmute the miraculous all-over sound that has persisted through all the personnel switches, space music and country western. *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*, done by three and a half Byrds and Gary Usher, remains for me (in the absence of the new Stones LP) the finest album of the year, and *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* is almost as good. Since the group's popularity is waning, I can only take these two records as a sign that the top groups will be producing good rock long after the rock boom and the country boom have been swallowed up by the music monolith. That's all I really care about anyway.

The most overemphasized phenomenon in rock and roll is the group, and the inability of Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton, Al Kooper, et al to stick with one organization proves it. This is too bad. The coherent identity of The Beatles or The Who is an interesting effect. Like other cooperative art, it points a way out of the de-individualization dilemma. John Lennon has his own personality, yet that personality is defined largely in relation to

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If you do part of your driving on city streets or rough roads—and who doesn't?—you'll be glad you put these tough, scrappy paws on your car.

UNIROYAL

George Paul and Ringo Al Kooper, unfortunately is just Al Kooper

It is a difficult balancing act. Jim Morrison is himself first and a Door second which doesn't make it but John Densmore worse still is just a Door After all even The Four Lads had a group identity And so the exhibitionistic virtuosity billing hassles and other show biz dreck that still goes on in rock is healthy Self-expression, for all my putdowns, is a place on the road ant. And rock, together with folk, has done valuable things for self expression in music. Most important it has reestablished the tradition of the minstrel

Today's minstrel does his traveling in a cardboard jacket and like Woody Guthrie (and Ricky Nelson) he doesn't boast what Ray Conniff would call a musical voice. His only vocal requirement is to project a part of himself through his larynx Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger may make that sound easy, but it isn't, and over the past month I have encountered the usual pack of self appointed minstrels who can demonstrate this In roughly descending order Townes Van Zandt, Pat Sky, Eric Andersen Jake Holm David Ackles Dino Valente I significant that all these guys wo probably play unaccompanied aco tic guitar if they weren't sca witless by The Beatles. Witless the word, though not the only o for the minstrels and their produce seem to have very few musical idea either they whip up deriv tive rock arrangements heap on the irony with fa ragtime, Sousa marches a so forth. (This last is know as "counterpoint.") Their cal limitations I would gue are related to what is real a disdain for music As f their songs—well, that's a other problem.

I am not surprised th that the best singer-so writers come not from fo which spawned the m but from pop (One exce tion is a kid named Gard Alexander Watch for him I am speaking of the muc maligned Lee Hazlewood, r jected by hip types for re sorting with known Nan Sinatras, and of prissy Har Nilsson who is a lovely mel dist anyway I am not spea ing of bay genius Jim Web who has released an album what I assume are rejects even if they aren't that's t way his characterless voi stamps them

And then there is Rand Newman, whose debut albu on Reprise is one of t year's gems. Newman's son (which have been recorded b Judy Collins, Eric Burdo Liza Minnelli and best Alan Price on an obscure a bum called *This Price I Right*) are quintessential pop but highly advanced po Two of Newman's unck compose movie music and o can only assume that he h had the chance to digest cliches properly. His sung rely on no special verbal f cility but on an oblique terplay of well-worn or alt themes and his voice, whic is a cross between a "grump mumble" (Michael Thoma phrase) and a deliberat drawl Imagine such a voi proposing ("I like your mot er, I like your brother, I lik you and you like me too" and then describing the mar riage on through death. O presenting a fat boy at th circus. Or mourning a cow boy Or just lamenting ruined affair. Add intermi tent quasi-symphonic accom paniment (arranged by New man whose musical trainin is considerable) that neith reinforces nor works again the theme but somehow lik that voice does both at onc or one after the other

Then give up and try hear the record I don't car if you've never heard of hi He's a genius, and ever folky in the world can lear from him

Jefferson Airplane's fourt album *Crown of Creatio* and the first physically re spectable effort by Big Bro ther and the Holding Com pany *Cheap Thrills* (cen sored title *Sex Dope an Cheap Thrills*) are bot available Buy them Th

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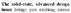

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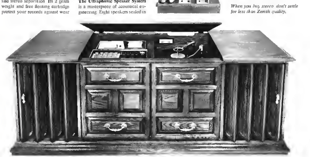

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Airplane record contains a revolutionary love song (written by ex-Byrd David Crosby) called *Triad* that will test—and I am sure crack like a stick—the backbone of the so-called "progressive rock" stations. It has no beat at all, but it will never be severed by Jerry Vale. Good! As for Big Brother, their album not only gets Janis' voice down, it also does justice to her always-underrated and ever improving musicians. Thank God for the band. If Janis had to put out like Janis for forty minutes on end she would have dropped dead a year ago.

My only consistency in this column, I hope, is that I always write too short. When you're given 12,000 words a year to deal with half of your life, you tend to transmit in code. (In this column, for instance, I have instructed everyone to purchase *Last Time Around* by Buffalo Springfield. Did you catch that?) Last month, while knocking Alvin Lee for not being a blues singer, I called his group, Ten Years After, the best blues group in England, and I hope you caught it, because since that time there has been another album and I have seen them perform live. This time I am not hinting. Ten Years After is—by far—the most exciting group to emerge since Big Brother.

Perhaps I am so enthusiastic because the group has overcome my most energetic prejudice—except for The Grateful Dead (who—hint, hint—have released a second album) they are the only group whose improvisations I anticipate with relish. Alvin Lee is the most fluent guitarist in the music, at home with blues but closer to early progressive jazz, Parker and Christian, and he is only a shade better than bassist Leo Lyons. Chick Churchill is a melodic and continent organist, almost a contradiction in terms. And Ric Lee is the first rock drummer I can call swinging without intending an insult. He is so good that I don't even begrudge him his solo, much.

In addition, Alvin Lee uses his penetratingly pure voice as a fifth instrument, relating not so much to the words (which is why he's not a blues singer) as to the instrumental ensemble. The total effect sometimes approaches what a very loud swing band must have sounded like in the Thirties. Of the two albums, the second, recorded live and called *Undead*, probably has a slight edge.

Next to Alvin Lee, the best guitarist I've heard in a long time is Mel Brown. If you dig improvised guitar, especially in soul jazz, pick up on his album called *The Wizard*.

While I am anything but a devotee of arty rock, two of the best recent albums are in that bag: *Odyssey* (sic) and *Oracle* by The Zombies (that's right, *She's Not There*) and *Definition* by Chrysalis. After listening more than I wanted to the third Doors LP, *Waiting for the Sun*, I have finally admitted to myself that I don't really like them very much, despite *Hello, I Love You*. Anybody else there getting the same idea? The Young Rascals make flawed albums but their singles have always enlivened the top forty, and *Time Peace*, a compilation of hits, is highly recommended. Some saint has even eliminated the andes from *It's Wonderful*, so there's not a bad thing on the album.

Since in my previous column I accused white blues singer John Hammond of having "carefully styled his voice to sound as if he has a cleft palate," I was mortified to learn that Hammond really does have a speech impediment. I am a great believer in bad taste, but only when it is deliberate and for whatever it's worth I apologize. I can't help noting, however, that when I checked this out many knowledgeable people admitted that they had always thought he was putting it on, too. That's some sort of stylistic triumph for Hammond, I guess, but I don't think I'd want it ascribed to me.

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DREAM DEATH OF THE FIVE-POINT BUCK

by J. P. Bernhard

Start in November, after the rains, at sunup when you are fast aslee

It was more than halfway through deer season and I was out looking for a cottontail or two. For many reasons I'm not one whose buck fever drives him into the hills on opening day. First, I hunt in California foothill country known as the Nonoso Valley and in September and early October the grass is dry and high and doesn't bend easily and the ground is covered with leaves and needles that fight your footsteps like angry ants and you might as well be walking over popcorn for all the silence you get. Second, it's too hot for hanging a buck long enough to cure him properly. Third, not enough acorns have dropped to bring the big bucks halfway down from the top of Dead Squaw, a volcanic table-mountain range that rises almost straight up fifteen hundred feet from the white-oak-live-oak-pine-manzanita-buckeye-willow-deerbrush valley floor and it is difficult enough hunting the range when the grass is green and the ground soft, but in the dry season one is lucky to get close enough to hear the snorts and rock-pounding hooves of fleeing unseen animals two steep ravines away. Fourth, summer is my semisore period: three months of city living and drinking and eating big with no exercise, a time when the wind comes more quickly than usual and the muscles soften and the belly expands and tobacco and city soot settle in the lungs and I need a couple of weeks of walking and cutting wood to get in shape to go after a big deer.

Now it is true that deer are taken early in the season. It is also true that so-called hunters come and find themselves a fairly high, fairly concealed rock and sit there all day or days with their six-packs of Olympia beer and shoot a forked horn, even a small three-point, load it into their jeep without even field-gutting it and take it to a frozen food locker in town where it is cleaned and skinned and hung under ideal conditions, butchered, plastic-wrapped and quick-frozen for them.

I have nothing against such people. I even suppose they are necessary for herd control. But please don't let them refer to themselves as hunters—small deer killers, sure, meat gatherers, okay—and please don't let one of them ask to marry my sister.

So I was out looking for a rabbit or two. I carried my twenty-two because I believe a rabbit is as entitled to a quick, clean killing as a four-point, and while I realize it's considered more sporting to shoot them on the run with a shotgun, a lot more meat is lost that way (some to the hunter whose pellets have turned solid back-legged muscle to jelly, some to the maws of the fox whose nostrils lead him into the heart of the thicket where the maimer gave up looking for the wounded hare) than when a slug passes through the eye of a seated cottontail.

It was late October. I was in condition again and both the live- and white-oak acorns were falling and the nights were cool enough for decent hanging and the days were short and crisp. I was just waiting for the first rain so I could get on with some good honest stalking. I'd jumped a small three-point earlier and thrown a couple of slugs over his ears to
remind him who his enemy was, an
was walking down a trail in the bot
tom of a chaparraled ravine wh
sure enough out popped my bunny
He cut out directly away from m
his tail dancing like a small wh
cloud on a windy day, and I w
about to whistle for him to sto
when a large bobcat leaped out fr
behind a deerbrush and started
take a swipe at him. I had my ri
ready so I slammed death into th
cat's right shoulder somersault
him a couple of feet high, the sh
it seemed causing branches to bre
and rocks to crack and there he w
huge as a steer, with antlers li
branches—five giant points on
side and four on the other—confu
by the shot thundering right up th
trail, hooves exploding off the d
ground and the cold caused vapo
looking like smoke as it steamed o
his nostrils. For a minute it seeme
he was going to run right over m
and the thought raced through m
mind of shooting him in self defens
but if I'd tried that I probably woul
have increased my danger for some
thing as small as a twenty-two lon
rifle bullet surely would have ju
ricocheted off that monstrous skul

Then a couple of yards away now
he made a direct right turn an
sailed over a boulder putting a wh
lot of blue sky under him, hittin
the top of the ravine, his haunche
big as pine stumps. Soon he was ou
of sight and though I ran up to th
ledge as fast as I could, all I hea
was one more crashing leap and
saw nothing else.

It took a long time for the ir
those speeding, crashing im
to become the itos (even now I rel
them in sleep at least once durin
deer season), but when my syste
understood they had to be absorb
and my heart slowed a bit and
breathing quieted I returned to t
bobcat which had crawled a fe
yards into a buckthorn and was di
enough to justify a finishing sho
Later I got down on my hands an
knees and examined that big buck
track (realizing that I'd seen it be
fore but had refused to believe it)
and then walked a mile or so to th
only neighbor who shares Nono-
Valley with me—a tough, red-faced
balding cowboy named Shelby Arnol
—and told him what had happened

"That's old Geronimo," he said
smiling to himself.

"How come you never told m
about him?" I asked. Shelby ha
turned me on to more than one bi
buck before and he had the reputa
tion of being a hunt storyteller in th
great tradition of uncontrollabl
elaboration.

"I sort of wanted to keep him fo
myself," he said. "But I figured yo
had to run across him eventually."

"Ever come close?"

The shyness in the smile of a ma
I'd never seen shy before turned
actual embarrassment. "You can
kill the sonofabitch. Fifty at t
most, seventy-five feet. Grazing.
try a neck shot. Hell, that neck
as big as a stovepipe. Miss. H
looks up. I drop to one knee for
rest and aim at the shoulder to mak
sure. Miss again. Needless to say
threw some lead at him when he to
off, then I went straight home g

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.

Remember how it was the first time you raised a brandy glass to your ever-waiting and over-eager lips?

Remember how you sniffed at it, your nose twitching with excitement?

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Unfortunately, like so many other people in life, you were unprepared for your first experience. You thought that a bottle of imported brandy—with 5 stars and a large V.S.O.P. on the label—just had to have the exotic flavor you were expecting.

What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: stronger taste. Which is fine if you like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

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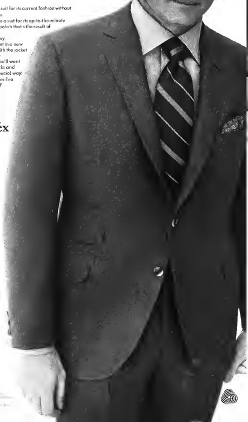

[illegible]

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ent a saucer put it on a piece of white butcher paper drew a circle around it, paced off a hundred yards and tacked it on a tree. I squeezed off six rounds and four go through the center and neither of the others hit more than an inch outside."

I nodded though I didn't believe it. I've seen Shelby drop a running coyote at three hundred yards

"Another time I thought I had him sure at Dead Oke Outcrop (Dead Oke is a rocky rising in a big meadow a little off a dirt road to a salt lick.)

"I'm in the pickup and he's in the road when we see each other I step and grab the twenty five thirty five and he slinks slowly off behind the rock pile. I knew I got him because there's nothing but open space once I flush him so I ease out of the car and go around the rocks after him."

Shelby stopped, his smile was still one of embarrassment but there was admiration in it too. "You know I never saw him again," he continued. "But I followed his tracks and he just made a complete circle around the outcrop, behind my pickup and was probably two minutes gone by the time I tiptoed back to the road."

I did get a five point that year It was a fine buck with a symmetrically beautiful rack five long horns on each side Yet with the vision of that snorting, crushing monster running through my mind I almost felt guilty about the one I killed—it might as well have been a nursing fawn.

Then I felt even worse when I saw him again the following January It was a clear, cold fine woodcutting day and I decided to drop a big old pine that the rust was killing About a tennis court's length from the base of the tree was a large pile of dead deerbrush, manzanita and buckthorn. I started the saw and its roaring motor sounded like a group of Hell's Angels on the move in the soft mountain air—the noise loud enough to scare a herd of brahma bulls Yet I notched my 'V' and spent several minutes cutting through the trunk. Nothing happened until the tree crashed right into the middle of that brush pile and Geronimo who'd been using the pile as a bedroom, decided he'd better leave and sauntered out, gave me what had to be a dirty look and loped off in search of another hotel

The first rule I broke in the quest for Geronimo was to hunt before the rains came By so doing, of course I lowered myself to the level of the rock sitting forked horn slaughterers—and almost got myself killed

Yet what is one supposed to do when he sees that unmistakable track new and inviting in the creek sand large as a grown man's bootheel—sees it and follows it to find black almost wet droppings big as the foremost joint on his index finger scattered about in the heart of a live oak thicket (it being too early in the season for the bigger white-oak acorns to be falling) then crawls even farther back into the tangle of limbs and vines and finds the leaves matted into an oval bed so large that if a tablecloth were put over it six could eat dinner with plenty of room? If he's intelligent, of course he clears out of the country till the end of deer season But if he stays and wants to sleep o' nights he has no choice.

Wind is the most important factor, silence the next Generally in fair weather the Nonese wind blows from the east just before sunrise and just after sunset and from the west the rest of the time Within a minute it can blow from every known direction and think up a few of its own, but this is the general rule and it's the one you follow To approach Gerry's sleeping quarters at midday I would, of course come from the east, which meant the last fifty yards would be through dry, brown grass averaging two-and-a-half feet high The weather before it rains usually hits a high in the low eighties a low in the high forties.

I dropped the zero on my thirty-thirty to dead center at twenty five yards, discarded my paratroop boots in favor of tennis shoes decided against any shirt at all (both for better camouflage and to minimize twig snatching) and by traveling at a yard a minute was able to get where I expected to see the big buck any second, and

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then the tense supersensitive sole of my left foot felt that unforgettable substance that is firmer than grass but softer than limb and is possessed only by a snake. felt it through the rubber bottom of my canvas shoes, and instinctively I yelled an unmortal word and jumped up and back, my head hitting a low live-oak limb at the same moment the good-sized crotalid let out one of those shrill business-meaning rattles. The combination of noise multiplied so the super-animal never known for his gentleness leaped out of the bed I figured him to be lounging in, the snake deciding to uncoil and head for the tall grass just as I settled back to earth, actually giving me enough time to take a shot at Big Ger. and in the middle of all that emotion and physicality and near truth I felt sure I had hit him but after an hour of minute inspection and ground circling I realized that what I'd really felt was that I couldn't miss him and I spit out the last live-oak leaf and headed home.

The second rule I broke was to take a friend hunting. Companionship is fine for dove, duck, geese, and pigeon, can even be an asset for quail and pheasant when you need a small brother work the birds together, but deer hunting is such a personal thing between you and the animal that bringing in another hunter is like inviting a stranger to a family reunion.

Yet my friend had come up for quail hunting and when quail season opens that means there's only one week left to get your buck, and I was beginning to reach the point where I'd even settle for a fork. There had been several days of rain so the ground was right and I gave my friend an old two-fifty three-thousand Savage I had and we went out. At one end of a half-mile-long ravine that dead-ended at a fire road out jumped Geronimo leading a herd of at least a dozen does and yearlings.

We saw each other at about the same time and Ger instantly ran to the back of the herd, turned and cowboyed all those deer single file and full leap right up the big gulley.

We were three hundred, three fifty yards away and with the cover Gerry had, a shot at the running monster would have been silly, but we had hunted quail in the gulch together before and knew it well and I waved for my friend to bird-dog up its bottom while I headed at a trot up the nearest rim. The rim here was in an area where most of the brush had been bulldozed away on either side so both of us would have seen the herd had it come out.

When I reached a rock that surveyed the entire country I concealed myself in a big manzanita with a bush a yard high in front of me for a nice easy rest and waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. My friend caught up and for the next half hour we slowly, quietly, carefully worked the gulley until we came to the road, stopped, checked the wet dirt for tracks, found none, retraced our steps—and ten yards below where I'd been sitting we found a brand new trail. Somehow Geronimo had taken his whole family home safely right under my nose without one of them, fifty plus heavies, touching rock or leaf.

There've been other times when I've come across Big Gerry. Once I jumped two large bucks that disappeared too quickly for positive identi-

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THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

tification, made a guess at where they'd be going, walked the wind and ground perfectly, waited in an oak grove where I expected them to come after acorns, saw a beautiful four point graze into view, dropped him with a clean shot—only to discover that Geronimo was a yard or so behind.

Another time, around sunset, I saw him six hundred yards distant reaching high into the chaparral for tender leaves, his head pointed away, his tail big and white as a handkerchief. Halfway between us was a rise that I discovered would conceal me if I stayed almost flat on the ground. For the first time since Korea I found myself down in the wet and sometimes muddy soil with my rifle cradled in my arms, moving forward as fast as possible without raising my knees much more than an inch, nearing at the rise, wet and cold and dirty and miserable, barely able to sight by now, inching over that little knoll almost scared—as if he could fire back, and of course, seeing nothing, looking carefully a long time, then going home. I returned the next day to discover that he had simply lain down, perhaps to blend into the brush, perhaps because he was momentarily tired.

But I do know by now that I'll never shoot Geronimo, that I'm lucky just to be able to make the try. And yet I have a dream—for I must have a dream. I dream that in the first week in November it rains for five nights and four and a half days, that while it is still drizzling on the afternoon of the fifth day I grab a flour sack and my pocketknife and go to the rushing creek for willow-tree mushrooms, and on my way there the rain stops and the wind comes up and sings through the wet pines like the violins in a Bartók concerto, and I see an occasional salmon-colored water dog headed each step a monumental effort toward the moving water, and I know it won't rain any more because what the water dogs have to do they don't do in muddy turbulent streams.

And when I reach the creek bed I find a half dozen mushrooms on the trunks, as it isn't wet enough for them to be on the limbs yet, nor for them to be really big. But these mushrooms are tan and clean, about the size of salad plates, and as I slip the last one into my flour bag I look up and in that post-rain air that permits twice normal vision Geronimo comes into view. He's standing in the westernmost area on Dead Squaw Mountain where the bay trees quit coming down and the live oak quit going up. For a long moment we look at each other, then he lumbers off for some acorns.

That night in my dream the wind blows the clouds away and the moon comes out bright and full and the deep frost smothers the ground hard and white. I try to sleep and maybe I do but not much, and by four I'm out of bed. I know I won't have time to fire up the wood stove and make coffee, so I throw a log in the fireplace and pour myself a triple shot of dry domestic brandy (cognac is a city drink, too sweet for the hunters) and I take the first one in a gulp to wake me and warm me, then sip the second while I check the easily stained blades on my small pocketknife for sharpness, make sure the thirty-thirty's fully loaded and there's a bullet in each of my pockets, then fold a bag and put it in one of them

(Continued on page 107)

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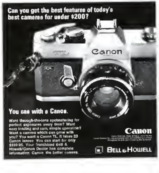
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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

Musical reputations today are more likely to rest on recordings than on people's experience of performances, simply because so many more listeners—even reputation makers—will hear a significant artist first and most often on records. Yet the odd fact is that no reputation based on records is really *stable*. If an artist whom you do catch up with him doesn't live up to the promise of the recordings, you almost automatically write him down, though you know perfectly well that a less-than-exciting evening often means nothing more than someone's (yours or his) acid indigestion. But no number of dyspeptic recordings will take away the memory of a moment of live performance when suddenly the world was different because of something somebody was doing before your very eyes.

These observations are stimul
by a critic's felt need to comp
fine younger mezzo-sopranos
work really isn't comparable
With the single exception of the
recording of Rossini's *Semi*
(London), in which she outshi
generous colleague
Sutherland Marilyn H
has yet to make a reco
strikes me as anythi
first class. But I hear
lady sing Rossini ove
Carnegie Hall, with rees
skips and roulades
drew an actual audible
from a packed house of
ple who knew some
about singing (Birgit N
was sitting in one of
boxes, like the bene
queen of a rich country
she gasped too). So no
will ever shake me fro
feeling that Jackie H
everyone seems to call h
an artist of the highes
portance. Janet Bake
other hand has given
flock of extraordinary re
ings starting with a D
Purcell's *Dido and Ae*
(London) a dozen years
and including recent perf
ances of Mahler's *K*
totenlieder and Berlioz
d'Été (both with Barb
conducting on Angel)
make famous older pe
ances of these mast
sound distinctly second
Yet I have not yet heard
Baker in surroundings
she was stylistically
and theatrically whol
cure—competent wit
assure me that this is
problem and that she h
fact given great recita
New York—so I rema
little this about her
is nothing I can do abou
either. Meeting the two
last season, I greeted
Baker with gratitude
pleasure received
greeted Miss Horne with
"Oh, you were at Car
Hall that night," said
Horne's husband, the c
tor Henry Lewis. "Well
heard quite a concert."

Mezzo-sopranos are
not born. Natural voices
fortably move about o
tave typically in a h
low register. Soprano
are then stretched up
alto voices are stre
down by training
voices must stretch in
directions. As the texte
a well-written mezzo role
in a relatively narre
middle range, lots of so
make passable mezzos
there are few really
ences because only extr
nary voice and training
preserve vocal quality
the chest voice at the lo
and the head voice at the
Moreover, because the
ber of prime donna role
mezzos is limited—and
those are French (Car
Dalila, Mignon, Werthe
mezzos are forever
drawn to the soprano r
tery, which further di
ishes the entire

Miss Horne, with re
rejects all labels. She
almost everything—Wa

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soprano roles and "Komm, Hoffnung" from *Fidelio* as well as Rossini and Bellini; Verdi's Eboli (but not his Azucena or Ulrica, whose powerful chest tones might tear at her upper register) and Alban Berg's Marie in *Wozzeck* as well as Carmen. She has recorded Delilah's two big arias with their sexy low notes. Had she not become pregnant in 1965 she rather than Montserrat Caballé might have floated Lucrezia Borgia's *pianissimo in alt* at a New York audience in the American Opera Society's production of the Donizetti opera. "Lotte Lehmann showed me," Miss Horne says, "that repertory is open to fantastic kinds of imagination." It is possible that Miss Horne's repertory, at least on records, has been a little too fantastically imaginative, but even the most implausible things have come out creditably if not brilliantly.

Miss Horne is a big, strong girl and her singing has been professional from infancy. Her father was a working tenor who moved his family from Pennsylvania to California while Marilyn was a child. In addition to vocal training at home Miss Horne studied music at the University of Southern California and worked with Mme. Lehmann on the German romantic repertory while performing for Robert Craft in the quarter-tone madrigals of Gesualdo and the big skips of Craft's guru Igor Stravinsky. "Singing sixty-five Gesualdo madrigals," she says, "made it easy for me later to sing 'Mira Norma.'" Meanwhile, as a very young singer in 1954 she was the dubbed voice for the movie *Carmen Jones*.

Miss Baker, by contrast, is a neat and trim product of training at a British bank. She sang as an amateur in a chorus in York, and one day, because somebody was ill, she had a chance at the small mezzo solo role in Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*. Her boss at Barclays Bank was in the audience at York Minster, told her she should sing professionally, and arranged a job for her at the bank's head office in London to support her while she was studying. This worked out only fair for Barclays—"I never balanced my till in London," Miss Baker recalls, "and they were glad to get rid of me"—but very well for Miss Baker. After she was transferred to a back room to work on a "huge machine" which sorted coins, Miss Baker "sang away, just sang away all day long," working on the German lieder and Italian exercises prescribed by her coaches. "The others were driven wild," she recalls. "They'd come over to my machine and say, 'You aren't really going to make a living singing *that*, are you?'"

Miss Baker stays closer to the approved mezzo repertory, but her range of stylistic interest is dazzling. I cannot think offhand of anyone else whose triumphs have included the alto part in the Bach *Mass*, the mezzo part in the Verdi *Requiem*, Ravel's *Schéhérazade* and Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*. Her German, Italian and French diction are all simply exquisite. "I'm like blotting paper," she says. "I pick up from all the people I meet. That's why I'm so exhausted when I visit America." Among conductors she particularly admires Klemperer, "who formed my musical character," and Barbirolli, "who has this great gift of making a piece you don't like very much seem very important."

Both these ladies already have considerable careers, but both are only beginning to enter the really

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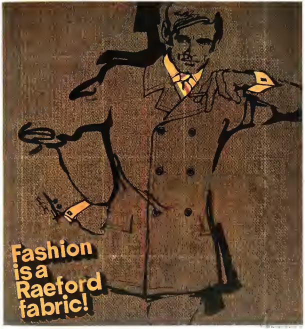

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big time. Both benefit by having started in a small way in small halls, so that they reach their musical maturity with fresh voices, and both have gained flexibility by experience with contemporary music and by long-term association with chamber-music groups (Craft's for Miss Horne, London's splendid Melos Ensemble for Miss Baker). This year Miss Horne invaded Italy to sing four Rossini operas at three major houses and for television, and Miss Baker is going pretty much round the world to sing recitals and orchestra dates at fees she didn't know existed only a few years ago. Both are going to be household names: Miss Horne (tough, bright and articulate) mostly for voice and vocal acrobatics, Miss Baker (though blessed with a starkly accurate and dramatic lower register) mostly for musicianship and style.

If they ever meet, they'll have few experiences in common that they can discuss. But both of them are mezzo-sopranos.

Of the recent vocal records, new recordings and dubbings, the most spectacular is a Seraphim disc entitled *The Art of Alexander Kipnis*, a group of thirty-seven year-old recordings wonderfully remastered to display a basso profundo of a quality which seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. This dark, strong, apparently bottomless voice was used, moreover, with a delightful musical discretion, acquiring quite distinct personalities for Mozart's Sarastro and Bartolo, Rossini's Basilio (even in German), and Wagner's Pogner. I for one had never known how good Kipnis was (by the time I heard him he was a little over the hill), and I am grateful to Seraphim for this indispensable disc.

Two new recordings display the fine voice, lyrical temperament and unbelievably pure French diction of Gerard Souzay. One (Victor) offers a survey of the art songs of François Poulenc, 1926-1956—fine songs, some of them amusing, some touching, all wholly appropriate to the poems they set. The other (Epic) takes the baritone back to the eighteenth century, the great period of French music, with four little secular cantatas of which Campra's *Les Femmes* is especially charming and Rameau's *Thetis* particularly absorbing.

Everest has taken advantage of its acquisition of the Cetra catalog to release a series of discs called *The Artistry of* — — — — —, mostly drawn from complete recordings of operas by Radio Italiana, featuring singers who became stars in most cases only after the recordings were made. Though it is rare to hear again things like Bergonzi's youthful *Pagliacci* (his first tenor role: he had started as a baritone), the only disc of more than historical interest to a serious collector is the one featuring Renata Tebaldi, in what is I believe her only recording of Mozart—"Deh vieni, non tardar" from *Marriage of Figaro*. It is very, very beautiful, not Tebaldi, but Mozart too.

In its continuing series of Victrola vocal reissues RCA has reissued some of Zinka Milanov's finest work before microphones, including the "Madre, pietosa Vergine" and "Pace, pace mio Dio" from Verdi's *Forza*, which Miss Milanov sang as excerpts five years before her somewhat less satisfactory recording of the full opera. This is Milanov at her best, and there was nobody quite like her. I have always resisted her a little (this will draw furious mail upon my head) because of a certain unbalance of registers and a vulgarity which came out in careless phrasing of the less prominent passages of any aria. But there was in the voice an individuality of timbre—a power of femininity, if you will—that everyone who heard her will cherish while memory lasts. The recordings are quite new enough to convey these qualities, and the electronic rechanneling, "for stereo" which seems necessary nowadays, has done the disc no harm. ■

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

While I was writing the article about the superb European railway network which begins on page 98 the thought occurred to me that the piece might attract the attention of a few railroad buffs, those indomitable zealots of buffdom compared to whom all other buffs with the possible exception of fire buffs are mere enthusiasts. Part of my youth was misspent doing public-relations work for The New Haven Railroad, and it was then that I became acquainted with this unusual breed.

They come in two main varieties: the miniature or toy species, who run trains in their basements, and the rarer and even more dedicated type who like to prowl around roundhouses and freight classification yards. Both sorts like to see and ride antique trains, so The New Haven management from time to time would hitch an antiquated locomotive onto some antiquated rolling stock and run it along stretches of unused track of a quiet Sunday morning with the rail buffs as enthralled deadheads.

But like the American railroads, rail buffdom is a disappearing insignia of our way of life. Time was when most American boys wanted to become railroad engineers and blow the whistle of a steam engine. Now the whistle and the steam engine are both gone, and railroad engineer isn't even mentioned among future professions my nine-year-old namesake has under consideration (spaceman, international spy, television detergent salesman, rock-and-roll guitarist, travel writer, teacher, husband of a go-go dancer, etc.)

Nevertheless the rail buff is still a proud figure in at least one European country—Switzerland, where the railroad man is still as popular as our mailman used to be before our postal system started to fall apart. Not only do the Swiss have the most efficient rail network in the world, their system includes every imaginable form of rail transportation. Where the going gets too steep for standard gauge, narrow gauge takes over; when it gets steeper, cogwheels help out, and when it gets steeper than that, cogwheels plus wire cable. That's how the Swiss engineered Europe's highest station at Jungfraujoch in the Alps at 11,000 feet, sixty years ago.

Then the Swiss railroad engineers took to the air. They built cableways, suspended railways and chairlifts, and extended their techniques and installed their equipment along mountainsides all over the world. And the Swiss railways were the first to become completely electrified . . . well, almost completely. You still climb the Brienzer Rothorn by steam, and at Berne there's a cableway operating on water power. Swiss railwaymen call their country the turntable of Europe, noting the Trans Europ Express and other international trains that enter or leave Switzerland every day: the Simplon Orient Express, Hispania Express, Holland Italy Express, Gotthard Express, Riviera Express, Arlberg Express

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High spot of the trip will be a chance to take the controls of an electric engine. The tour price includes hotels, meals and transportation within Switzerland. Tour departure dates as we go to press are April 14 and 28, May 12, June 2 and 16, September 15 and 29 and October 13, but the number of tours will depend on the number of people who want to sign up (they need at least thirty people for each tour), so for more information get in touch with Swissair or your travel agent.

If you like railroads, you can discover a whole new area of travel experiences all over the world. Consider Alaska, for instance (for next spring and summer, I mean). The state is served by two railroads: the federally owned and operated Alaska Railroad, running between Seward, Anchorage and Fairbanks, and the 110-mile narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Route between Skagway, Alaska and Whitehorse on the Alaska Highway in Canada's Yukon Territory.

The main line of the Alaska Railroad covers the 356-mile run from Anchorage to Fairbanks in eleven and a half hours. The AuRoRa streamliner passes through the rich Matanuska Valley farmland and heads north along the Susitna River, where 20,000-foot-high Mt. McKinley, tallest peak in North America, may be seen for the first time. The train stops at the gateway to Mt. McKinley Park and continues through the Alaska Range to Fairbanks. The more offbeat Seward-Anchorage segment offers spectacular mountain scenery as it cuts northward through the rugged Kenai Peninsula. A whistle stop is Moose Pass, where you have a good chance of spotting moose, as you may very well do at other points along the line. From Portage, the train follows the north shore of the Turnagain Arm, site of one of the fastest running tides on earth, so fast in fact that one can actually see the water rising and falling as in a bathtub. The Seward-Anchorage run is operated Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays only, as a day-long round-trip excursion.

For the romantic feeling of the northern frontier country, the narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Route is an even better bet. Early modern locomotives pull old fashioned coaches that look like William S. Hart or Tom Mix might be galloping alongside at any moment to rescue a screaming damsel.

The tracks twist their way along the forty-one mile route that was followed by thousands of sourdoughs during the 1898 gold rush from Skagway across the magnificent Mount Saint Elias to Lake Bennett. Here the sourdoughs cut timber and built boats and rafts to sail north to Dawson and the rich gold creeks of the Klondike. At Lake Bennett, passengers are served a complimentary "all-you-can-eat" lunch in the old Yukon style, after which the train follows the shore of the lake to Carcross, twenty-six miles away. Once an important gold rush town, Carcross is now a summer resort with hundreds of lakeside cottages.

Pushing on northward, the train comes to Miles Canyon, where Jack London once made his living piloting gold seekers through the boiling white waters of the Yukon River and finally to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon

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Territory, a city with a population of about five thousand, junction of the railway and the Alaska Highway, and the shipping and transportation center of the north country.

The train takes six hours and ten minutes to cover the hundred and ten miles between Skagway and Whitehorse. Fares are $19 one way or $35 round trip. Automobiles and campers are loaded onto flatcars and carried for $65 one way, including fare for two passengers. In addition the railroad operates special "Day on the Trail" trips between Skagway and Bennett, Skagway and Carcross, and Skagway and Whitehorse.

For the railroad fan, the world's greatest travel experience—and travel bargain—must be the 5777 mile train ride from Nakhodka, the new Soviet Pacific port near Vladivostok, to Moscow aboard the Trans Siberian Express. The twelve-car train makes the world's longest continual rail run in seven nights and six days. Most Americans ride it as part of a trip between Tokyo and Europe. A first-class, ten-day package, including a two day voyage on a Soviet ship from Japan to Nakhodka and all food, is available for $285.60 compared with the $538.60 one-way economy-class plane fare between Tokyo and Moscow.

But you do have to like trains and the people you meet on trains. Siberian scenery is flat and monotonous, and there's not very much to look at until you reach the Ural Mountains forming the boundary between Asia and Europe, and by then your trip is better than two thirds over. It is a great way to meet people, though, especially Soviet citizens and a wide cross section of international travel adventurers. Compartments accommodate four passengers, the train is usually crowded, the hours are long and uneventful and the eighty-two station stops seem infrequent, so multilingual conversations are bound to develop. A changing cast of car attendants—sometimes men but more often women—called *provodniks* keep things tidy and tend the inevitable tea samovar that is as much a part of all Russian trains as the wheels. The cars are a good forty years behind the sleek rolling stock being used by the crack trains of western European railways, and the food served in the dining cars is well below European or even American railroad standards. Caviar and black bread for breakfast might be a pleasant novelty the first few mornings, though, and you can always vary your diet with vegetables, cheese and pastries bought from peasants at station platforms along the way. A large timetable is posted in every car and the train is usually right on schedule, so that you know just about when the next stop is coming up.

But the trip took far longer—as long as a year—before the railroad was built across Siberia, which encompasses almost one tenth of the earth's surface, in the years between 1891 and 1904. The line wasn't of much help to the Russians in their war with Japan, which broke just about the time it was completed. However, after Stalin had had it double tracked all the way in 1939, it saved most of the Soviet industrial plants when the Nazis attacked two years later and Stalin moved his factories east of the protecting Ural Mountains. Today the heart of Soviet power remains in western Siberia, and its main artery is the railroad—which carries Russian arms to North Vietnam via freighter from Vladivostok to Haiphong.

From Vladivostok north to Khabarovsk, the point where it swings west, the rail line runs smack along the Chinese border, and then for hundreds of miles to the west it is within easy range of Chinese artillery and missiles. The empty Siberian spaces are a constant challenge to the overcrowded Chinese just to the south. The Russians took some of this territory from the Chinese in the mid-nineteenth century. The Soviet leaders aren't sleeping any more peacefully since Mao Tse-tung said he wanted this land back a year or so ago.

Speaking of China, it used to be possible to take a fantastic train trip all the way from Hong Kong to London via Canton and connecting trains to the Trans Siberian Railway. In fact, it's still possible—a friend of

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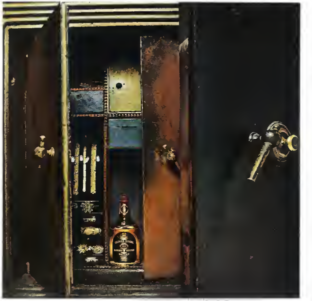

A true story.

A friend of ours, looking to buy a gold bracelet, went to a jeweler called M. A. Graham & Co. in the Rockefeller Center area of New York City.

After seeing nothing he liked in the showroom, our friend was taken into the back room by Mr. Graham and shown some additional bracelets he had tucked away in the safe.

Well, as you've probably already gathered from the picture, he discovered that Mr. Graham used his 1600 lb. safe to protect more than just his jewelry.

It seems Mr. Graham had been having a problem with people in the office nipping his 12-year-old Chivas Regal when he wasn't around.

And this was his way of solving it. Or almost solving it, anyway.

You see, his partner knows the combination.

mine did it early this year, but he was British: the line is off limits to Americans between the Hong Kong-Chinese border and the Soviet frontier. If you want a taste of what the Chinese part of the trip is like you could ride the twenty-two miles of the Kowloon-Canton Railway between Hong Kong and the Red Chinese border at Lowu. It's really a commuter train from Kowloon through the New Territories, and the trip takes just about an hour. At Lowu passengers bound for Canton detrain and walk three hundred yards across a bridge to Shumchun, railhead of the Chinese National Railways. You'll need a pass from the Hong Kong police to ride all the way up to Lowu; otherwise you'll have to get off at Sheung Shui, a six-minute ride away, and pick up a returning train. (There are seventeen trains daily in each direction.) First-class fare from Kowloon to Lowu is only about a half dollar.

For a really unforgettable Oriental train trip—and in great comfort—try the air-conditioned Bima sleeper train across Java from Jakarta to the inland city of Jogjakarta, then back to the northern coast and Surabaya. There are two passengers to each first-class compartment. The train hostess serves fruit, tea and cake shortly after the train leaves the Indonesian capital at two-thirty in the afternoon and speeds past lush green equatorial hillsides, towering mountains, smoking volcanoes and neatly patterned rice paddies. Dinner in the diner is a long parade of spicy Indonesian dishes, and if you're getting off at Jogjakarta you had better dine promptly and go to bed unreasonably early, because the train gets there around two in the morning.

But Jogjakarta is eminently worth breaking up a night's sleep for. It's the traditional court city of the Javanese princes, and one of the most famous of the Indonesian temples, that of eighth-century Borobudur, is here, and so is the twelfth-century religious complex of Prambanan, where dance pageants from the Hindu epic the Ramayana are held during the full moon from June to October. If you stopped over at Jogjakarta for a couple of days you could hire a car and drive over to the nearby cultural center of Solo, where there are batik makers and sellers, nightly performances by Javanese dancers, and the palace of one of the lesser sultans, with exotic gardens, crystal chandeliers and antique Indonesian furnishings. Or you might prefer to do your palace visiting right in Jogjakarta. Sultan Hamengku Buwono, the Indonesian Minister of Economics, has a noted establishment where his gamelan orchestra gives concerts in the palace gardens on Mondays and Wednesdays from eleven to one.

From Jogjakarta you could catch a return train to Jakarta or pick up the Bima again for Surabaya, leaving at two-forty-five in the morning and arriving at eight-twenty-seven. The Bima is scheduled to allow travelers nearly a full business day in Surabaya. Commercial hours for Indonesians are from seven to two, followed by lunch, siesta and sports and leisure activities. Before the Bima takes off on its return trip a few minutes after two in the afternoon you could prowl around the busy port city, visit the nearby mountain resort of Tretes or take a half-hour ferry trip to the neighboring large island of Madura. The train reaches Jogjakarta at seven-forty-three p.m. and Jakarta at seven-thirty the following morning. Round-trip fare first class was $16 but might be increased by this time.

I've mentioned it before in these pages, but the most luxurious train travel I know of is still the business of barreling around India in one's private railway car. Arrangements must be made far in advance, but it's worth it because the Indian Ministry of Railways will rent you an air-conditioned coach for about $4.25 a day plus the actual fare per passenger for the route segments you cover. Minimum charge is $20.00, plus about $30 a month each for the cook and cleanup man you'll need as your personal staff. Your car is hooked onto the best trains for your journeyings over the countryside and shunted onto a siding; it serves as your hotel while you sight-see nearby. #

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

A welcome new edition of the famous *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (Little Brown $15) provides an opportunity to pay a well-deserved tribute to this work so serviceable to a working journalist like myself with a bad memory and little knowledge. This new edition—the fourteenth—contains numerous revisions and additions; the first edition, published privately by John Bartlett, appeared in 1855. I cannot in honesty say that I refer to it as often as I do to the equivalent *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, but that is for the very obvious reason that the latter is specifically for English readers whereas Bartlett naturally leans more heavily on American sources. It has, for instance, seventeen columns of Emerson compared with eleven of Blake; in the Oxford volume the proportions are almost exactly the other way round, which suits me better. Also I think the Oxford method of indexing, in which you get not only the page but the number of the quotation on the page, is better than Bartlett's which only gives you the page and the column. This, however, is a trivial point, as is the fact that in the Oxford volume the authors are listed alphabetically, in Bartlett chronologically, the former arrangement being easier for quick reference.

Additional new quotations from figures like John Foster Dulles ("Local defense will always be important. But there is no local defense which alone will contain the mighty land power of the Communist world"), President Eisenhower ("Nothing is easy in war. Mistakes are always paid for in casualties and troops are quick to sense any blunder made by their commanders") and John F. Kennedy ("It is time for a new generation of leadership to cope with new problems and new opportunities. For there is a new world to be won") scarcely have the impact of the Gettysburg Address. How, one wonders, does the advent of the speech writer affect matters? In the case of these contemporary worthies, we have no means of knowing whether they actually devised the quotations attributed to them. Indeed, in the cases of Eisenhower and Kennedy it is practically certain they didn't. What about the attribution, then? Well, let's see if there's anything helpful in Bartlett on quotations. How about: "He wrapped himself in quotations—as a beggar would enfold himself in the purple of emperors" (Kipling)? Not bad at all, better, certainly, than the Oxford offering: "Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language" (Johnson).

A quotation—in Bartlett—from Emerson makes a point I've often thought of vaguely, that it's no use just looking for a quotation on some general theme or notion—as women, or money, or God. One needs to have a clearly formulated thought or concept in mind and then look for a quotation which fits it better than one has put it oneself. Thus one might want to say something about physical blindness being only a physical expression of a spiritual state which can exist along with perfect sight, and come upon Gloucester's comment on his own blindness in *King Lear*: "I stumbled when I saw." Perfect, of course. This is how Emerson makes the point: "In literature quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast." Perhaps when they come to bring out a fifteenth edition of Bartlett they'll put this admirable sentence on the title page. It would be most appropriate.

About Hunter Davies' "authorized" biography of The Beatles (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) one feels as Macbeth did about his wife's death—

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Ronrico. A rum to remember.

that it should have happened hereafter. The four dear boys, aging now and beginning to have matrimonial or girl friend troubles as well as box office trouble with their latest film, have at last become interesting. Unfortunately Mr Hunter Davies writes of them as though the tide of Beatlemania were still in full spate instead of markedly receding. As a result his biography lacks reality. It tells in a familiar way the familiar story of the four poor lads from Liverpool who crooned their way to fame and riches just when the bubble is about to burst, leaving us all wondering how it ever happened and why.

The turning point was undoubtedly the suicide of their manager, Brian Epstein, and I found Mr Hunter Davies' chapter on this episode the most interesting, though it does not really explain why this young man who had operated the whole extravaganza should have suddenly decided to bring his life to an end at the peak of its success. A good many people must have felt when they heard the announcement of Epstein's self-inflicted death that somehow it boded ill for The Beatles. How far did he manipulate them? Organize them? Breathe life and significance into four dummy figures with tousled heads, no talent and some sort of weird vaguely indecent appeal to hordes of howling adolescent and preadolescent girls? Did he perhaps die for love of them, his very own Frankensteins? Or for hate of them? Or both? Perhaps we shall never know for sure, but I find the theme a fascinating one, Hans Andersen stuff—a malignant fairy who touched four vacant youths with her wand and then enjoyed the chicanery and confusion which followed.

What will happen to them now? Will they go into retirement, to be paraded from time to time as living reminiscences—at last, white-haired and quavering, to do a few faltering steps and sing a few faltering notes before their final exit?

Or will they separate and go their individual ways, returning severally to earth or to their wild echoing in outer space?

Having fed on honeydew and drunk the milk of paradise and sat at the feet of the Maharishi as a foursome, surely they are fated to stay together. *All You Need Is Love*. I hear them singing in unison decades hence, four weird old fellows from another age.

Rather in the same vein is *The Egoists* (Regnery, $5.95), described as sixteen surprising interviews conducted by Oriana Fallaci. They did not, I must confess, surprise me; quite the contrary. I believe, without boasting, that I could have written them out of my head without one look at Miss Fallaci's text. The subjects are those that all of us in the trade have done or intend to do—the inescapable public faces of our times: Manuel Cordobés, Fellini, Rap Brown, the Duchess of Alba, Sammy Davis Jr., Jeanne Moreau, Hefner, Magnani and Hitchcock. Hemingway has dropped out, but his widow Mary substitutes. Ingrid Bergman is still in, but only just; Geraldine Chaplin is a newcomer and likely to hold her place. And so on. Hurrah, Signora! You bring your acute, sophisticated Italian mind to bear on these children of the limelight, don't you? Or rather, that's the idea. Actually, of course, you too belong to the show. People used to write puffs; now they write anti-puffs, but it amounts to the same thing. In love, as the old French saw goes, there is always one who embraces and one who extends the cheek. So also with publicity. In this field there is but a single shore against which all minds—acute and obtuse, sophisticated and unsophisticated—must beat. It is called cupidity.

Having trodden that particular zigzag path myself, I followed Miss Fallaci's sally on her Hefner pilgrimage. All the same old props—the round bed, the sucked pipe, the same old drag—the white pajamas, the same old cast, Hefner himself and some thirty bunny extras; above all, the same conversation leading to the same conclusion that Mr. Sex remains what he has always been, a very pacific Methodist. There's a path on the pavement outside the Hefner man-

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- Double breasted mink collared Swiss Viscose pile coat with waist-high inverted back pleat (Stanley Blacker) *pg 137*
- Short leather trench coat (Windbreaker) *pg 141*
- Calfskin moccasin with gilt finish chain (Bostonian Shoes), *pg 147*
- Smooth calfskin moccasin with hammered link chain (Nunn Bush Shoes), *pg 147*
- Leather slip on with metallic ornament (Mello-Macs by Weyenberg Shoes) *pg 147*
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seen worn by the footsteps of those coming with film sequences in their hair to record these same scenes, words and impressions. Miss Fallaci does it neither better nor worse than the rest of us.

Two literary memoirs—*Joyce Cary: A Biography* by Malcolm Foster (Houghton Mifflin, $10), and *This Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley* by Laura Archera Huxley (Farrar, Straus & Giroux $6.95), both in their way interesting. I have always been vaguely curious about the author of *The Horse's Mouth*. Mr. Foster provides all the requisite information to satisfy my curiosity, but somehow without the yeast. The dough does not rise. Perhaps, I suspect, this is partly due to the fact that Cary was essentially a rather dreary man. I note that Mr. Foster's acknowledgements are so numerous that his preface comes from a university and—most sinister of all—that at the beginning of his book he quotes Lord David Cecil writing in the London *Times* to the effect that Cary's "elegant virile handsomeness, his racy, vivid appreciative talk, and something at once heroic and debonair in his whole personality suggested a gentleman rider in the race for life." All this has a flavor of Eng. Lit. and sawdust, I fear.

Nonetheless, a picture of Cary emerges which fits in well enough with the one conveyed by his novels—one of those resolutely "artistic" temperaments which the English middle and upper middle classes produce especially nowadays when there is no Empire to administer. His African (Nigeria) experience, its solitude, its hopelessness in the light of what lay ahead, helped to shape him. The crumbling of a class structure such as we've had in England, squeezes out such men in the same way that, when they take to painting (as they often do: Cary himself and his hero in *The Horse's Mouth*), they squeeze out paint. T. E. Lawrence, I suppose, was the apogee of the type: fascist undertones sometimes, strong passions often ill directed, something twisted, violent and unhappy in them. Poor Cary. I felt sorry for him, a gifted man who had to fight hard for success, and when it came it was too late to be wholeheartedly enjoyed. I doubt if he will be much remembered, but insofar as he is, Mr. Foster's biography will satisfy all requirements.

Mrs. Huxley's memoir of her late husband is a very different kettle of fish. It gushes with her affections too ardently and artlessly for my taste. But what of that? They shared together mesmeric and psychedelic experiences, and tape-recorded observations by Huxley under LSD and mescaline are given in full. They alternate between trivial memories of practical matters ("Well, one of the problems is wages. I mean there was this excellent man who did all the odd jobs around the school . . .") and portentous musings ("After all, in that little Zen flesh, Zen bones—the preparation is through these exercises in consciousness. This sort of leads on to the third layer of consciousness . . ."). The result scarcely seems commensurate with all the trouble taken. I note in the excellent illustrations a decided resemblance between Huxley and Anthony Eden, now Earl of Avon. What does this signify? Nothing, I should think. ###

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Chicago

The Year of Our Lord 1968

Esquire does not claim to be prescient. To foresee that the Convention of the Democratic Party in Chicago was likely to be an event that transcended the limits of ordinary politics and ordinary journalism required no special wisdom. That it would be, in fact, "the most disgraceful spectacle in the history of American politics," as Eric Sevareid called it, no one could foretell! To confront this spectacle we dispatched two world-famous writers who had written with special brilliance on the amalgam of beauty and farce and obscenity which characterizes so much of this century, Jean Genet and William Burroughs. Terry Southern is the American writer most capable of handling frenzy on a gigantic scale and John Sack, who undertook to describe the police point of view, is one of the best reporters in America. That, as Southern calls it, was our "reportage team." They were given no instructions; it was their reaction to Chicago that was wanted and it is that which is printed below.

Grooving in Chi

by Terry Southern

Chicago. On the way to the hotel this afternoon coming from the airport, I saw something right out of a Buñuel movie: in a desolate section that resembles the Jersey flats, four boys each about ten years old and armed with small sticks were flailing wildly at a huge crippled black man who reeled and staggered drunkenly among piles of debris in a deserted lot. The taxi passed within fifty feet of the scene, slowing down as the driver looked directly at it, with no other apparent reaction.

"Wait a minute," I said as we continued past, "they're beating the hell out of that guy back there. We'd better help him."

The driver shrugged and brought the cab to a gradual stop. "The coon's loaded," he muttered, craning his head out the window to look behind us.

"Just back up a little," I suggested, "they'll probably take off."

"Uh-huh," he started slowly backing up, "what if they don't?"

"They're only kids for chrissake," saying this with an almost total lack of conviction as we drew nearer—but as it happened my analysis was correct, after one last flurry and amidst macho high-pitched prepuberty screeching of obscenities, the children abandoned their prey and scurried pell-mell across the lot.

"Are you okay?" I asked the Negro, much closer to the curb now, still staggering, but seemingly unscathed. Instead of a direct, or indeed a verbal, reply his response was to seize a huge, empty and battered ashcan, to raise it over his head, ready to slam it into the side of the taxi.

"Wait," I started to explain, "me friend . . ." but the driver had by now definitely lost interest in the case and he lurched the car up and away.

"Boy, was that coon ever loaded," he said matter-of-factly about five minutes later.

A curious tableau—did it augur well or bad, one wondered?

Six p.m. Rendezvous of our hard-hitting little press team: Jean Jack Genet, Willy Bill Burroughs, and yours truly as anchor man, trying to lend a modicum of stability to the group. Also on hand, Esky editor young John Berendt—his job: straighten these weirdos, and K.F.S. ("Keep Flying Speed!"). We met in the quiet little Downstairs Lounge, one of several bars in our hotel, the Chicago Sheraton—and John Berendt was quick to charge us with our respective assignments: "You, Jean Jack Genet, be on the alert for all manner of criminality and perversion in high places! You, Big Bill Burroughs, let your keen and expert medical eye discern any sign of sense derangement through the use of drugs by these delegates, the commies, and officials of every station! Now then, you, T. Southern, be doubly alert for all manner of absurdity at this convention!"*

Thus charged, we drank steadily for the next two hours before going to visit grand guy Dave Dellinger, head of National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam and one of the chief coordinators for the planned demonstrations. Before our meeting, I thought this so-called Dellinger must necessarily be some kind of old bad person—a kind of leftover leftist from another era who didn't know where it was at right now, just a nonpolitical organizer . . . maybe even a monstro-commie spade fag. But no, a groovie and gas he proved to be.

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*A typical Southern jeu d'esprit, needless to say without basis in fact. J. B.

"Our demonstrations shall be entirely peaceful," he explained (with a certain look of prophecy) and then went on to describe the coalition and its program. The other two principal groups were the S.D.S. (of Morningside Heights fame) and the fun and ever loving Yippies. A wise and gentle man it was this same Dave Dell, editor of *Liberation*, who led the Pentagon March last fall, and so we sat talking in a bare and harshly lit room, the windows of which had been blown out the previous day in some ironic industrial explosion, the glass replaced with a flimsy plastic cloth which flapped absurdly now in the Chicago (Windy City) night breeze, lending a surreal quality to the scene. "We are not seeking a confrontation," said Dave—a term incidentally which proved the most meaningful, both in theory and in fact, of any concept put forward during the convention—"we simply wish to protest the foregone conclusion that it is a closed convention, that there is no possible alternative to Humphrey as a candidate, and more importantly, of course, to express our continued opposition to the war in Vietnam."

"What's happening with Lincoln Park?"

Early in the afternoon an announcement had been issued by the Office of the Mayor—Richard Daley—to the effect that everyone would have to be out of the park by eleven that night. This edict was fairly inopportune, because about two thousand young yip-yip Yippies had just arrived from various U.S.A., and with absolutely no other place to go, all hotels full for proverbial months on end, they had ensconced at the Link.

"We're hoping the Mayor will reconsider his decision," said Dellinger, ever bess-reasonable, "that perhaps he will understand the best way to deal with a situation like this might be to accommodate it—not to defy it."

This truth was obvious and it immediately brought to mind my own John Jack Lindsay and how he would have handled it, to good advantage, god bless him, strolling down there in shirt sleeves, with some hot dogs to roast, a nice little Panasonic transistorized cassette unit blasting a fine sound, and maybe even a taste of hrrrumph, hee hee, *Chicago* Light Green! It was all so apparent how Dumbbell Dick could have cooled it—and not merely have cooled it but turned it to gross P.R. advan. I began to think of myself as some sort of lean and hungry Plum Sal, as I grooved there with Dave Dellinger—just grooving on Big Dave and his son Ray, both too beautiful to be believed—son Ray physical-spiritual, wearing a blue beret, circling catlike bodyguard-style around his father, knowing Dad Dave was something else, and that certain lewdies and sick weirdos might venture harm against him.

Suddenly Master John Jack Genet, knowing no English at all, demanded of our ace trans (Bernard Dick Seaver—of Evergreen-Grove fame) if Hugh Hefner was a fag.

Well really, I mean I'm no prude myself but when some weird frog starts blasting the Hef, that's when I begin to get a bit uptight. Unfortunately I had nothing at the moment to put up on much less light, so I simply lay back and sort of dropped out, so to speak. Dellinger, of course, knew nothing about Hef sex, nor could (I warrant) care less; in any case the subject was soon dropped in favor of more serious matters—namely where we could find Allen Ginsberg. Allen, it developed, was staying at the Lincoln Hotel, just opposite the park itself, so with Dick Seaver at the wheel we zoomed across town—toward the very heart of the action, for it was now ten minutes till curfewville, eleven p.m. And quite apparent it was too when we reached the scene—the baby blue police already massed in rows of three . . . nightsticks and Mace at the ready, also gas masks, smoke grenades, and riot guns, a weird sight I can tell you. They lined the sidewalk bordering the park, which was completely dark except for two or three bonfires glowing in the distance. In the midst of the police formation was a huge armored van, on top of which were several banks of large searchlights. In front of the still dark lights stood three men—the ones on either side holding riot guns, the kind used to fire tear-gas shells, while the man between them made announcements over a gigantic bullhorn:

"This is a final warning. Clear the park. Disperse. You have five minutes to disperse. You have five minutes to get out of this park!"

About then we spotted big Ed Sanders, of Fug and E.V.O. fame, threading his way along the periphery of monstro fuzz before fading into the darkness.

"Where's that loony fruit Al Ginsberg?!?" I shouted, rushing to overtake him. Fortunately, just before lowering the boom on me, Ed recognized the remark for the clever and good-natured jibe it was.

"He's doing his thing," he said, pointing, "over by that fire."

We all started walking in that direction. As our eyes became accustomed to the dark, and to the eerie light of the approaching fires, we could now make out figures and faces where before it had been an empty blackness. It is difficult to estimate the number of persons there, but they were everywhere—probably more than two thousand, milling around, seemingly about half of them moving toward the street to get out of the park, the other half just wandering uncertainly in the half-light.

We found Allen seated in the center of a group of fifty or so, doing his thing, which in this case was the "Om"—leading the others in chanting the word "Om" with varying intonation, pitch, and volume. Sanders explained that at eleven o'clock a rumor that the police were moving in had caused panic and started a general and chaotic flight. Ginsberg however had restored calm by gathering these people around him and doing his Om thing. Now they appeared to be serenity itself, while behind us the bullhorn droned on.

"Final warning. The Officers are moving in in five minutes. Anyone in the park will be arrested."

We sat down with the others, and joined the Oming, which especially delighted Genet; we stayed there for maybe half an hour, while the circle grew steadily larger and the "final warnings" were repeated. It was now nearing midnight. Burroughs looked at his watch and with that uncanny awareness of which he is capable, muttered, "They're coming." At that instant, the banks of searchlights blazed up on the armored van which was already moving toward us. Fanned out on each side of the van were about a thousand police.

"Well, Bill, I think we'd better pursue another tactic," I suggested, getting to my feet. What the hell, we were supposed to be here as *observers*, not as participants in any of Allen's crackpot schemes. That the entire reportage team should be busted the first time out was unthinkable. Genet was the most difficult to persuade, but finally, on Ginsberg's insistence, we all went up to his hotel room. By this time the police had made their first contact with the crowd—persons who were actually trying to leave the park, but had been driven back in the opposite direction, so that now people were fleeing all around us. Advancing in the distance, silhouetted against the wall of light, moved this incredible phalanx of strangely helmeted men swinging their nightsticks as they came. Once it was decided that we should leave, we moved with an unfaltering gait—odd how infectious panic can be. Near the street, I glanced back in time to see them reach the place where we had been, and where a dozen or more were still sitting. They didn't arrest them—at least not right away; they beat the hell out of them—with night sticks, and in one case at least, the butt of a shotgun. They clubbed them until they got up and ran, or until they started crawling away (the ones who were able) and then they continued to hit them as long as they could. The ones who actually did get arrested seemed to have gotten caught up among the police, like a kind of human medicine ball, being shoved and knocked back and forth from one cop to the next, with what was obviously *mounting* fury. And this was a phenomenon somewhat unexpected, which we were to observe consistently throughout the days of violence—that rage seemed to engender rage; the bloodier and the more brutal the cops were, the more their fury increased.

Witnessed an amusing, and perhaps historic, confrontation this p.m. when in the lobby of the Hotel Drake, we chanced onto a dramatic encounter between Louis ("I have nothing to hide") Abolafia, the nudist ticket candidate, and testy Bahn Bushnell who's running on the S.C.U.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men) ticket, whose founder, it might be recalled, tried to assassinate Andy Warhol. It was a curious meeting, a sort of "battle of the sexes," you might say. While the Bahn shouted her diatribe about the "cutting up" of men, and where exactly the process should begin, Abolafio attempted to distract from her remarks by executing what appeared to be a nude dervish or tarantella. Both candidates had to be dragged from the lobby.

Right after lunch we very dutifully piled into the car and headed for the Convention Hall. It is exactly like approaching a military installation—barbed wire, checkpoints, the whole bit. Genet was absolutely appalled, I was afraid he was going to be physically sick. Burroughs, of course, was ecstatic. It was all so grotesque that at one point he actually did a little dance of glee. He has a tape recorder, and he applies his cut-up and fragmentation theory to its use—recording speeches by the delegates and committee men, then putting blank spaces in them and filling the blanks with pieces of other speeches, and finally playing back the composite of clinkers and monsters in such a way as to sound like live radio coverage—a possibility which was enhanced by the fact that this particular recorder looks exactly like a portable radio. It was Burroughs' belief that if these tapes were played constantly in the Convention Hall the subliminal effect—of the repetitions, the non sequiturs, and the general idiocies—would so confound any chance listener as to possibly snap his mind and thus become a profoundly disruptive factor in the overall "Convention profile."

We had one hell of a time actually getting admitted to the hall despite all the proper credentials. Burroughs and I, of course, are veritable paragons of fashion and decorum—but Ginsberg and Genet, it must be admitted, are pretty weird-looking guys. In any case the sluster of door cops took one look at our group—which now also included Michael Cooper, an English photographer with shoulder-length hair, a purple suit and sandals—and then simply turned away, as though we had never arrived. The lieutenant in charge looked at us, though, and just sort of shook his head a tight little "Who are-you-kidding?" smile on his lips.

"Our accreditation is all in order, officer," snapped Esky's John Berendt, indicating the door passes around our necks.

"It is, huh?" said the lieutenant, not even bothering to look.

"How about *his* meditation?" he said, pointing to Ginsberg, "is it in order too?" And he gave a derisive snort.

"It certainly *is*," said Berendt, "show him your pass, Allen."

The lieutenant ignored Allen's attempt to show his pass and fixed on Cooper. "And *he's* got credentials? Hell, he can't even get any *shoes*!"

This drew some appreciative snickers from the cops in the doorway. Just then another lieutenant arrived and wanted to know what the trouble was, whereupon the first lieutenant simply indicated us with a nod, as though it was that obvious.

"They got passes?" asked the other, and reached out to examine the nearest one.

"You wanna handle this?" said the first lieutenant in a highly annoyed tone, "you handle it. I don't want no part of it." And he turned away, arms crossed, a sullen little boy expression on his fifty-year-old face.

The other one watched him for a minute, then looked at us again, with perhaps only one iota less suspicion than his colleague.

"Okay, let's go," he said. "I'll take you up to Security."

The Security chiefs were typically F.B.I., C.I.A.—cop types, but a shade less stupid; at least they made a slight effort to disguise their arrogance. In any case, after a thorough checking they let us go on our way, and into the hall. Not that it was necessarily worth it—because aside from Burroughs' tapes, and an occasional hoodlum out on the floor, the events were without interest. It was so flagrantly obvious that the fix was in, and that there was no possibility of altering the outcome. It was in the air; you could see it, you could feel it, you could almost smell it. Worse, like the cheapest sort of wrestling match, where even the *staging* of the deception is inept. The spectacle of grown men behaving like children at a birthday party, cavorting in colored hats and streamers, jumping up and down, standing on chairs, screaming and waving did not lessen the nausea.

Riding back to the hotel everyone felt depressed, as if the absurdity of it might not be enough after all. We listened to the tapes.

"I wonder what can be in the mind of a politician," someone mused. Seaver translated it for Genet, but he was not intrigued. "*I* wonder," he said, staring at the dashboard of the Ford car we were in, "what can be in the mind of someone who names an automobile Galaxie?"

Near the hotel we passed a procession of about five hundred Yippies, a red flag flying at the fore, and all shouting "Pigs must go! Pigs must go!" We learned that they were parading to the police station to protest the arrest of two of their leaders, Tom Hayden and Wolf Lowenthal. Ginsberg was apprehensive about the growing tension. One of the reasons he had come to Chicago, he explained, was to try and dissuade certain of the more militant leaders from pursuing a program of violence. An hour or so later we went to Grant Park, opposite the Hilton Hotel, where a meeting concerning the Lincoln Park situation was in progress. The parading Yippies had arrived and one of them had climbed atop a large marble statue commemorating a Civil War hero. A large number of police, guarding the Hilton, watched the boy with smoldering antagonism—and finally a contingent of them abruptly crossed the street and pulled him down, so forcibly that it broke his arm. A tremendous wave of resentment swept through the crowd and things might have gotten out of hand at that moment, but everyone started leaving for Lincoln Park. They had decided that tonight they would hold it.

We got there around eleven and immediately sensed that there was a different atmosphere from the night before, an air of determination and about twice as many people—including twenty or thirty priests and ministers. A few helmets were in evidence and a number of the medics dressed in white with Red Cross armbands were on hand—but the park was not yet the armed camp it would become. At midnight the police began to appear. They arrived on the opposite side of the expressway which forms the north boundary of the park—it was a solid line, shoulder to shoulder, five blocks long. Their gas masks were quite conspicuous. About twelve-thirty, one officer crossed the expressway and started issuing "final warnings" on the bullhorn. A few minutes later, a patrol car occupied by four cops with shotguns slowly moved off the expressway and down the sidewalk, through the crowd. Somebody in the crowd threw a brick through the windshield, probably a cop. Incidentally, one of the most insidious aspects of the entire police operation was the use of "confrontation provocateurs." These were cops dressed like hippies whose job it was to incite the crowd to acts of violence which would justify police intervention or, failing that, to commit such acts themselves. It is curiously significant that these artfully dressed undercover men were so flagrantly conspicuous as to be impossible to miss—not due to their appearance, which was indiscernible from the rest of the crowd, even the fact that they were encouraging violence, but due completely to the lewd, lewd, tasteless stupidity that characterized their every remark and gesture.

In any case, when the brick hit the windshield, it seemed to me that was our cue to get the hell out of there, so we began a leisurely withdrawal. Behind us now the crowd had surrounded the car and was rocking it, trying to turn it over. That's when the police charged. They came very fast, clubbing everyone they could catch, and firing tear-gas shells ahead of the fleeing crowd—so that it was a question of going through the gas or waiting to get clubbed. Most people chose the gas, and emerged onto the street on the south side of the park, groping blindly, faces streaming with tears. Our fun party was well ahead of the clubs, but not the gas; no one seemed to escape the gas—the wind was right and they were using a lot of it. We reached the street adjacent to Allen's hotel, and assumed we were safe—they had wanted us out of the park, and

Drawings by David Levine

now we were out. But we continued to walk away from it because of the fumes. About three-quarters of the way down the block, we heard yelling ahead and the approach of frantically running footsteps, then the appearance of several dozen people tearing along the sidewalk toward us. "They're coming!" screamed a girl in absolute terror as she passed; running behind her was a boy of sixteen or so, blood covering one side of his face. Now, at the rear of the crowd, we could see the cops, chasing and flailing. We started running with the rest, down the middle of the street, but almost immediately encountered people running in the opposite direction.

"Don't go that way, man," one of them said, "it's a very bad scene back there." We were trapped, and for a moment it was sheer panic, then someone (Beredict or Seaver no doubt) had the inspired thought to try one of the apartment house doors we were passing, and so the next moment we were all huddled in this small hallway, just as one wave of police swept past, wiping out everyone in its path. Now we had to crouch so as not to be seen through the glass front of the door, because from the other direction they were rushing into the doorways and halls and routing them out. We could hear it happening next door in no uncertain terms. And then it was our turn and sure enough in charged four of the finest, with expressions of rage such as I have never seen. In fact, Genet later jestingly insisted that they had not been cops at all but actors who were overplaying their roles.

"You Communist bastards!" one of them snarled, "get the hell outta here! Now move!" And he raised his club at the nearest person, who as it happened was Genet—but the latter, saint that he is, simply looked at the man and shrugged, half lifting his arms in a Gallic gesture of helplessness. And the blow didn't come. Another tribute to Genet's strange power over people. Instead, they pushed and prodded us out onto the street where they talked about taking us in to the station, but they were soon distracted by activity farther down the block, and they rushed away. Because it wasn't really us they wanted to get—it was the children.

I talked with Ed Sanders at the park this afternoon. The Yippies have brought a pig, which they are going to try to place in nomination if they can ever get near the hall. The pig is pink, and weighs about a hundred pounds. They keep it in a burlap bag.

Tonight we went to the L.B.J. Un-Birthday Party at the Chicago Coliseum. It was a swinging affair, with a groovy audience who responded very enthusiastically when our brutality statements—prepared earlier in the day—were read to them.

Tonight's scene at the park was certainly the strangest yet. About one hundred priests were there, having earlier announced that they would conduct an all-night religious service. A large cross (about ten feet high) had been erected, and several fires burned nearby. The pattern of events was identical to what had transpired on the previous evenings. Only the presence of the cross, after the smoke and tear gas came rolling in, slowly engulfing it, lent the spectacle an unreal and ominous quality. As we fled from the park, I witnessed a curious incident, near the lake. A young boy on a bicycle, of apparently no connection whatever with the demonstration, was peddling along the outer path past six or eight police who were stationed there. They grabbed the bicycle and pushed it and the boy into a lagoon, laughing uproariously the while. By chance a photographer was standing not fifty feet away and he got a picture of it—published the following day (Wednesday, the 28th) in *The Chicago Daily News*.

Wednesday, August 28th. This was our biggest, most outlandish day. The plan was to march to Convention Hall so the crowd began early to form in Grant Park. By four o'clock there must have been seven or eight thousand people. Mayor Daley had refused to issue a parade permit, and the order was that anyone who attempted to march would be arrested forthwith. By now, of course, the National Guard was there in great strength, massed three deep along the Michigan Boulevard side of the park, while on the opposite side, in front of the Hilton, were the police—or "the Pigs" as they were now known by all. Again the order to clear out of the park was given. Under the circumstances (of not being allowed to parade) it was decided that it might be best to regroup elsewhere, so what was intended as a general exodus was begun. And this is where the logic of the Chicago authorities can be proved either insane or sadistic, perhaps both, because the park is joined to Michigan Boulevard by several bridges, and these are the only means of egress, but when the first of the crowd reached the nearest bridge we found it blocked by soldiers with fixed bayonets. As the crowd continued to accumulate near the bridge the order to disperse was given again.

"Hey, why don't you stick those bayonets up your ass?" someone suggested—a quip which was answered with several quick rounds of tear gas, and the crowd began to scatter wildly across the park. The same thing was experienced at the next two exits—here was a case of *containment* and *dispersal* all in one. "Somebody's wig has snapped," observed Burroughs drily. But it was patently a harassment tactic of the dumbest order, and one which was to backfire badly. The only way out of the park now was to walk around on the far side by the expressway—a very long route indeed—so that by the time the bulk of the crowd reached Michigan Boulevard and the Hilton Hotel they were hopping mad. So were the cops, and you could see the adrenalin rising.

We had all gotten separated during the confusion at the park, so now I found myself alone outside the locked doors of the Hilton, caught up in a seething crowd and a rapidly growing malaise. I pounded on the glass.

"I'm a guest," I insisted.

"Let's see your key."

"It's at the desk."

"Sorry."

Then by the sheerest chance I spotted a guy I knew just as he was dangling his key in front of the glass. He was able to get me in, and we immediately went to the hotel bar on Michigan, the windows of which afforded a grandstand view of the melee which followed. By now it had all become like some strange, and sickening, spectator sport.

Bill Styron and John Marquand Jr. were also in the bar and there was a certain undeniable decadence to the way we sat there, drinks in hand, watching the kids in the street getting wiped out. Then gas fumes began to permeate even the locked doors, and at the height of the slaughter five or six kids were pushed through a plate-glass window on one side of the bar. The cops rushed in after them.

"Get the hell outta here!" a cop was yelling, which they were trying to do as fast as possible. But something was wrong with one of them, a thin blond boy about seventeen.

"I can't walk," he said.

"You'll walk outta here, you little son of a bitch!" said the cop and clubbed him across the side of the head with his stick. Two of the others seized him by the shirt and started dragging him across the floor of the bar and through the lobby.

Next to me a middle-aged man, wearing a straw hat with a Hubert Humphrey band, watched the incident with distaste.

"Those damn kids," he muttered. "I haven't seen a clean one yet." Then he looked back out into the street where, at that moment, a flying squad of blue helmets and gas masks, clubs swinging, charged straight into a crowd obviously of bystanders.

"Hell," he grunted. "I'd just as soon live in one of those damn police states as put up with that kind of thing."

The Members of the Assembly

by Jean Genet

Chicago reminds me of an animal which curiously is trying to climb on top of itself. Part of the city is transformed by the life—or the parade, in both senses of the term—of the hippies.

Saturday night, about ten o'clock, the young people in Lincoln Park have lighted a kind of bonfire. Close by, scarcely visible in the darkness, a good-sized crowd has formed beneath the trees to listen to a black band—flutes and bongo drums. An American Indian carrying a furled green flag explains to us that it will be taken tomorrow to the airport when Senator McCarthy is scheduled to arrive and speak. Unfurled, the flag bears upon its green background the painted image of a seventeen-year-old boy—some say he was Indian, others black—killed two days before by the Chicago police.

The cops arrive, in brief but still angry waves, to put out the fire and disperse the demonstrators. One word about them: the demonstrators are young people of a gentleness almost too gentle, at least this evening. If couples are stretched out on the grass in the park, it seems to me it is for the purpose of caressing exchanges. Everything strikes me as being very chaste. The darkness of the park is not solely responsible for the fact that all I can see are shadows folded in each other's arms.

A group of demonstrators, which had at first dispersed, has returned and is singing a kind of two-syllable chant not unlike a Gregorian chant, a funeral dirge to the memory of the dead boy. I can scarcely speak of the beauty of this plaintive wail of the singers and the singing.

Around the park, which is almost totally dark, what I best see is a proliferation of American cars, heavy with chrome, and beyond them the gigantic buildings of the city, each of whose floors is lighted, why I don't know.

Are these four democratic days going to begin with a funeral vigil in memory of a young Indian—or black—murdered by the Chicago police?

If man is, as is searching, to be, omnipotent, I am willing to accept Chicago's gigantism, but I should like the opposite to be accepted as well: a city which would fit in the hollow of one's hand.

Sunday. Midway Airport, Chicago. McCarthy's arrival. Almost no police, and the few who do check our press credentials are extremely casual. Across from the press platform itself, actually the empty back of a parked trailer truck, are three similar platforms: one is occupied by a brass-dominated orchestra whose members are men in their thirties and forties, another by a rock group in its twenties. Between them is the platform reserved for McCarthy and his staff. McCarthy's plane is a few minutes late; the crowd massed behind the press platform consists of men and women whose faces reflect that peculiar image which only profound honesty and hope can give.

McCarthy finally arrives, and the crowd comes dramatically to life: every man, woman and child shouting "We Want Gene," brandishes signs devoid of the customary slogan but generously bedecked with flowers drawn or painted each according to the bearer's whim, and it is this flower-crowd that McCarthy is going to address. He is extremely relaxed; he smiles, he is about to speak, but the battery of microphones is dead. Sabotage? Smiling, he walks over and tries the mikes of the musical group in its thirties and forties: dead! Still smiling, he tries the mikes of the rock group in its twenties: dead! Finally he makes his way back to his platform and tries his own microphones, which in the interim have been repaired, at least to some degree. He smiles. He is also serious, and he declares that he will speak only if the men and women the farthest away from the speaker's platform can hear him. Finally, he does speak, and you have all heard what he said on television.

As he leaves the speaker's platform it seems that no one is protecting him save for the sea of flowers painted by the hope-filled men and women.

A few hours later, at McCarthy's headquarters in the Hilton Hotel, there again appears to be almost no police security, or if there is any it is subtle, invisible. We are received with great courtesy.

This leads me to what, in my opinion, is one of the basic questions I ask myself: after eight months of campaigning, in order for this little-known Senator—or known all too well through a name steeped in shame—in order for McCarthy to arouse such enthusiasm, what concession has he made? In what ways have his moral restraints been weakened?

And yet the fact remains that all his speeches, all his statements, reveal intelligence and generosity. Is it a trick?

In a city with as large a black population as Chicago has, I note that there were very few blacks out to greet and acclaim him.

The First Day: The Day of the Thighs

The thighs are very beautiful beneath the blue cloth, thick and muscular. It all must be hard. This policeman is also a boxer, a wrestler. His legs are long and perhaps, as you approach his member, you would find a furry nest of long, tightly curly hair. That is all I can see—and I must say it fascinates me—that and his boots, but I can guess that these superb thighs extend on up into an imposing member and a muscled torso, made even firmer every day by his police training in the cops' gymnasium. Higher up: into his arms and hands which must know how to put a black man or a thief out of action.

In the company of his well-built thighs, I can see ... but the thighs have moved and I can see that they are splendid. America has a magnificent, distinguished, athletic police force, often photographed and seen in dirty books ... but the thighs have parted slightly, ever so slightly, and through the crack which extends from the knees to the too heavy member I can see why it is the whole panorama of the Democratic Convention with its star-spangled banners, its star-spangled prattle, its star-spangled dresses, its star-spangled underdress, its star-spangled songs, its star-spangled ladies, its star-spangled candidates, in short the whole ostentatious parade, but the color has too many facets as you have seen on your television sets.

What your television fails to bring you is the odor. Is the odor which may have a certain connection with odor? The reason is that the Democratic Convention is being held right next to the stockyards, and I keep asking myself whether the air is being befouled by the decomposition of Eisenhower or by the decomposition of all America.

A few hours later, about midnight, I join Allen Ginsberg to take part in a demonstration of hippies and students in Lincoln Park: their determination to sleep in the park is their very gentle, oh yet too gentle, but certainly poetic response to the nauseating spectacle of the Convention. Suddenly the police begin their charge with their glistening masks, intended to terrify, and, in fact, everyone turns and runs. But I am well aware that those brutes have other methods, and far more terrifying masks, when they go hunting for blacks in the ghettos, as they have done for the past hundred and fifty years. It is a good, healthy, and ultimately moral thing for these long-haired, gentle hippies to be charged at by these louts decked out in this amazing armor that protects them from the effects of the gas they have emitted.

And I should like to end the first day with this: the person who opens her door to rescue us as we try to escape from these brutes is a young and very beautiful black woman. Later, when the streets have finally grown calm again, she offers to let us slip out through a back door, which opens onto another street; without the police suspecting it, we have been conjured away and concealed by a black house. Nonetheless, these enormous thighs of policemen puffed with LSD, rage and patriotism were fascinating to see.

Tomorrow, another sleep-in in Lincoln Park, for this Law which is no law must be resisted.

The Second Day: The Day of the Visor

The truth of the matter is that we are bathed in a Mallarmean blue. This second day imposes the azure helmets of the Chicago police. A policeman's black leather visor intrudes between me and the world: a gleaming visor in whose tidy reflections I may be able to read the world, willingly kept in top condition by numerous, and doubtless daily, polishings. Supporting the visor is the blue cap—Chicago wants us to think that the whole police force, and this policeman standing in front of me, have descended from heaven—made of a top-grade sky-blue cloth. But who is this blue cap in front of me? I look into his eyes, and I can see nothing else there except the blue of the cap. What does his gaze say? Nothing. The Chicago police are and are not. I shall not pass. The visor and the gaze are there. The visor so gleaming that I can see myself and lose myself in it. I try to see the continuation of the allegedly Democratic Convention, but the cop in the black visor with the blue eyes is there. Beyond him, I can nonetheless catch a glimpse of a lighted sign above the convention floor: there is an eye and "CBS News," the structure of which, in French or in English, reminds me of "obscene." But who is this policeman in the blue cap and black visor? He is so handsome I could fall into his arms. I look again at his look: at long last I recognize it. It is the look of a beautiful young girl, voluptuous and tender, which is hiding beneath a black visor and blue cap. She loves the celestial color; the Chicago police are feminine and brutal. It does not want its ladies to meekly obey their husbands whose hair is sky blue, dressed in robes of many colors.

And what of the convention? It is democratic. It hobbles on, and you have seen it on your screens. It is there for the purpose of concealing from you a game both simple and complex, which you prefer to ignore.

About ten o'clock this evening, part of America has detached itself from the American fatherland and remains suspended between earth and sky. The hippies have gathered in an enormous hall, as weakly lit as the Convention Hall is garish. Here all is joy, and in their enthusiasm several hippies burn their draft cards, holding them high for everyone to see: they will not be soldiers, but they may well be prisoners for five years. The hippies ask me to come up onto the stage and say a few words: this youth is beautiful and very gentle. It is celebrating the Un-Birthday of a certain Johnson who, it seems to me, hasn't yet been born. Allen Ginsberg is tireless: he has chanted too loud and too long in Lincoln Park the night before.

Order, real order, is here. I recognize it: it is the freedom offered to everyone to discover and create himself.

About midnight, again in Lincoln Park, the clergy, also between earth and sky in order to escape from America—is conducting a religious service. I am subjected to another, but also very beautiful, kind of poetry. And what of the trees in the park? At night they bear strange fruit: clusters of young people suspended in their branches. I am as yet unfamiliar with this nocturnal custom, but that's the way it is in Chicago. The clergymen invite us to be seated: they are singing hymns in front of an enormous wooden cross. They joke too, and use slang. "Sit or split," says one of the bantering and clergy priests. "Sit or split." The cross, borne by several clergymen, moves away into the night, and this imitation of the Passion is very poor—I don't have time to finish the word: enormous projectors are turned on directly in front of us, and the police, throwing canisters of tear gas, rush at us. We have to run. Once again it is the police, more than Ionesco-like, who are pursuing us and pursuing the cross. Spellman the cop would have had a good laugh.

We take refuge in Ginsberg's hotel, across the street from the Park: my eyes are burning from the gas; a medic pours water into them, and the water spills over me down to my feet. In short, in their blundering clumsiness, the Americans have tried to burn me and a few minutes later to drown me.

We pause to collect ourselves in Allen Ginsberg's hotel room. And what of the convention? And democracy? The newspapers have kept you posted about them.

We leave the hotel: another azure policeman—or the beautiful girl in drag, holding his billy club in his hand the way, exactly the way I hold a black American's member—escorts us to our car and opens the door for us: there can be no mistake about it: we are White.

The Third Day: The Day of the Belly

Chicago has fed these policemen's bellies, which are so fat that one must presume that they live on the slaughterhouses required by a city which resembles three hundred Hamburgs piled one on top of the other, and daily consumes three million hamburgers. A policeman's beautiful belly has to be seen in profile: the one barring my route is a medium-sized belly (de Gaulle could qualify as a cop in Chicago). It is medium-sized, but it is well on its way to perfection. Its owner, who doesn't fondle it with both his beautiful but heavy hands. Where did they all come from? Suddenly we are surrounded by a sea of policemen's bellies barring our entrance into the Democratic Convention. When I am finally allowed in, I will understand more clearly the harmony which exists between these bellies and the bosoms of the lady patriots at the Convention—there is harmony but also rivalry: the arms of the ladies of the gentlemen who rule America have the girth of the policemen's thighs. Walls of bellies. And walls of policemen who encircle us, astonished by our appearance at the Democratic Convention, furious at the unconventional way we're dressed: they are thinking that we are thinking what they know, that is that the Democratic Convention is the Holy of Holies. The mouths of these bellies huddle in hasty conference. Walkie-talkies are barking. All of us in possession of the electronic passes required to enter the Amphitheater. The Chief of Police—wearing civilian clothes and his belly—arrives. He thanks our passes, our identification, but, obviously a man of taste and discretion, does not ask to see mine. He offers me his hand; I shake it. The bastard. We enter the corridors of the Convention Hall, but only to be allowed into the press section. New police bellies are there, blocking our route again. Can we go in and sit down? Bellies even heavier and more robust tell us there is no room for us inside; within the hallowed halls of the convention segregation is being practiced against four or five white males, who have had the effrontery to come without ties, a mixed band of long-haired and hipsters, with a few beards thrown in. After long discussions, we are allowed to go in and sit down. I gather from the intrigue which has just overwhelmed me that what I am witnessing is a resounding lie voluptuous for those who make their living from it. I hear the numbers being announced: they are counting the votes cast by New Jersey and adding them to those cast by Minnesota; never very good at arithmetic, I am amazed that this science is used to choose a President. Finally triumph and pandemonium—their triumph—Humphrey is nominated. The bellies have chosen a representative. The rounded madness, screaming moral songs, gaudy but grey, this hoodlum line of talking bellies, you have seen and heard its pale reflections on your television screens.

I have an urge to go outside and touch a tree, graze in the grass, screw a goat, in short do what I'm used to doing.

A few hours before going to the convention, where our free and easy manner has petrified the police and made them suspicious, we have taken part in the Peace March organized by David Dellinger in Grant Park. Thousands of young people were there, peacefully listening to Phil Ochs sing and to others talk; we were covered with flowers. A symbolic march set off in the direction of the slaughterhouse. A first row of blacks, then behind them in rows of eight abreast anyone who cared to join the demonstration. No one got very far: more bellies charged, firing tear gas at the young people. Trucks filled with armed soldiers drove endlessly back and forth through the streets of Chicago.

To the Hippies

Hippies, young people of the demonstration, you no longer belong to America, which has moreover repudiated you. Hippies with long hair, you are making America's hair curl. But you, between earth and sky, are the beginning of a new continent or Earth of Fire rising strangely above, or hollowed out below, what once was this ark country—an earth of fire first and, if you like, an earth of flowers. But you must begin, here and now, another continent.

Fourth Day: The Day of the Revolver

Is it necessary to write that everything is over? With Humphrey nominated, will Nixon be master of the world?

The Democratic Convention is closing its doors. The police here as elsewhere will be less brutal, if it can. And is the revolver in turn going to speak?

The Democratic Convention has made its choice, but where, in what drunken bar, did a handful of democrats make their decision?

Across from the Hotel Hilton, again in Grant Park, a marvelous happening. The youth have scaled a bronze horse on which is seated a bronze rider. On the horse's mane—whose head is bowed as if in sleep—young blacks and whites are brandishing black flags and red flags. A burning youth, which I hope will burn all its bridges, is listening, attentive and serious, to a Presidential candidate who was not invited to the convention: Dick Gregory. Gregory is inviting his friends—there are four or five thousand of them in the park—to come home with him. They won't let us march to the Amphitheater, he declares, but there's no law that says you can't come on down to my house for a party. But first, he says, the four or five policemen who have stupidly allowed themselves to be hemmed in by the crowd of demonstrators must be freed. With great wit and humor, Gregory explains how the demonstrators are to walk, no more than two or three abreast, keeping on the sidewalk and obeying all traffic lights. He says that the march may be long and difficult, for he lives in a house in the black ghetto of South Chicago. He invites the two or three beaten delegates (that is, McCarthy delegates) to head the march, for the police whose job it will be to stop the march may be less brutal with them.

We walk along a hedge of armed soldiers.

At long last America is moving because the hippies have shaken their shoulders.

The Democratic Convention is closing its doors.

A few random thoughts, as usual:

America is a heavy cloud, too heavy; it would be good for America, and for the world, for it to be demolished, for it to be reduced to powder.

The danger for America is not Mao's *Thoughts*; it is the proliferation of cameras.

So far as I know there were no scientists among the demonstrators: is intelligence stupid, or science too easy?

The policemen are made of rubber: their muscles are of hard rubber; the convention itself was pure rubber. Chicago is made of rubber that chews chewing gum; the policemen's thoughts are made out of soft rubber; Mayor Daley of wet rubber.

As we are leaving the Democratic Convention, a young policeman looks at me. Our gazes are already a settling of scores: he has understood that I am the enemy, but not one of the policemen is aware of the natural but invisible road, like that of drugs, which has led me underground on—on the route of heaven into the United States, although the State Department refused me a visa to enter the country.

Too many star-spangled flags here, as in Switzerland a flag in front of every house. America is Switzerland flattened out by a steamroller. Lots of young blacks: will the delegates' hot dogs or the revolver bullet murder the democrats before it is too late?

Fabulous happening. Hippies! Glorious hippies. I address my final appeal to you, children, flower children of every country, in order to fuck all the old bastards who are giving you a hard time, rape, go underground if necessary in order to join the burned children of Vietnam.—*Translated by Richard Seaver*

The Coming of the Purple Better One

by William Burroughs

Saturday August 24, 1968. Arrive O'Hare Airport Chicago. First visit in 26 years. Last in Chicago during the war where I exercised the trade of exterminator.

"Exterminator. Got any bugs lady?"

"The tools of your trade," said the customs officer touching my cassette recorder.

Driving in from the airport note empty streets newspapers in the wind a ghost town. Taxi strike bus strike doesn't account for the feeling of nobody here. Arrive Sheraton Hotel where I meet Jean Genet. He is dressed in an old pair of corduroy pants, open jacket, no tie. He conveys a remarkable impact of directness confronting completely whoever he talks to.

Sunday August 25. Out to the airport for the arrival of McCarthy. An estimated fifteen thousand supporters there to welcome him mostly young people. Surprisingly few police. Whole scene touching and ineffectual particularly in retrospect of subsequent events.

Monday August 26. We spend Monday morning in Lincoln Park talking to the Yippies. Jean Genet expresses himself succinctly on the subject of America and Chicago:

"I can't wait for this city to rot. I can't wait to see weeds growing through empty streets."

May not have to wait long. Police in blue helmets many of them wearing one-way dark glasses stand around heavy and sullen. One of them sidles up to me while I am recording and says "You're wasting film."

Of course the sound track does bring the image track on set so there is not all that much difference between a recorder and a camera.

Another sidles up right in my ear. "They're talking about brutality. They haven't seen anything yet."

The cops know they are the heavies in this show and they are going to play it to the Hilton.

Monday night to the Convention Hall. Cobblestone streets smell of coal gas and stockyards. No place to park. Some citizen rushes out screaming "You can't park here! I'll call the police! I'll have your car towed away!"

Through line after line of police showing our credentials and finally click ourselves in. Tinny atmosphere of carnivals and penny arcades without the attractions. The barkers are there but no freaks no sideshows no scenic railways.

Up to Lincoln Park where the cops are impartially clubbing Yippies newsmen and bystanders. After all there are no innocent bystanders. What are they doing here in the first place? The worst sin of man is to be born.

Tuesday August 27. The Yippies are stealing the show. I've had about enough of the convention farce without humor barbed wire and cops around a lot of nothing.

Jean Genet says: "It is time for writers to support the rebellion of youth not only with their words but with their presence as well."

It is time for every writer to stand by his words.

Lincoln Park Tuesday night. The Yippies have assembled at the epicenter of Lincoln Park. Bonfires, across the demonstrators singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword

"Wet a handkerchief and put it in front of your face. Don't rub your eyes."

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored

"Keep your cool and stay seated."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.

"Sit or split."

At this point I look up to see what looks like a battalion of World War I tanks converging on the youthful demonstrators and I say, "What's with you Martin, you wig already?"

He just looks at me and says, "Fill your hand stranger." And hauls out an old rusty police force from 1920 and I take off across Lincoln Park tear gas canisters raining all around me. From a safe distance I turn around to observe the scene and see it as a 1917 gas attack from the archives. I make the lobby of the Lincoln Hotel where the medics are treating gas victims. The Life-Time photographer is laid out on a bench medics washing his eyes out. Soon he recovers and begins taking pictures of everything in sight. Outside the cops prowl about like aroused termites.

Wednesday August 28. Rally in Grant Park to organize a march to the Amphitheatre. I am impressed by the organization that has been built here. Many of the marshals wear crash helmets and blue uniforms. It is difficult to distinguish them from the police. Clearly the emergent Yippie uniform is crash helmet, shoulder pads, and aluminum jockstrap. I find myself in the second row of the nonviolent march feeling rather out of place since nonviolence is not exactly my program. We shuffle slowly forward the marshals giving orders over the loudspeaker:

"Link arms. . . . Keep five feet between rows. . . . You back there watch what you're smoking. . . . Keep your cool. . . . This is a nonviolent march. . . . You can obtain tear gas caps from the medics. . . ."

We come to a solid line of cops and there is a confab between the cops and the marshals. For one horrible moment I think they will let us march five bloody miles and me with blisters already from walking around in the taxi strike. No. They won't let us march. And being a nonviolent march and five beefy cops for every marcher and not being equipped with bulldozers it is an impasse. I walk around the park recording and playing back, a beauteous evening calm and clear vapor trails over the lake youths washing tear gas out of their eyes in the fountain. Spot of bother at the bridge where the pigs and national guardians have stationed themselves like Horatio but in far greater numbers.

So out to the Convention Hall where they don't like the look of us despite our electronic credentials being in order and call a Secret Service man for clearance. We get in finally and I play back the Grant Park recordings and boo Humphrey to while away the time as they count votes to the all too stupid and obvious conclusion.

What happened Wednesday night when the guard dogs broke loose again is history.

I have described the Chicago police as left over from 1910 and in a sense this is true. Daley and his night stick authority date back to turn-of-the-century ward politics. They are anachronisms and they know it. This I think accounts for the shocking ferocity of their behavior. Jean Genet, who has considerable police experience, says he never saw such expressions before on allegedly human faces. And what is the phantom loss screaming from Chicago to Berlin, from Mexico City to Paris? "WE ARE REAL REAL REAL!!! REAL as this NIGHTSTICK!" As they feel in their dim animal way that reality is slipping away from them. Where are all the old cop sets, Clancy? Eating your apple twirling your club the sky goes out against your back. Where are the men you sent up who came around to thank you when they got out? Where is the gold watch the chief gave you when you cracked the Nestor case? And where are your pigeons Clancy? You used to be quite a pigeon fancier remember the feeling you got cracking arrests from your pigeons soft and evil like the face of your whiskey priest brother? Time to turn in your cop suit to the little Jew who will check it off in his book. Won't be needing you after Friday.

The youth rebellion is a worldwide phenomenon that has not been seen before in history. I don't believe they will calm down and be old execs at thirty as the establishment would like to believe. Millions of young people all over the world are fed up with shallow unworthy authority running on a platform of bullshit. There are five questions that any platform in America must answer not with hot air but with change on a basic level.

1 Vietnam. As I recollect the French were in there quite some years and finally pulled out to repeat the same mistake in Algeria. History tells us this is a war that cannot be won. Perhaps it is not intended to be won but merely as provocation and pretext to start a war with Red China. Looks like some folks figure the only answer to this mess is blow the set up and start over. May have happened several times before what we call history going back about 10,000 years and the human actor being about 500,000 years on set, give a little take a little so what was he doing for the 490,000 years unaccounted for? If we have come from stone axes to nuclear weapons in ten thousand years this may well have happened before. Brion Gysin has put forward the theory that a nuclear disaster in what is now the Gobi Desert destroyed the civilization that had made such a disaster possible and incidentally gave rise to what he terms "Albino freaks," namely the white race. Any case if we don't want to see the set go America should get out of Vietnam and reach an immediate agreement with Red China.

2 Alienated youth. The only establishment that is supported by its young people is Red China. And that is why the State Department does not want Americans to go there. They do not want Americans to realize that any establishment offering young people anything at all will get their support. Because the western establishments are not offering anything. They have nothing to declare but their bad intentions. Let them come all the way out in the open with their bad intentions, declare a Secret Service overwhelming majority and elect a purple-assed baboon to the Presidency. At this dark hour in the history of the penny arcade Wednesday troubling all our hearts, the aggressive Southern ape who laughs for you in the perilous Kon Tiki Room of the Sheraton.

3 Black Power. Find out what they want and give it to them. All the signs that mean anything indicate that the blacks were the original inhabitants of this planet. So who has a better right to it?

4 Our police and judicial system. What would happen if all the cotton picking, stupid assed, bible-belt laws passed by bourbon-soaked state legislators were actually enforced together with all federal and city laws? If every businessman who chiseled on his income tax by one dollar was caught and jailed? If every drug offender was caught and jailed? If every violator of all the laws penalizing sex acts between consenting adults in private was caught and jailed? How many people would be in jail? I think 30,000,000 is a very conservative estimate. And how many cops would it take to detect and arrest these criminals? And how many guards to keep them locked? And how many judges, parole officers and court personnel to process them? And how much money would this cost?

Fix yourself on 30,000,000 violators in vast internment camps all united to scream with the infallible authority of one hip mouth. "We want gymnasiums! Libraries! Swimming pools! We want golf courses! Country clubs! Theatres!"

And with every concession they scream for more! More!

"The internee delegation in a meeting with the President today demanded as a prerequisite for any talks the 'immediate and unconditional removal of the so-called guards.'"

Senator Bradly rose in the Senate to question the wisdom of setting up what he termed "a separate state of dubious loyalty at the very core of our nation."

"We want tanks! Planes! Submarines!"

"An ominous atmosphere shrugged the capitol today as peace talks with the internee delegation bogged down."

"We want a space program! We want an atom bomb!"

"The number of internees is swelling ominously . . . forty million . . . fifty million . . . sixty million . . . America in a thin shell around a pulsing core of sullen violators.'"

"Today the internees exploded their first atom bomb described as 'a low yield nuclear device.'"

"It may be low yield but it's right on our back porch," said Senator Bradly plaintively.

"Today the internees signed a mutual assistance pact with Red China."

As regards our judicial system there are three alternatives:

A. Total enforcement. Is either of our distinguished candidates for the Presidency prepared to support the computerized police terror that such enforcement would entail?

B. An admission that the judicial system is a farce and the laws not really intended to be enforced except in a haphazard sporadic fashion. Is either candidate prepared to make such an admission?

C. Get some bulldozers in here and clean out all this garbage and let no stale saloon reel to his drunken feet and start braying about state rights. Is either candidate prepared to advocate the only sensible alternative?

5. *The disappearing dollar.* 1959 Minutes To Go: "I'm absolutely weak I can only just totter home the dollar has collapsed." Figuring ten years time lag the dollar should collapse in 1969. There is something wrong with the whole concept of money. It takes always more and more to buy less and less. Money is like junk. A dose that fixes on Monday won't fix on Friday. We are being swept with vertiginous speed into a worldwide inflation comparable to what happened in Germany after World War I. The rich are desperately stockpiling gold, diamonds, antiques, paintings, medicines, food, liquor, tools and weapons. Any platform that does not propose the basic changes necessary to correct these glaring failures is a farce. What is happening in America today is something that has never happened before in recorded history: *Total confrontation.* The lies are obvious. The machinery is laid bare. All Americans are being shoved by the deadweight of a broken control machine right in front of each other's faces. Like it or not they cannot choose but see and hear each other. How many Americans will assume a total confront?

In Last Resort the Truth

The scene is Grant Park Chicago 1968. A full-scale model of *The Mayflower* with American flags for sails has been set up. A.J. in his Uncle Sam suit steps to a mike on the deck.

"Ladies and gentlemen it is my eminent privilege and deep honor to introduce to you the distinguished Senator and former Justice of the Supreme Court Homer Mandrill known to his many friends as the Purple Better One. No doubt most of you are familiar with a book called *African Genesis* written by Robert Ardrey a native son of Chicago and I may add a true son of America. I quote from Mr. Ardrey's penetrating work: 'When I was a boy in Chicago I attended the Sunday School of a neighborhood Presbyterian church. I recall our Wednesday night meetings with the same plant nostalgia. We would meet in the basement. There would be a short prayer and a shorter benediction. And we would turn out all the lights and in total dark ... hit each other with chairs.'

"Mr. Ardrey's early training tempered his character to learn and make known the truth about the origins and nature of mankind. Not in innocence and not in Asia was mankind born. The home of our fathers was the African highland in a sky swept savannah glowing with menace. The most significant of all our gifts was the legacy bequeathed us by our immediate forebears a race of terrestrial, flesh eating, killer apes. ... Raymond A. Dart of the University of Johannesburg was the strident voice from South Africa that would prove the southern ape to be the human ancestor. Dart put forward the simple thesis that Man emerged from the anthropoid background for one reason only because he was a killer. A rock, a stick, a heavy bone was to our ancestral killer ape the margin of survival. ... And he said that since we had tried everything else we might in last resort try the truth. ... Man's original nature imposes itself on any human solution.

"The aggressive southern ape ... glowing with menace, fought your battles on the perilous veldts of Africa 500,000 years ago. Had he not done so you would not be living here in this great city in this great land of America raising your happy families in peace and prosperity. Who more fitted to represent our glorious Simian heritage than Homer Mandrill himself a descendant of that illustrious line? Who else can restore to this nation the spirit of true conservatism that imposes itself on any human solution? What candidate is better fitted for the highest office in the land at a time when this great republic is threatened by enemies foreign and domestic? Actually there can be only one candidate: the Purple Better One your future President."

To *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* an American flag is drawn aside revealing a purple-assed mandrill (thunderous applause). Led to the mike by Secret Service men in dark suits that bulge suggestively here and there the Purple Better One blinks in bewilderment.

The Technician mixes a bicarbonate of soda and belches into his hand. He is sitting in front of three instrument panels, one labeled P.A. for Purple Ass, one labeled A. for Audience, a third P. for Police. (Crude experiments with rhesus monkeys have demonstrated that small currents of electricity passed through electrodes into the appropriate brain areas can elicit any emotional or visceral response: rage, fear, sexuality, vomiting, sleep, defecation. No doubt with further experimentation these techniques will be perfected and electro-magnetic fields will supersede the use of actual electrodes imbedded in the brain.) He adjusts dials as Homer's mouth moves to a dubbed speech from directional mikes. The features of other candidates are projected onto Homer's face from a laser installation across the park so that he seems to embody and absorb them all.

"At this dark hour in the history of the republic there are grave questions troubling all our hearts. I pledge myself to answer these questions. One question is the war in Vietnam which is not only a war but a holy crusade against the godless forces of international communism. And I say to you if these forces are not contained they will engulf us all." (Thunderous applause.) "And I flatly accuse the administration of criminal diffidence in the use of atomic weapons. Are we going to turn a red white and blue ass to the enemy?" (No! No! No!) "Are we going to fight through to victory at any cost?" (Yes! Yes! Yes!) "I say to you we will win if it takes ten years. We will win if we have to police every blade of grass and every gook in Vietnam." (Thunderous applause.) "And after that we are going to wade in and take care of Chairman Mao and his gang of cutthroat slave drivers." (Thunderous applause.) "And if any country shall open its mouth to carp at the great American task well a single back-handed blow from our mighty Seventh Fleet will silence that impotent puppet of Moscow and Peking.

"Another question is so-called Black Power. I want it got on record as saying I am a true friend to all good Darkies everywhere." (To wild applause a picture of the world famous statue in Natchitoches Louisiana flashes on screen. As you all know this statue shows a good old Darkie with his hat in his hand and is dedicated to All Good Darkies Everywhere.) Homer's voice chokes with emotion and tears drip off his purple nose. "Why when I was fourteen years old our old yard Nigrah Rover Jones got runned over by a laundry truck and I cried my decent American heart out. And I have a deep conviction that the overwhelming majority of Nigrahs in this country is good Darkies like Rover Jones. However we know that there is in this country today another kind of Nigrah and as long as there is a gas chamber handy we all know the answer to that." (Thunderous applause.) "And I would like to say this to followers of the Jewish religion. Always remember we like nice Jews with Jew jokes. As for Nigger loving communistic agitating Sheenies well just watch yourself Jew boy or we'll cut the rest of it off." (That's telling em Homer.) What about the legalization of marijuana? "Marijuana! Marijuana! Why that's deadlier than cocaine. And what are we going to do about the vile America-hating hoodlums who call themselves hippies, Yippies, and zippies? We are going to put this scum behind bars like the animals they are." (Thunderous applause.) "And I'll tell you something else. A bunch of queers, dope freaks, and degenerated dirty writers is living in foreign lands under the protection of American passports from the vantage point of which they do not hesitate to spit their filth on Old Glory. Well we're going to pull the passports off those dope freaks." (The Technician pushes a sex button and the Simian begins to masturbate.) "Bring them back here and teach them to act like decent Americans." (The Simian masses, hitting the lens of a Life-Time photographer.) "And I denounce as Communist inspired the rumors that the dollar collapsed in 1959. I pledge myself to turn the clock back to 1899 when a silver dollar bought a steak dinner and a good piece of ass." (Thunderous applause as a plane writes September 17, 1899 across the sky in smoke.) "I have heard it said that this is a lawless nation that if all the laws in this land were truly enforced we would have thirty percent of the population in jail and the remaining seventy percent on the cops. I say to you if there is infection in this great land it must be cut out by the roots. We will not fall into blank-assed permissive anarchism. I pledge myself to uphold the laws of America and to enforce these hallowed statutes on all violators regardless of race, color, creed or position." (Thunderous applause.) "We will overcome all our enemies foreign and domestic and stay armed to the teeth for years, decades, centuries."

A phalanx of blue-helmeted cops shoulder through the crowd. They stop in front of the deck. The lead cop looks up at A.J. and demands, "Let's see your permits for that purple-assed son of a bitch."

"Permits? We don't have any permits. We don't have to show you any stinking permits. You are talking now to the future President of America."

The lead cop takes a slip of paper from his shirt pocket and reads MUNICIPAL CODE OF CHICAGO ... Chapter 98, Section 14: "No person shall permit any dangerous animal to run at large, nor lead any such animal with a chain, rope, or other appliance, whether such animal be muzzled or unmuzzled in any public way or public place." He folds the paper and shoves it back into his shirt pocket. He points at the Purple Better One. "It's dangerous and we got orders to remove it."

A cop steps forward with a net. The Technician shoves the rage dial all the way up. Screaming, farting, snarling the Simian leaps off the deck onto the startled officer who staggers back and goes down thrashing wildly on the ground while his fellow pigs stand helpless and baffled not daring to risk a shot for fear of killing their comrade. Finally the cop heaves himself to his feet and throws off the Simian. Panting, bleeding, he stands there his eyes wild. With a scream of rage the Purple Better One throws himself at another patrolman who fires two panicky shots which miss the Simian and crash through a window of the Hilton to the campaign headquarters of a conservative Southern candidate. A photographer from *The London Times* is riddled with bullets by Secret Service men under the misconception he has fired from a gun concealed in his camera. The cop throws his left arm in front of his face. The Simian sinks his canines into the cop's arm. The cop presses his gun against the Simian's chest and pumps in four bullets. Homer Mandrill thuds to the bloody grass, ejaculates, excretes and dies. A.J. points a finger at the cop.

"Arrest that pig!" he screams. "Seize the assassin!"

A.J. was held in $100,000 bail which he posted in cash out of his pocket. Further disturbances erupted at the funeral when a band of vigilantes who call themselves the White Hunters attempted to desecrate the flag-draped body as it was carried in solemn procession through Lincoln Park on the way to its final resting place in Grant Park. The hoodlums were beaten off by A.J.'s elite guard of Korean Karate experts. The Daughters of the American Revolution who had gathered in front of the Sheraton to protest the legalization of marijuana were charged by police screaming, "Chippies! Chippies! Chippies!" And savagely clubbed to the sidewalk in a litter of diamonds, teeth, blood, mink stoles and handbags.

As the Simian was laid to rest under a silver replica of *The Mayflower* a statue of the Purple Better One in solid gold at the helm A.J. called for five minutes of silent prayer in memory of our beloved candidate, "Cut down in Grant Park by the bullets of an assassin ... A Communistic Jew Nigger inflamed to madness by injections of marijuana. ... The fact that the assassin had with diabolical cunning disguised himself as a police officer indicates the workings of a far flung communistic plot the tentacles of which may reach into the White House itself. This foul crime stinks to high heaven. We will not rest until the higher ups are brought to justice whoever and wherever they may be. I pledge myself to name a suitable and worthy successor. We will overcome. We will realize the aspirations and dreams that every American cherishes in his heart. The American dream can be must be and will be realized. I say to you that Grant Park will be a shrine for all future Americans. In the words of the all American poet James Whitcomb Riley

'Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'"

In a Pig's Eye

by John Sack

Be a *Chicago pig policeman! Carry a pistol and sleep until noon! Zzz ... Zzz. ...* On the other hand, he had arrived home at four in the morning, a little taste of CS tear gas still chewing at his throat like cayenne pepper or like sunburn on his shoulders, his Irish eyes still smarting, tired — the wounds of another night of shoving the scroungers from Lincoln Park. "Yippies again or 'Hippies again'" he had muttered to Mama, slipping beneath the sheets with the yellow tone of Texas pattern, the $18.92 blanket, the Cross, and hearing his wife answer, "*Jah*" — the random syllable over and above which she had nothing to say of Chicago's disgraceful new rioters. A minute later, and Chicago policeman number 14020 was sleeping — zzz.

Now it was twelve noon and "Mama" was in the kitchen to cook scrambled eggs and venison, the kids having had Cheerios already and Winnie a biscuit bone — *How about Lady! Lassie! Brownie!* the kids all had yelled at him when the puppy arrived but 14020 had answered "Those names are so *ordinary*." A row of the children's photographs, tinted like *Desiree*, the movie, in purples and pinks, hung in his living room: once a year the Graphic man coming to hang up a bedsheet and wheedle, "Now let's have a smile!" Behind glass in his dining room like a Dali set in a whatnot was 14020's family library, where what he loved best was *The Best Loved Poems of the American People*. In the event of subversion one could probably break the glass with an ice hammer to listen to America singing. *Listen my children and you shall hear* — a cobblestone bridge and a chiaroscuro horse and rider had risen in 14020's mind's eye on reading this. *In fourteen hundred ninety two — If a task is once begun — Lord let me live like a regular man — Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light* — a dewy distillate of the atmosphere that any American boy breathes from birth. Once in school the future patrolman had gotten a D in English from his natty dressed teacher rhapsodic quoter of Shelley, toucher of boys' hairless elbows, suspected fairy ("If you stay after school," his friends had advised him merrily, "you'll get an A") — had gotten a D for electing to criticize poetry from *The Best Loved Poems*. The girls in class had cunningly chosen things from Shelley but *Hail to thee, blithe Spirit* wasn't his coffee cup and 14020 had sung instead of the land where the venison grew. "Oh," he had begun—"*Oh the north country is a hard country*," old Mosso at the front of the room pushing up his delicate cara— "*Oh tough as a steak was Yukon Jake Hard boiled as a picnic egg! He washed his shirt in the Klondike dirt And drank his rum by the keg!*" a weak electrical impulse going down the Tench's elegant fingers and translating into a "D" at his moth-bored nails. What the hell—14020 wouldn't be going to Oxford anyway, but to police academy.

Reader, if you would know the psychology of Chicago's normative fuzz, get a copy of *The Best Loved Poems of the American People* (Garden City, 1936). Get everything else whose tattered and torn bindings bear the same Dewey decimal number and shred 'em, pestle 'em into a powder, wet 'em into a paste, water 'em into a pulp, and warm 'em inside a stove set at 98.6 degrees. And—voilà, you've done it: there you've got a pot of Chicago copkopf: homemade psyche, the grey stuff of the second city's blue, a Cream of Wheat of American attitudes that is 192 years old. So thick yet so easily perishable is this oatmeal that no Irish or Polish farmer's heart is actually needed to pump blood to its farthermost cells. Seventy to eighty times a minute a new infusion of oxygen brings life to the most carbonized of America's tried and trusties—*Clean behind your ears—Mabel, Mabel, if you're able—Do not write "fuck" on your forehead—Spare the rod and spoil the child—What if your sister marries one—Cross at the green not in between—Eat your spinach—Bathe*—the most antimacassar rules of the lower middle class's class, remember which, with its social inferiors, is a full ninety percent of America's people. Flower children, wearers of wampum, you in orange symbols and ankh crosses, whatever else, the different drummer you march to plays in a small chamber orchestra; the hundreds of millions hum the same respectable Ones as Chicago's police. And if these police, at times, tend to forget which are society's laws and which are society's manners—well, would you blame them?

"John! Breakfast is ready, John!" Mama was calling upstairs and 14020 arose, shaved, slipped into his blue police trousers with the Roosevelt era width, buckled on his pistol, nightstick, handcuffs and Mace, breakfasted on venison, left. "Be careful, John," his wife called after him, as always, and 14020 became another of the massed thousands that the young people knew as "Pigs."

One day during the Convention a squad of Chicago policemen sat around one of those outdoor tables, X's of redwood beneath it, bolts as big as I-beam rivets, that was a stone's throw—no, a bit farther—from the pasture where the young people, or Yippies, the papers called them, lay in Lincoln Park. Comers and goers to that party of finger cymbalists, *Rat* readers, rappers, tambourine players, and catnappers were by these ten policemen often, and even their spinster aunts in Kansas would not have cluck-clucked so severely at the passing scene as did these 180-to-220-pound patrolmen. "Hm!! I don't think she should be in a miniskirt," a squad member said as a girl walked by. "Take it to the farm and cultivate it," another snickered, at a Yippie with a pumpkin-colored helmet where all decent people wore a fedora. "*That woman*—" another gasped as a girl in a sweater passed them. "*She doesn't have a brassiere on!* Patron— what do they call it? Patriotism," another of the tittle-tattlers said as boys and girls with a blood-spattered flag of Chicago walked by. "Love of your country. Hah!"

Lying on the grass (for there were no wastebaskets now in the park, the young people had built up considerable litter and Chicago had removed them all—) littering the area around the picnic table were the *Seed*, *Rat*, *Yippie* and other periodicals that the squad had been reading not so much to understand the visitors to Lincoln Park as to have chapters and verses by which to censure them. Typical of these throwaways were Yippie themes, some of whose righteous demands were so blandly sensible that the Democratic platform itself may have adopted them, *9. A conservation program [for] preserving our natural resources. 13. A program [for] cable television.* Other demands had a pedigree in philosophy's history as old as Diogenes, *15. We believe that people should fuck all the time, anytime,* as a partisan in America of the 1960s as respectable as Erich Fromm. *7. The Abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help and pay toilets.* But the joyous forms in which the Yippies put these ideas had acted as rubber stoppers in the policemen's decorous ears, denying all ingress of content. "Yeah, I saw that thing," a Jewish patrolman at the picnic table was telling another. "It said everybody should eff. You know," he said, turning to a woman in plain clothes with a love charm between her great bosoms, a policewoman who lowered her eyes demurely to indicate to the squad she knew. "It isn't so bad if you think those words. But to print them!"

"Any time. Any place. Anyone you want," an Irish patrolman said in dismay.

"What amazes me," the Jewish one went on, "they don't want to work! They want everything handed to them! Shazam! A dinner! Shazam! A car! Shazam! A trip to Miami! But what do they do to earn these?"

"Like they say," the Irishman again. "Some people got to plant food and some people got to dig ditches." For after all, doesn't it say in *The Best Loved Poems of the American People*:

If you want to fill a place
And be useful to the race,
Just get up and take a brace—
Do it now!

In late afternoon a Yippie girl on a bicycle came by this redwood table to cry at Chicago's constabulary, "*Pigs!*" And crouching over the handlebars she then whizzed away in Tour de France posture in case the police escalated by hurling a .38 pistol at her pretty brunette head, or firing it. At other times the breeze brought to the squad's ears the teasing cries of "Soo-ee" and "*Oink oink oink!*" At these, the squad of police chuckled and kept playing hearts. It has been alleged that the said metaphor got at last under the policemen's skins, provoking them to vengeance on Wednesday—absurd. *For sticks and stones may break my bones but names will tra-la la-la*—a worthy old American axiom, that, and if Longfellow's authorship can be shown it might run under the "Inspiration" category in the next, or forty-seventh, printing, of *The B.L.P. of the A.P.* Accordingly, it had a lifetime tenure in every cop's seat of reason, and anyhow, all in the squad could see where in Lincoln Park the pigs really groveled, for whose toes hadn't been washed in one full week? "They sleep on the grass and they call us the pigs," an officer at the picnic table said, not at all angry but only amused at man's great capacity to deceive himself.

Nor did sticks and stones themselves, plastic bags of water, bottles, any of these rile the policemen beyond all endurance as they arched across the stars at eleven that night, the Lincoln Park closing time. "Careful! Here comes a big one," a man in the squad would say, as innocent of indignation as a little kid in Michigan's surf, for he annually jests at Budweiser cans who has felt switchblade knives and 22-caliber lead. At midnight when it moved out in a skirmish line, its CS tear gas ahead, its German shepherds on leashes, its CS-infested park as tame as Spotsylvania in the floodlights of fire trucks, the squad of Chicago police was as casual as G.I.s on a pick-up-the-cigarettes call, shuffling, chewing their gum, making little jokes like "Push me on into battle, Sergeant!" Of anger, the police had as little as the angry ocean has whenever it beats on a seawall or shipwrecks a sailor. Spit on the flag, holler "Up yours" to his sister, rape a mother superior: these were the deeds to make an American angry; but a misdemeanor in Lincoln Park was just another day, another dollar. Be wary of the pathetic fallacy: the throw of the tear gas or the heavy fall of the nightstick is not necessarily a passionate act. At one in the morning as the last weeping trespasser fled to the streets of Old Town the squad was asking serenely, "What do you say? New? Thank you, Sergeant! Light me up!" And out of its blue pockets rose the L&Ms and the Panatellas.

Innocent the police could be, for they recognized that the challenge to their values arose from a too tiny minority of America to pay much attention to. Conversely, the challengers in Lincoln Park had to rage against the "Fascist" and "SS" bellyboys or else resign themselves to the terrible truth that Chicago's police did represent the will of Chicago's people. To realize this the young people only had to listen in Lincoln Park to the noisy tribunes of the millions of Americans who surrounded them, as millions of white corpuscles surround a germ. Men in their undershirts, women in Shalimar perfume, soldiers in Vietnam insignia:

"All your brothers and sisters are being killed there and you're talking against them!"

"If one American dies by any cause, *any* cause, you ought to support him!"

"You people got no right to wave a Communist flag in the United States of America! Because they got a right to cut you down, just like in *Doctor Zhivago*!"

"I'm proud of this country, boy! This is the greatest country in the world!"

"*Get out of this country!*"

Indeed, the young people just had to look at their subconscious selves to see, even there, the whalebone ethics of America, much as their needlestes damned it. One afternoon the most awful opprobrium of the cardplayers at the redwood table had really been set to materialize: as a Yippie boy whispered to another, "We got forty chicks who say they'll *groove*!" For forty girls had vowed to divest themselves of Levis and society's trammels to participate today in a Yippie "ball-in" appropriately in the ball field of Lincoln Park—forty sanctified virgins had pledged themselves to roll in the outfield as bare and as gloriously brown as the other teams' discarded mitts. Revolution! And equity as well as philosophy was on Yippies' side: society would be monstrous if pretty girls can be tear-gassed and billy-stunned in a public park but cannot be equally and innocently loved in communion. At one o'clock the organizers of this baseball diamond ball—one, a Yippie boy with glasses both of whose hinges had been supplanted by thick wads of adhesive tape, the other with a chain of pop-tops as a brim to a Rip Van Winkle hat—were passing among the Yippie girls to announce it was starting time, the hour to put their pelvises where all their mouths were. "You people start moving to the ball park," the organizers said. Tatters of "You go ahead. We'll watch," were all they heard until, with a heavy heart, the Yippie boys realized that the ball-in had dwindled to a game of one-o-cat and Rip Van Winkle would have to go it alone with his girl friend under a black oak. "We're going to start it here," he told her. "You're the unlucky victim."

"Thanks a lot."

Rip sat beside her to whisper in her [illegible] ear.

"*Oh*," the girl answered him. "Blush Blush!"

Rip kissed her gently on her milky cheek.

"Oh, where is my mo—ther?"

Rip looked hurt as a boy from the Aardvark theatre went by and gave her a promotional piece.

"*Bob Dylan: Don't Look Back*," she started to read cheerfully to Rip Van Winkle. "*So memorable that it rings in the mind for a long time afterwards! The picture is a must for Dylan fans! A fascinating picture!* You know, we should go see it." A virgin, the unlucky victim had fooled her mother and father that her reputation would be safe today at a girl friend's home in Chicago. Her father worked at Chicago's waterworks, where the rioters' fires in April had lowered the water pressure to where culverts couldn't bathe and raised her father's blood pressure to where he was voting for Wallace. Whenever the victim argued with him he merely said, "Eat your food."

"Screw it," the Yippie boy with adhesive tape on his glasses said. "I'm going to split and go back to New York City. This is bombing out."

And out beyond the outfield fence the same virtuous squad of cops waited, alerted, ready to use their handcuffs to promote what the American people preached, what the Yippies themselves didn't dare to say they secretly believed.

Another afternoon the young people swept from Lincoln Park to walk south to confront the enemy at his very castle, his GHQ downtown, his pigsty central. Had they chrysanthemums, the colorful boys and girls would have seemed to be en route to a football game as they yelled things like "*Two! Four! Six! Eight! We don't want a police state!*" At hotel doors the Democratic delegates sat in their wheelchairs, the Ringer's solution dripping from bottles into their arms, their pulse rates ten to twenty times a minute. "What do you think, John?" an Idaho lady asked her delegate husband as the young people passed.

"I think dammit! Look at him there—he hasn't washed his hair in a month!"

"*Up against the wall!*" the young people shouted as they continued down State Street, some wearing beards, some doing Hopi dances, some saying oms. Outstanding among them in NBC and CBS's eyes was a Berkeley girl who sat pickaback on one sturdy boy after another, radiantly smiling, holding aloft a red flag of revolution—a girl in a khaki uniform, a full canteen on her pistol belt. Few of the young in Chicago would work as hard as this living incarnation of socialist realism to win to Revolution's banners the hearts and minds of the city's bourgeois police. "*Look me in the eye, officer!*" she would say bravely as they stood in ranks, confronting them as a sergeant might. "I'm sorry you work overtime today—but *I want to free the people! You know what I mean, don't you?*" Once, one of these patrolmen had really whispered back, "I'm with you, sister," the girl in khaki smiling angelically and stroking his Negro face. But there had been just one.

Already at pigsty central the police were in elbow-to-elbow ranks to safeguard its $50 windows and window displays of Cyclops' or the Statue of Liberty's fingerprints. Therefore it may seem strange that the pied piper whom the glassy eyes of NBC and CBS discovered at the very vanguard of that parade was plainly a Chicago cop, Patrolman Roy Walsh. True it was excellent tactics to lead these potential troublemakers down a full three-and-a-half miles of State Street till their tired feet complied with their felicitous sense of having accomplished things to add up into inertia. And to salvage the scared pedestrians was an errand that Walsh could be proud of: even the deputy commander with his major's leaves, his electric megaphone, his eyes darting up and about like a Christian in the lion arena, even he had stopped to sympathize with a lady shopper who wanted to flee before the light was green. "Lady, what can I tell you?" And there was a need for Walsh to keep the revolution on its allotted half of the sidewalk. But even so, Walsh was ashamed to have to keep cadence with an army whose very guidons announced its arrant un-Americanism. "*This is my own city*," he would say to other patrolmen. At eight all week he would sit at home in blue police trousers and loden après-ski boots to watch on a color television screen as large as a Delacroix as young people fought his fellow officers in Chicago's streets and shouted at Walter Cronkite: "*The whole—world's—watching!*"

"*Uh*," his Irish wife had commented as she turned from the shameful things on the television to Pall Malls and Schlitz on the side table. "And today I saw nuns there! I see the nuns doing that," she continued, "instead of going home and saying their rosary, my respect for them isn't as great!"

"It makes you kind of sick inside," Walsh had agreed, drinking some Schlitz. Before the week had ended he was to write to Daley about it:

Dear Mayor Daley!

After all your meticulous and wonderful plans to cater to the Democratic convention here, you have to have it spoiled by a handful of mere tyrannical Communists leading young men and women into fights and riots with my fellow brothers in Blue.

Mr. Mayor, I'm an ex-serviceman. I have seen action *in Korea and it took a lot of will power to control myself from pulling down the Communist flag and everything it stood for.*

"It's enough to make you want to quit," he was saying now to Patrolman Steve Stukel. All of Walsh's squad was marching along with the Communists today.

"Twenty-five months over there," Vietnam, "and then I got to see this," Stukel replied. *I'm tired*, he was thinking. *I'm hot. If these people get violent, I'm going to get violent also!*

"I figure, ninety percent of these kids are on dope one kind or another," said Patrolman George Wertz.

He wondered aloud what the pleasant chemical was that had fixed that radiant smile on the girl in khaki for half already two miles.

"Probably not LSD," Walsh said. "But something like Dexedrine, one of those barbiturates."

"Stimulants," Wertz corrected him.

"Stimulants," Walsh agreed.

Revolution! Now!" the young people screamed as they walked the last mile and a half to the pigsty central. If it weren't for those malcontents it would be Wertz's weekend, a sunny day, a lovely day at Adventureland no doubt, the cotton candy, the yellow taffy the children all on the rally—he called it—counter saying "*Ooh*" and "*Ah*" ("Daddy," they had asked him once, "can we go on the big one?" "No," Wertz had answered and they had never asked again). Or else because of the children—and Wertz couldn't blame them, really—today he would dedicate to the toilet seat, to moving it out of harm's way of the bathroom door. It was *crack* all morning and afternoon as the children went in "to wash their hands" and *crack* in the other direction as the children went out again. Would you believe it? white rose green, beige, toilet seats he had bought at Sears, a dozen at least, $6 apiece, and *crack—crack—crack*—in two or three months apiece they had busted off their hinges. "Good morning, I want to buy another toilet seat." Putting on a spring to lift the seat automatically when the children forgot to—dangerous, for last *crack* and there would go the water tank. Taking down the bathroom door—now *really*, and even making the door narrower was impractical, how then would he bring in his brand new bathtub on some other weekend? Right now Wertz's expedient was to stand the toilet seat on the bathroom mosaic floor for children to put on, take off as required, like a Chicago telephone book at dinner. It was an indecent situation, though, one that a weekend with a blowtorch and some plumber's lead could rectify if those people were not marching on headquarters under a red banner and crying out "*Revolution! Now!*"

"Is that a VC flag?" Walsh was saying now to Stokel.

"They got variations," Stokel answered sullenly.

In a way it was saintly restraint above and beyond the call of their captains for Walsh the Korean veteran, Stokel the Vietnam veteran, and Wertz to walk so amenably under the flag of their enemy all afternoon but duty required them to insure that the orderly flow on Chicago's sidewalks not be impeded by the march. "Now you people are going to be arrested—" even the deputy commander kept shouting it through his megaphone—"arrested, if you take up more than half of the sidewalk," his voice at times obsequious, at other times edgy in its passion that not a moment be lost in any pedestrian's progress up State Street to Marshall Field's, to Walgreen's, to Em & Abe Distinctive Ladies Apparel to Pinkerd Hiram Beauty School, to Loft's, to *Rosemary's Baby*, or to Frankburger to buy a Choc-o-Shake. This above all: that the relish jar be delivered, that the dress advertising copy be ready by five, that the $7.50 necktie be bought before the party tonight! One might argue it was those pedestrians that the young people had to revolt against if they're to get a sane society with a husky cry of "Up against the wall, mothers and fathers," disobeying the deputy commander snapping out in Zengakuren snakelines using the flagpole like a Samurai sword and crying about the boys and girls should have driven all those pedestrians into the lake to be eaten alive by alewives. But so few yards had they crawled from the raffish basements of America that in these, the most meaningful of their encounters in August, instinctively the young people sided one hundred percent with Chicago's police.

"Now remember," a boy with a red shirt repeated into his microphone mistakenly. "We're not against the people who use this street! So walk on the inside of the sidewalk," repeating it, repeating it, until by the squeal of his amplified voice he had half hypnotized himself. "The *inside* of the *side*walk, the *inside* of the sidewalk," his words became the singsong of a Hadacol salesman in Chicago, unobstructed, hurried on to the sales counters, and to the blotter-covered desks.

"*Your mother sucks* ..."

It was that false allegation to Stokel, the Vietnam veteran, that in one split second shattered the unanimity of the young people, the pedestrians, and Chicago's police. *Yer Nick* — and Stokel now charged at that offender with his fist clenched, his pistol, his nightstick, his Mace undeployed. Lewd hirsute dirt under fingernails, hair under armpits, sandals where all nice people had gartered socks, even the flag of those odious insurgents who once had shot his helicopter down—all of this he had endured, even the cries of "*Pig*" had passed out of Stokel's other ear. *But nobody says that about my Mother out in America he doesn't!* Grand old Mother who cooked him spaghetti, the Mother whom he had given on Mother's day a white rose and a dozen red—Mother! Mother who told him stories like, "Why are there just two pallbearers at a Polish funeral? Ba cause" Mother had blurted too eager to get to the punch line to listen to Stokel's guesses—"because there are just two handles on a garbage can!" *How many buttons are missing today? Nobody knows but Mother. How many playthings are strewn in her way? Nobody knows but Mother.* Mother who is spelled mother, Mother who married dear old— *Take that! And that! And that! And that!*

But before Stokel could strike out to incite a melee on State Street, a sergeant took his shoulders and ordered him, "Forget it." Stokel tried to forget it. The giant parade continued on past pigsty central's $50 windows with no many incidents—today half of the sidewalk scrupulously open.

It was Wednesday that the city shook. No thumb in a lovable old Irish sergeant's eye or knee in his groin precipitated it, rather. It began when a boy stirred a quite sentimental object. "In the later nineteenth century," Wells says in *The Outline of History* in a chapter on England and France and Germany, "it would have aroused far less hostility to have jeered at God than to have jeered at one of those strange beings, England or France or Germany." And at Wednesday afternoon's rally in Chicago when a speaker suddenly asked, "*What* is going on over there," and fifteen thousand people looked to their left to see a boy lower a sheet of Nylonia fabric from a wooden pole, the irrepressible strains of "*Say, does that star spangled banner still wave*" did surge through the Cream of Wheat subconscious of a squad of Chicago policemen who instinctively charged. Lumbering pieces of asphalt, Rheingold, even a smoke bomb in a vegetable can drove the American patriots back, but it was an item wrapped in Saran material that was really to teach the Department to Know Their Enemy. Sailing even so lightly toward the squad, splashing apart on the grass, emitting an indisputable odor, the Saran bag brought a mortally horrified shout to the lips of one patrolman. "It's a bag of shit! They're shitting in bags and throwing it!"

Word of this almost atrocity spread to the ranks of Chicago's police as speedily as the flames did of Johnson's birthday cake at the other side of the city. "It is shit!"

"It is what?"

"It is shit! In the plastic bags!"

"It is shit? *Be careful there is shit in the plastic bags!*"

"They are animals ..."

Two minutes later the first of the afternoon and evening's one hundred casualties lay on Chicago's grass, a river of blood on his face as though it had cracked like an oyster shell. America's mass audience who needed no ABC that night for its horror entertainment was, perhaps, not aware, to most of Chicago's policemen the targets of these heavy clubs were not Americans but desecrators of America's red white and blue, not human beings but African shit-kicking chimpanzees. It was for America's most cherished beliefs—not for Nazi piggery, sadism, vengeance, relief—that the blows descended. For a young boy to resist, to argue, even to offer excuses—to Chicago's policemen this was intolerable that a kid should persist in recalcitrance even as the very incarnations of Americanism arrayed themselves before him in a rainbow of blue. Let those who would now demur that the vast majority of "*they*" whose blood was to splatter on Michigan Avenue were innocent citizens—let them carry that argument to where it is still needed, to Asia, where not an American rifle company or air wing couldn't use that caveat. But those who would now find fault with Chicago's police for their extremism in defense of Americanism shall have to vote for Cleaver this month or vote for a Presidential candidate who concurs. As for other Americans, the polls are that 78.7 percent of our neighbors do not consider that Chicago used excessive force. Understandably: it is for these citizens' gods the police did battle, beating the heads that the more hidden persuaders of American society had evidently not reached.

Yet even in most young people the values of the middle classes had trickled. All secondhand was their revolution, rags and textbook tags out of other people's risings in 1848, 1917, the 1930's cries of "Scab" in support of strikers who only wanted in on the gravy, barricades of Volkswagens that the police could walk by, wallpaper newspapers with no Chicago walls to plaster them on, and automobile honks of "Hell no—We won't go" which were a simple inversion of "Algerie—Française." All of these and Pamplona's bravado of being as close to the bulls as possible even as you're running away. But most of these summer vacationers of Chicago had their bones been built, and even the smiling girl in khaki radiant wearer of red revolutionary extraordinary could be seen in Chicago as Humphrey began his "I proudly accept ..." speech and as a thousand voters of the future fled up the avenue from CS clouds—be seen setting against the surging, wheezing, weeping tide of humanity to get to a truck with the words, Good Humor. The smiling girl asked there, 'Do you have a chocolate fudge cake?'"

"No. We only have Popsicles."

"I wanted a chocolate fudge cake."

"Popsicles is all we have."

"No kind of ice cream, then?"

"Nothing but Popsicles."

"*Would you believe it*," a boy going by remarked. "We're running from tear gas and she's buying Popsicles. The *essence* of capitalism!"

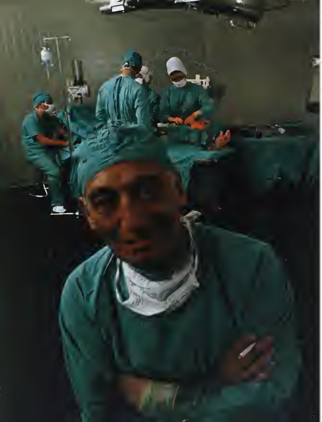
Reportedly they are now radicalized. Ten, fifteen, twenty years the theory is, and these boys and girls will be out carrying rifles in America's own Sierra Maestras. Maybe. Let us hope so, anyhow. But the Chicago that has radicalized many has reactionalized twice as many and these people are mighty not only in numbers but in nightsticks, pistols, CS, armored vehicles, atomic bombs, and as Chicago teaches, in their readiness to use them—and these people in November vote. Humphrey was nominated and rendered in Chicago and Nixon will be elected if Superman allows it and will become the 5th President to win immortality on Rushmore in granite with the great ones, Washington at Valley Forge, Jefferson the egalitarian, Lincoln born in a Western cabin, Roosevelt with his stick—all embodied in their physical flesh the very essence of America of their generation. And now Nixon the organization man, Rotary luncheon speaker, adapter, knower of Yukon poetry, owner of dogs, Nixon whom no President since 1920 has equalled in inability to see past the slipcover sensibilities of the middle class, Nixon who even relaxes with the very heart of America thumping under his hotel room in red neon letters: CRIS. Nixon by whose signature the virtues of Chicago's policemen and of those one in two hundred million words will be truly implemented in the 1970's: *Law and order— Do not be naughty— Spare the rod and spoil the child— Obey— Eat your spinach— Fit in— Support your local police*

adversaria

One if by land, two if by sea

Where do chefs eat? Where do barbers get their hair cut? With such questions the amateur seeks to gain for himself the special knowledge of the professionals who *know*

Where do newspapermen get the news? The picture you see above provides much food for thought. It was taken in the newsroom of The New York *Times*, the vital center, the very heart of the operation. Among those gathered at the national desk (center of centers) straining for information, are editors A.M. "Abe" Rosenthal and Harrison Salisbury. Far below the mighty presses stand ready, and outside the world awaits The Word. And they'll get it, as soon as it comes in over the little TV set on the desk.



The Appendix Is Where You Find It

by William A. Nolen, M.D.

"I pressed down hard on the knife and suddenly we were not only through the fat but through the fascia as well. My greasy fingers simply would not perform."

Surgeons are made—not born. The man who deftly removes a gall bladder, performs a tracheotomy, or perhaps repairs a damaged heart wasn't always a cool, confident, competent operator. At some time in the past, when he began his career as a surgeon, he was a shaky, scared intern, fresh out of medical school. He couldn't cut his way out of a paper bag.

The transformation of an inept intern into a capable surgeon is a gradual process, requiring five or six years of surgical training, but there is one event, early in his career, that represents a major step in this transformation. It occurs on the day or night the intern performs his first operation.

Until he has actually taken the scalpel in his hand and cut into the abdomen, the intern is "just a doctor"; after he has done it he's a "surgeon."

It's a stimulating experience, but it's also a frightening and enlightening one. And the man who walks out of the operating room after performing his first operation is not the same man who walked in.

It was on the third month of my surgical internship that I underwent this baptism of fire. By that time I had assisted in perhaps sixty operations, had learned how to clamp bleeding vessels, to tie sutures, to put in stitches. I had sewn up a few lacerations in the emergency room and I had opened an abscess or two. I had reached the stage where I had become critical of the way some of the junior residents, a year or two farther along in their training, operated. I had watched the big boys, the senior residents, work and was sure I could do the job as well. Surgery looked easy to me.

The patient, or better, victim, of my first major surgical venture was a man I'll call Mr. Polansky. He was fat; he weighed a hundred ninety pounds and was five feet eight inches tall. He spoke only broken English. He had a sore abdomen with all the classical signs and symptoms of appendicitis for twenty-four hours before he came to the city hospital where I was interning.

I was delighted to see him. An appendectomy is usually the first major operation an intern is allowed to perform, and I had been promised the next one admitted to Ward L4. I had been afraid that no case would come in during the week I had remaining there. We interns "rotated" from ward to ward every six weeks. So when Mr. Polansky arrived I greeted him like a long-lost friend. He was overwhelmed at the interest I showed in his case. He probably couldn't understand why any doctor should be so fascinated by a case of appendicitis. Wasn't it a common disease? It was just as well that he didn't realize my interest in him was so personal. He might have been frightened, and with good reason.

At any rate I set some sort of record in preparing Mr. Polansky for surgery.

He had arrived on the ward at four o'clock. By six I had examined him, checked his blood and urine, taken his chest X-ray and had him ready for the operating room.

The senior resident on call that night, a doctor named George Walters, was to "assist" me during the operation.

George was older than the rest of us. I was twenty-five at this time and he was thirty-two. He had taken his surgical training in Europe and was spending one year as a senior resident in an American hospital to establish eligibility for the American College of Surgeons. He had had more experience than the other residents and it took a lot to disturb his equanimity in the operating room. As it turned out, this made him the ideal assistant for me.

It was ten o'clock when we wheeled Mr. Polansky to the operating room. At our hospital, at night, only two operating rooms were kept open—there were six or more going all day—so we had to wait our turn. In the time I had to myself before the operation I had reread the section on appendectomy in the *Atlas of Operative Technique* in our surgical library, and had spent half an hour tying knots on the bedpost in my room. I was, I felt, "ready."

I delivered Mr. Polansky to the operating room and started an intravenous going in his arm. Then I left him to the care of the anesthetist. I had ordered a sedative prior to surgery, so Mr. Polansky was drowsy. The anesthetist, after checking his chart, soon had him sleeping.

Once he was asleep I scrubbed the enormous expanse of Mr. Polansky's abdomen for ten minutes. Then, while George placed the sterile drapes, I scrubbed my own hands for another five, mentally reviewing each step of the operation as I did so. Donning gown and gloves I took my place on the right side of the operating-room table. The nurse handed me the scalpel. I was ready to begin.

Suddenly my entire attitude changed. A split second earlier I had been supremely confident; now, with the knife finally in my hand, I stared down at Mr. Polansky's abdomen and for the life of me I could not decide where to make the incision. The "landmarks" had disappeared. There was too much belly.

George waited a few seconds, then looked up at me and said, "Go ahead."

"What?" I asked.

"Make the incision," said George.

"Where?" I asked.

"Where?" said George with a puzzled look. "Where?"

"Yes," I answered, "where?"

"Why here, of course," said George, and he drew an imaginary line on the abdomen with his fingers.

I took the scalpel and followed where he had directed. I barely scratched Mr. Polansky.

"Press a little harder," George directed. I did. The blade went through the skin to a depth of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch.

"Deeper," said George.

I cut down into the fat. Another sixteenth of an inch.

"Bill," said George, looking up at me, "this patient is big. There's at least three inches of fat to get through before we even reach the fascia.* At the rate you're going we won't be into the abdomen for another four hours. For God's sake, will you cut?"

I made up my mind not to be hesitant. I pressed down hard on the knife and suddenly we were not only (Continued on page 183)

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* There are five layers of tissue in the abdominal wall: skin, fat, fascia (a tough membranous tissue), muscle and peritoneum (the smooth, glistening, transparent inner lining of the abdomen).

Notice to the A.M.A.: this is not Dr. Nolen. This is an Esquire illustration. Dr. Nolen had nothing to do with it.

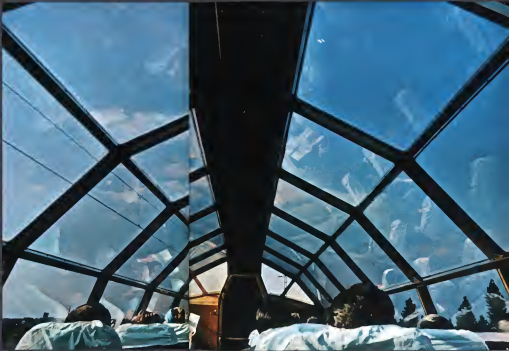
Photographed by Frank Cowan

Board the Edelweiss at Amsterdam; dine well.

On the Settebello watch Italy from observation deck.

Relax (at 102 m p h) in armchairs on the Settebello.

See Switzerland (above and below) from the Edelweiss.



When you are finished admiring the domed sight-seeing car aboard the Rheingold (above), watch the castles outside along the river

Watch Closely the New Trains of Europe

by Richard Joseph

Photographed by Irwin Gerner

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was never like this

It might come as something of a shock to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the great majority of American railroads, but rail travel is not dying out—not outside the United States, it isn't. In some parts of the world, travel by train is more comfortable, convenient and even exciting and glamorous than ever before. It is in Japan, where high-speed trains of the New Tokaido Line make the 320-mile run from Tokyo to Osaka in three hours and ten minutes, reaching speeds up to 130 m.p.h. The coach fare is $9.26 and sixty-six trains are operated in each direction every day at intervals of five to fifteen minutes. (Compare this with the 229-mile run from New York to Boston, which The New Haven Railroad's fastest train makes in four hours and fifteen minutes. The coach fare is $11.55, and the line runs thirteen trains daily in each direction.)

Train travel is winning new popularity, too, in South Africa, where the Blue Train between Johannesburg and Capetown is famed as one of the world's great overnight luxury trains; and in Canada, where Canadian National Railways has introduced a bistro car with sing-along entertainers, yellow-vested waiters and a Gay Nineties decor. The line expects to put its new 95-m.p.h. Turbo-Train in the Montreal-Toronto run before the end of this year.

But the greatest progress in rail transportation has been made in Europe, where the national railways of Austria, Belgium, France, West Germany, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and Switzerland have joined in forming T.E.E., the Trans-Europ-Express, a network of high-speed international trains serving more than one hundred towns and cities on the continent. Their beige and red, lightweight aluminum-and-steel cars flash along click-clackless welded rails at speeds ranging up to a hundred m.p.h.—often beating jet-plane travel time, city center to city center, on runs of two hundred fifty miles or less. But the European railways aren't trying to compete with the speed of air travel; what they're offering is luxury, comfort, a chance to see some of the countryside, escape from traffic jams, and weatherproof dependability.

Their brand-new cars bear about as much resemblance to old-fashioned rolling stock as a 1969 Continental does to a Model T Ford. Passengers lean back in reclining seats comparable to first-class airline seats, and in some cars they can move armchairs around to suit their sight-seeing comfort. And the sights are seen through picture windows or the wide-angle expanse of glass-domed observation cars. There are comfortable bar cars, and the dining and restaurant cars serve meals comparable to those of the finest non-moving eating places—often at lower prices. Or the passenger may choose to have his dinner served at his seat.

Gone is the hernia-inducing baggage lift and chest press up to overhead luggage racks. Now rail passengers can check their bags through to their destination as easily as airline passengers do, and some cars have convenient luggage racks at each end. Nor are there customs or immigration delays on arrival; officials ride the T.E.E. trains and complete all formalities en route, and there are facilities for changing currencies on the train. On arrival, passengers usually find themselves in the most convenient part of town. Good hotels don't avoid the railroad terminal areas, and the station hotels themselves are usually excellent. Station restaurants are almost always good, and sometimes they are outstanding.

The European railways have developed a number of gimmick trains designed to attract automobile travelers anxious to avoid points of potential delay or to cut down on driving time on long trips. The Germans offer car/sleeper expresses enabling the automobile traveler to drive to the railroad station a half hour before departure time, roll his auto either into a freight car or onto an open flatcar—leaving unneeded luggage in his car—then have dinner in the diner and sleep in the sleeper while the train rides through the night. French railroads have similar car/sleepers, and late last fall they initiated "auto-day" train service on the Paris-Lyon run; and the Swiss have freight-train "piggyback" car service through four Alpine tunnels.

As a result of all this, the European railroads have been winning passengers back from the airlines and the highways. Many of them have been European businessmen (the German railways offer multilingual secretarial service on their T.E.E. trains), while most American visitors—conditioned, perhaps, by their experience with trains at home—have failed to discover the pleasures of continental train travel. Which is unfortunate, because the T.E.E. trains are a particularly good bargain for purchasers of the Eurailpass, available only to visitors from the Americas and Japan. Seats on T.E.E. trains require an average surcharge of ten percent on first-class fares, but the surcharge is eliminated for Eurailpass holders.

Eurailpass itself is a heartening example of the vigorous cooperative sales efforts of the European railroads. First introduced back in 1959, it entitles the holder to unlimited train travel in thirteen countries (the eight T.E.E. countries and Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Spain and Sweden), plus some bus and inland waterway and ferry lines and substantial discounts on some other services. Current price of the Eurailpass is $110 for twenty-one days, $140 for a month, and $160 for two months. It can be bought only from American travel agents or from the American offices of the European railways.

The Trans-Europ-Express network got its start back in the early Fifties, when Dr. Franciscus Q. den Hollander, then president of the Netherlands Railway, decided that something had to be done to get passengers back on the trains. A speeded-up rail service, he believed, would be able to compete with the airlines on trips up to three or four hundred miles, especially in view of the travel time between city centers and airports and the frequent flight delays caused by the vagaries of European weather. Whether or not he foresaw European highway traffic jams is unknown, but the tie-ups did come, bringing with them an increase in auto travel time and travel discomfort. At a conference of European rail executives he called in 1954, he outlined his proposals for T.E.E.: special diesel trains designed to eliminate the necessity of changing engines at frontiers—a single train that would link up all of western Europe, with a spur under the Channel to the United Kingdom; speeded-up schedules; and elimination of border delays by having all customs and immigration processing done along the way.

Not all of den Hollander's ambitious plans were realized when T.E.E. finally got rolling in 1957. The British railways are still not a part of the T.E.E. network (nor do they participate in Eurailpass), and the member countries insisted on designing, building and operating their own equipment. They did agree on multiple-current engines, enabling the engineers to change currents at frontiers as easily as a motorist shifts gears. And an international teleprinter net provides reservation confirmations as far as two months in advance (reservations can be made a year in advance). All T.E.E. trains have in common their red and beige colors and the modernity, comfort and luxuriousness of their cars, but national tastes have resulted in distinctive and usually delightful differences.

The German trains, for instance, have a special appeal to the attaché-case-carrying businessman. All German T.E.E. trains have private writing compartments available, typewriters for rent and bilingual secretaries on call. One of the trains, the Rheingold, has a secretary who performs in four languages for $3 an hour. As a matter of fact, the Rheingold is probably the most interesting train in the whole T.E.E. system. It makes the 657-mile run between Amsterdam and Geneva in eleven hours and eleven minutes, with a top speed of a hundred miles per hour and an average of sixty-six m.p.h. Along the way its passengers peer at the flat, canal-crossed Dutch landscape, the twin towers of Cologne cathedral, the castles of the Rhine and the sailboats and passenger steamers of Lake Geneva through a glass-topped dome. Or they sit in two types of coaches: the traditional European style with side aisle and six-passenger compartments of three seats facing each other, or a center-aisle car along American lines with reclining seats and footrests, but with only three wide seats in each row—two on one side of the aisle and one on the other. Train hostesses go up and down the aisles making like airline stewardesses. Passengers can send telegrams and cablegrams from the train, and telephone calls are bounced by Telstar to all parts of the world while the train is en route. Businessmen who would rather work than enjoy the scenery can spend a productive day in their traveling offices. Soundproof construction, wall-to-wall carpeting and wood-paneling muffle the noise down to about the level of the cabin of a jetliner at cruising altitude.

The French have been as active as the Germans in promoting their T.E.E. trains and in upgrading their whole rail system. Early this year—soon after the New York Central discontinued its famed Twentieth Century Limited—the French National Railroads announced that it had completely electrified its Paris-LeHavre section, that it had speeded up the running time between the two cities by twenty percent, that almost seventy-five percent of its passengers were now riding in electric trains, and that the famed Mistral, already the fastest train in Europe, would be fitted out with completely new equipment after ten years of service. Named after the north wind that sweeps down on the Mediterranean, the Mistral makes the 680-mile run between Paris and Nice in nine hours and fifty-six minutes, hitting a top speed of ninety-three m.p.h. Like all crack French trains, the Mistral offers superb food. A recent menu featured melon, hors d'oeuvres, whitefish in cream sauce, thick tournedos, white Burgundy and red Bordeaux wines, cheese, ice cream, coffee and liqueur.

Italy's trains are booming along in the midst of a ten-year improvement program inaugurated in 1962. The 10,540-mile-long Italian rail network is ninety-five percent electrified; all that remains are remoter sections now being double-tracked. Every day 8600 trains carry a million passengers between 3600 stations. Italian engineers have designed locomotives that have done 137 m.p.h. on trial runs, and they foresee the day when super T.E.E. trains will streak across the countryside at speeds up to 220 m.p.h.

But the present pride of the Italian State Railways, Il Settebello, is not part of the T.E.E. system. It's a seven-car grey, green and silver streamliner that makes the 392-mile run between Rome and Milan in one minute more than six hours, cruising comfortably at a hundred miles per hour along some sections. Its name, meaning "the beautiful seven," comes from an Italian playing card with seven golden diamonds, and a reproduction of the card is painted on the front and rear cars of the seven-car train. The train is bi-directional, so front and rear cars are identical, with wide curved plexiglass observation windows sited under the elevated driver's cab. One hundred and sixty passengers can be seated in four coaches. Each coach has four compartments about double the size of the compartments on ordinary trains. There are ten seats in each compartment. Partitions between the compartments and the corridors are glass from floor to ceiling, enabling the passengers to sight-see from both sides of the train.

One of the other three cars is the restaurant and bar, another contains the kitchen and supplies, and the last is for baggage and crew. Articulated bridges between cars form a continuous corridor, and rubber connections between the cars on the outside give the train the appearance of one long snakelike body. The restaurant car contains an espresso machine, of course, and an ice-cream machine. A typical meal would include prosciutto, capricciosa salad, rice with mushrooms, veal cooked in white wine, zucchini, cheese, fruit, espresso and wine for about four dollars.

The Swiss trains are something special, as they always have been. Since distances within Switzerland are too short for flying, and many highways are too mountainous for speedy driving, the Swiss railways never lost their passenger traffic, and trains are run so frequently that the national rail network seems almost like a municipal rapid-transit system. Arrivals and departures are within seconds of their scheduled time. The Swiss helped pioneer the development of lightweight cars, and the Swiss Federal Railways have been completely electrified. They operate more than one hundred lake and river steamers, all of which are available to Eurailpass holders. In addition to its Eurailpass participation, the Swiss railways offer a number of bargain tickets of their own, including a special Holiday Ticket, which must be purchased abroad, entitling the holder to reductions of as much as fifty percent on various legs of a basic rail itinerary through the country and five side trips at half fare.

While rail service in Spain is not generally up to the standard of other western European countries, the Spaniards were among the first to introduce a lightweight, high-speed, integrated train, the Talgo, back in 1950. Manufactured by American Car & Foundry, the original Talgo ran between Madrid and the French border at Hendaye and is now operating on the Madrid-Valencia run. Last year an improved Talgo model, made in Spain and with a top speed of eighty-seven m.p.h., was put into service between Madrid and Hendaye, Madrid and Barcelona, and Madrid and Sevilla and Cadiz. Features of the new train include baggage-handling service, reclining and rotating seats, wall-to-wall carpeting, at-your-seat meal service and a cafeteria and bar car.

The British railways are making news these days with high-speed trains averaging seventy-five m.p.h., dramatic new schedules cutting trip times by as much as two hours, further electrification, new streamlined equipment and a new BritRail Pass. The famous "Flying Scotsman" is now making the four-hundred-mile run between London and Edinburgh in less than six hours. Trains from London to Manchester and Liverpool travel at speeds up to a hundred m.p.h. on newly electrified tracks, and the sixty-four-mile trip between London and Oxford is made in one hour flat. The BritRail Pass, introduced last year, offers fifteen days of unlimited first-class rail transportation for $50, or one month for $75. ThriftRail Coupons costing $30 entitle the holder to a thousand miles of second-class travel or 675 miles in first class, and for $45 the traveler can go fifteen hundred miles in second class or a thousand miles in first.

All this railroad development and vigorous sales promotion is in happy contrast to the dismal story of the American railroads, many of whose executives have been doing their best to secede from the passenger business to concentrate on the more profitable freight traffic. If European trains can be so great, travelers ask, how come ours are so bad? There are many historical, geographic, economic and political reasons. In the United States, great distances and airline and highway subsidies combined to draw traffic off the rails and onto the planes and highways. Europe lagged far behind us in car ownership and highway construction; government appropriations went instead into the state-owned railway systems. As the United States pushed westward in the past century, population followed the railroad lines, but cities grew away from the railroad station, and the tracks usually blighted their part of town. In Europe, though, railroads were built to connect existing cities; the stations were put up in the heart of the towns, and in most cases those areas were not blighted.

Here at home, railroad passenger traffic started to decline in the Twenties and Thirties, and many rail officials, convinced that the passenger business could never again be profitable, did their best—or worst—to help the trend along. Using the decreasing passenger traffic as their excuse, they let their services deteriorate until more and more people decided not to go by train—which, in turn, gave the lines an excuse to cut service still further.

One by one great trains were dropped or debased. The Super Chief, El Capitan, the Congressional Limited, the Commodore Vanderbilt and finally the Twentieth Century Limited—all the blue-ribbon trains went their way while the Interstate Commerce Commission, charged with regulating the railroads in the public interest, supinely let the profit-minded railroad executives have their way on service cutbacks. But the Federal Department of Transportation, formed a year and a half ago and now under the direction of Alan S. Boyd, former head of the Civil Aeronautics Board, seems aware of the fact that railroads are not ordinary business firms but quasi-public institutions whose charters and enormous land grants were awarded to enable them to serve the public. Under its prodding, The New Haven Railroad expects to inaugurate its new TurboTrains on the New York-Boston shoreline route by the end of the year. The TurboTrains will hit a top speed of a hundred twenty m.p.h. and average seventy-five to knock one hour off the present trip time of four hours and fifteen minutes. And the recently amalgamated Penn Central is testing the Budd Metroliner for its New York-Washington service. Cruising at 110 m.p.h., the train is expected to make the 225-mile run in about three hours.

With our highway traffic jams steadily worsening and flocks of stacked airliners circling ever higher in the sky above the airports, American travelers will have to return to the rails. And if the European railroads are our blueprint for the future, it should be a happy homecoming.

MY SON THE MURDERER

by Bernard Malamud

Flesh of my flesh he is, bone of my bone—why can't he talk to me already?

He wakes to a feeling his father is in the hallway listening Listening to what? Listening to him sleep and dream To him get up and fumble for his pants To him not going to the kitchen to eat Staring with shut eyes in the mirror. Sitting an hour on the toilet. Flipping the pages of a book he can't read To his rage, anguish, loneliness The father stands in the hall The son hears him listen

My son the stranger, he tells me nothing

I open the door and see my father in the hall

Why are you standing there why don't you go to work?

I took my vacation in the winter instead of the summer like I usually do

What the hell for if you spend it in this dark smelly hallway watching my every move Guessing what you don't see Why are you spying on me?

My father goes to his room and after a while comes out in the hallway again, listening

I hear him sometimes in his room but he don't talk to me and I don't know what's what It's a terrible feeling for a father. Maybe someday he'll write me a nice letter, My dear father .

My dear son Harry, open up your door

My son the prisoner

My wife leaves in the morning to be with my married daughter who is having her fourth child The mother cooks and cleans for her and takes care of the children. My daughter is having a bad pregnancy with high blood pressure and is in bed most of the time My wife is gone all day She knows something is wrong with Harry Since he graduated college last summer he is nervous, alone, in his own thoughts If you talk to him half the time he yells He reads the papers smokes stays in his room Once in a while he goes for a walk.

How was the walk Harry?

A walk

My wife told him to go look for work and a few times he went but when he got some kind of offer he didn't take the job

It's not that I don't want to work It's that I feel bad

Why do you feel bad?

I feel what I feel I feel what is

Is it your health sonny? Maybe you ought to go to a doctor?

Don't call me by that name It's not my health Whatever it is I don't want to talk about it The work wasn't the kind I want.

So take something temporary in the meantime, she said

He starts to yell Everything is temporary Why should I add more to what is already temporary? My guts feel temporary The world is temporary On top of that I don't want temporary work I want the opposite of temporary but where do you look for it? Where do you find it?

My father temporarily listens in the kitchen

My temporary son

She said I'd feel better if I work I deny it I'm twenty-two since last December a college graduate and you know where you can stick that. At night I watch the news broadcasts. I watch the war from day to day It's a large war on a small screen I sometimes lean over and touch the war with the flat of my hand I'm waiting for my hand to die.

My son with the dead hand

I expect to be drafted any day but it doesn't bother me so much anymore. I won't go I'll go to Canada or somewhere, though the idea is a burden to me

The way he is frightens my wife and she is glad to go off to my daughter's house in the morning to take care of the three children I'm left alone but he don't talk to me.

You ought to call up Harry and talk to him my wife says to my daughter

I will sometimes but don't forget there's nine years' difference between our ages I think he thinks of me as another mother around and one is enough I used to like him, but it's hard to deal with a person who won't reciprocate

She's got high blood pressure I think she's afraid to call

I took two weeks off from work I'm a clerk at the stamps win-

Painting by Gilbert Stone

dow in the Post Office. I told the superintendent I wasn't feeling so good, which is no lie, and he said I should take sick leave, but I said I wasn't that sick. I told my friend Moe Berk I was staying out because Harry had me worried.

I know what you mean, Leo. I get my own worries and anxieties about my kids. If you have two girls growing up you got hostages to fortune. Still in all, we got to live. Will you come to poker Friday night? Don't deprive yourself of a good form of relaxation.

I'll see how I feel by then, how it's coming. I can't promise.

Try to come. These things all pass away. If it looks better to you, come on over. Even if it don't look so good, come on over anyway because it might relieve the tension and worry that you're under. It's not good for your heart at your age if you carry that much worry around.

This is the worst kind of worry. If I worry about myself I know what the worry is. What I mean, there's no mystery. I can say to myself, Leo, you're a fool, stop worrying over nothing—over what, a few bucks? Over my health that always stood up pretty good although I've had my ups and downs? Over that I'm now close to sixty and not getting any younger? Everybody that don't die by age fifty-nine gets to be sixty. You can't beat time if it's crawling after you. But if the worry is about somebody else, that's the worst kind. That's the real worry because if he won't tell you, you can't get inside the other person and find out why. You don't know where's the switch to turn off. All you can do is worry more.

So I wait in the hallway.

Harry, don't worry about the war.

Don't tell me what to worry about.

Harry, your father loves you. When you were a little boy, every night when I came home you used to run to me. I picked you up and lifted you to the ceiling. You liked to touch it with your small hand.

I don't want to hear about that anymore. It's the very thing I don't want to hear about. I don't want to hear about when I was a child.

Harry, we live like strangers. All I'm saying is I remember better days. I remember when we weren't afraid to show we loved each other.

He says nothing.

Let me cook you an egg.

I don't want an egg. It's the last thing in the world I want.

So what do you want?

He put his coat on. He pulled his hat off the clothes tree and went downstairs into the street. Harry walked along Ocean Parkway in his long coat and creased brown hat. He knew his father was following him and it filled him with rage.

He didn't turn around. He walked at a fast pace up the broad avenue. In the old days there was a bridle path at the side of the walk where the concrete bicycle path was now. And there were fewer trees now, their black branches cutting the sunless sky. At the corner of Avenue X, just about where you begin to smell Coney Island, he crossed over and began to walk home. He pretended not to see his father cross over, although he was still infuriated. The father crossed over and followed his son home. When he got to the house he figured Harry was already upstairs. He was in his room with the door shut. Whatever he did in his room he was already doing.

Leo took out his key and opened the mailbox. There were three letters. He looked to see if one of them was, by any chance, from his son to him. My dear father, let me explain myself. The reason I act as I do is ... But there was no such letter. One of the letters was from the Post Office Clerks Benevolent Society, which he put in his coat pocket. The other two letters were for his son. One was from the draft board. He brought it up to his son's room, knocked on the door and waited.

He waited for a while.

To the boy's grunt he said, There is a draft board letter for you. He turned the knob and entered the room. Harry was lying on the bed with his eyes shut.

You can leave it on the table.

Why don't you open it? Do you want me to open it for you?

No, I don't want you to open it. Leave it on the table. I know what's in it.

What's in it?

That's my business.

The father left it on the table.

The other letter to his son he took into the kitchen, shut the door and boiled up some water in a kettle. He thought he would read it quickly and then seal it carefully with a little paste so that none leaked over the edge of the flap, then go downstairs and put it back in the mailbox. His wife would take it out with her key when she returned from their daughter's house and bring it up to Harry.

The father read the letter. It was a short letter from a girl. The girl said Harry had borrowed two of her books more than six months ago and since she valued them highly she would like him to send them back to her. Could he do that as soon as possible so that she wouldn't have to write again?

As Leo was reading the girl's letter Harry came into the kitchen and when he saw the surprised and guilty look on his father's face, he tore the letter out of his hands.

I ought to kill you the way you spy on me.

Leo turned away, looking out of the small kitchen window into the dark apartment-house courtyard. His face was a mottled red, his eyes dull, and he felt sick.

Harry read the letter at a glance and tore it up. He then tore up the envelope marked personal.

If you do this again don't be surprised if I kill you. I'm sick of you spying on me.

Harry left the house.

Leo went into his room and looked around. He looked in the dresser drawers and found nothing unusual. On the desk by the window was a paper Harry had written on. It said, Dear Edith, why don't you go fuck yourself? If you write another such letter I'll murder you.

The father got his hat and coat and left the house. He ran for a while, running then walking, until he saw Harry on the other side of the street. He followed him a half block behind.

He followed Harry to Coney Island Avenue and was in time to see him board a trolleybus going toward the Island. Leo had to wait for the next bus. He thought of taking a taxi and following the bus, but no taxi came by. The next bus came by fifteen minutes later and he took it all the way to the Island. It was February and Coney Island was cold and deserted. There were few cars on Surf Avenue and few people on the streets. It looked like snow. Leo walked on the boardwalk amid snow flurries looking for his son. The grey sunless beaches were empty. The hot-dog stands, shooting galleries, and bathhouses were shuttered up. The gunmetal ocean, moving like melted lead, looked freezing. There was a wind off the water and it worked its way into his clothes so that he shivered as he walked. The wind white-capped the leaden waves and the slow surf broke on the deserted beaches with a quiet roar.

He walked in the blow almost to Sea Gate, searching for his son, and then walked back. On his way toward Brighton he saw a man on the beach standing in the foaming surf. Leo went down the boardwalk stairs and onto the ribbed-sand beach. The man on the shore was Harry standing in water up to his ankles.

Leo ran to his son. Harry, it was my mistake, excuse me. I'm sorry I opened your letter.

Harry did not turn. He stayed in the water, his eyes on the leaden waves.

Harry, I'm frightened. Tell me what's the matter. My son, have mercy on me.

It's not my kind of world, Harry thought. It fills me with terror.

He said nothing.

A blast of wind lifted his father's hat off his head and carried it away over the beach. It looked as if it were going to land in the surf but then the wind blew it toward the boardwalk, rolling like a wheel along the ground. Leo chased after his hat. He chased it one way, then another, then toward the water. The wind blew the hat against his legs and he caught it. He pulled the freezing hat down tight on his head until it bent his ears. By now he was crying. Breathless, he wiped his eyes with icy fingers and returned to his son at the edge of the water.

He is a lonely man. This is the type he is, Leo thought. He will always be lonely.

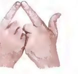
My son who became a lonely man.

Harry, what can I say to you? All I can say to you is who says life is easy? Since when? It wasn't for me and it isn't for you. It's life, what more can I say? But if a person don't want to live what can he do if he's dead? If he doesn't

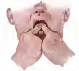
(Continued on page 152)

Why Is This Man Whistling?

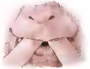
Not only is Pierre Trudeau adventurous, vivacious, scholarly and patrician, he is also able to whistle through his fingers. You have tried without success and therefore you ask, what good is this? Parliamentarians, cabbies, horses and dogs can hear you whether they want to or not. In La Gomera, where finger whistling is a form of communication, happy natives will whistle back at you. (A great La Gomeran *silbador*, incidentally, can "speak" over a range of three miles.) Who knows when next you will find yourself in La Gomera, or on a street corner trying to beat Trudeau out for a hackie? Get with it. Blow.



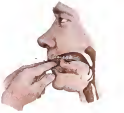
The first step in the basic two-finger whistle is placing the tips of your forefingers together. Trudeau, who may be faddish, uses the Four-Finger Variation. The principle is the same, the noise louder.



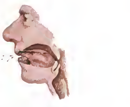
Keeping the fingertips together, place them just beneath the tip of your tongue and raise it slightly. Push the tongue backward until your lips close on the first knuckles of your fingers. Use a mirror.



Tighten your lips over your fingers and against your teeth until there is no possible chance for air to escape except through the sound box created in the V between the ends of your fingers.



This cross section shows how lips, fingers and tongue are arranged when you are ready to whistle. Blow steadily. Move fingertips back and forth until you startle yourself with that first sharp chirp.



If you fail at finger whistling, try this method. Shape the tip of your tongue into a groove and press against edge of upper teeth. Raise upper lip, tighten lower. Blow. If you can't be a P.M., be a *siffleur*.

Drawings by Jerome Snyder

Hung on Lord Harlech

Who, in turn, has hung on for some time

by Martin Page

His private life is this Presidential election year's number-one sideshow. His beak nose suddenly and implausibly protrudes from the covers of Hollywood's movie magazines. Millions of fingernail-biting fans, not to mention his own uninformed relatives, await a climax to the greatest romantic cliff-hanger since Taylor and Burton, or maybe even since King Edward VIII abdicated back in 1936 and married Wally Simpson.

William David Ormsby Gore, Baron Harlech of Harlech and the fifty-year old male lead in the "Will Jackie marry David?" drama, has closeted himself in a small, austere, temporary office in Baker Street, North London, where his only executive-power symbol is a space-age telephone that emits an electronic burble instead of ringing. From behind a cluttered desk he is running—with, as it happens, Richard Burton as a shareholder—Britain's newest television station, Harlech TV. He is working at it with the single-mindedness which boys of his generation used to reserve for their clockwork train sets, and the main difficulty in interviewing him these days is to persuade him to talk about anything else.

The girl at the reception desk announces one not by name, but with the warning statement, "The journalist has arrived." Lord Harlech thinks that he has had "a little too much personal publicity, perhaps," and admitted (to my wife) that he finds the speculation about his marriage prospects "pretty grim."

But if he is not amused, he is at least resigned to the idea that his well-rounded denials—"I've said it in Seattle, I've said it in San Francisco, I've said it in Norfolk, I've said it in Charleston, I'm saying it in Washington"—are unlikely to be believed, unless he stops seeing her, which he is not prepared to do.

"One appreciates that under certain circumstances this kind of story is written. And therefore when I agreed to go to Cambodia, I knew that some kinds of stories would appear in some papers," he said. "You have to decide if you want to live your own life and ignore the movie magazines and such. That's what I'm doing.

"I know Mrs. Kennedy well enough to discuss it quite clearly, so it's not an embarrassment. Mrs. Kennedy and I have known each other for a long time, and we've been through lots of ups and downs together."

One of the minor effects of the assassination of President Kennedy was to cut short the diplomatic career of his great friend—"I trust David as I would my own Cabinet"—Lord Harlech. He stayed on as British Ambassador in Washington for sixteen months after the Dallas shooting, but largely because London refused to accept his resignation. "After he had been killed, and there had been a change of Government in London, there was no particular role for me," Lord Harlech said.

His much-publicized success in the United States had not been anticipated by an outstanding career performance in England. As a member of Harold Macmillan's stable he had a solid but unremarkable record, mostly as an inexhaustible negotiator with the Russians at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, from which—partly because of his prodding of Kennedy and Macmillan—the nuclear Test Ban Treaty was eventually born.

But few twentieth-century ambassadors were able to get as far inside a foreign government as he did. Not only other diplomats but members of Kennedy's own staff were jealous of the access he had to the President. He once explained with ultra-English understatement: "The official times I have seen the President have been comparatively few, although I do bring up an official matter from time to time on social occasions."

He was seen at the White House as often as three or four times a week. Associated Press reported that the "dark, lean man" had been by the President's side on board the *Honey Fitz* off Palm Beach, at the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, and at *Irma La Douce* in Washington's National Theatre.

He spelled out to us the basis of his position. "My sister married Harold Macmillan's son, so I had known Harold Macmillan all my life. I'd known Alec Douglas-Home [then Foreign Secretary] most of my grown-up life, and had worked very closely with both while I was Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and also had known them well personally.

"So I felt very much what was in their minds. This made it less necessary, perhaps, to have to ask for instructions. And at moments like the Cuban missile crisis, when you had to give very quick answers, it enabled one to indicate to the President how you thought the British Government would react, without having to send a telegram and then get another telegram back.

"On the other side, of course, I had known the President very well since I was twenty and he was at the London School of Economics. And Bobby Kennedy, who was the next most powerful member of the Administration, was one of my best friends. It was an historical accident."

It was David who persuaded Jack, after dinner one night, to release the aerial photographs of Russian missile sites in Cuba. But probably his greatest achievement was to promote friendship between the President and Britain's aging, white-moustached Edwardian Prime Minister. He said that at first the atmosphere between them was a little strained, but it soon became "like a family party."

But when Macmillan once called Kennedy without being able to tell his Ambassador first, the President picked up the phone in the White House and replied: "Don't worry. David is right here."

In England, this new kind of Atlantic partnership was not universally appreciated. From his sickbed, Lord Beaverbrook directed a campaign in his newspapers to have David recalled, under the slogan: IS ORMSBY GORE FIT TO SPEAK FOR BRITAIN? The predictable answer was reached by way of the argument that as Kennedy was so keen to have David in Washington, David must be considered too great a friend of the family to stand up to them where British interests conflicted with theirs. "Let [him] return home," proposed Beaverbrook's Sunday *Express*, "to the enjoyment of his wealth, his motorcars and his family connections."

When he did at last return to his nine-thousand-acre country estates and a London apartment in March, 1965, some of his friends feared that his experiences on the New Frontier had changed him a little. He gave a very un-English party at his mother's house in Kensington. The garden was turned into a fairground and fruit machines were installed. Cecil Beaton, Lady Diana Cooper, Roy Jenkins, Princess Alexandra and the ubiquitous Snowdons were invited and came. Social columnist Robin Douglas Home (Sir Alec's nephew) named it "*The* party of the last few years."

(Continued on page 180)

Painting by Bob Schulenberg

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

by Donald Harington

Every man needs a dream, what he doesn't need is reality

Lorin Wenzel lived more by choice than necessity, entirely alone, in a small house of his own crude making on the silent west shore of Lake Wahpetee, out of sight of the popular Wahpetan Inn and the expensive summer cottages. Until his thirtieth year, Lorin had lived in town with his aunt and uncle, had worked in the public library, had served as Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 17, and had regularly attended—without participating in—the Tuesday evening Great Ideas and Issues discussion groups. But then an eleven year old girl who lived across the street told her mother that Lorin Wenzel had placed his hand upon her personal parts, and the girl's angered father decided to prosecute. Although the action was dismissed on the girl's refusal to testify, the ugly publicity cost Lorin his standing in the community, and to save his aunt and uncle from further embarrassment he removed himself from their household.

Although Thoreau was not one of Lorin's favorite authors, he was not unaware of a resemblance, even superficial, between his mode of living and that of the Prover of Walden Pond. He grew beans in a garden. He traveled a good deal around Lake Wahpetan and was self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms. He fished in the lake, and Time was but a stream he went a-fishing in. He dispensed with all luxuries. He stepped to a different drummer. But for Thoreau it had been an experiment, for Lorin Wenzel it was an existence. And Thoreau had kept three chairs in his house, one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. Lorin Wenzel's house had only one chair.

Once upon a summer afternoon, a day windy but warm in the latter part of June, Lorin was perched upon a rock jutting out from the shore in front of his house. He had been sitting there for more than an hour, fishing. He had taken one fair-sized bass and a few small bream, and decided that the day was too windy for good fishing. As he was slowly reeling in his final cast, a sailboat came into view, a small craft not manned but womanned, by a sun-bronzed girl in a bathing suit. She handled her boat well as it tacked swiftly in the stiff wind and choppy waves, and she was making a sharp jib to put about when she caught sight of him and raised her free hand in a wave. He waved back at her.

Not often did strangers ever see him, much less acknowledge his existence with a wave, and he discovered in the next instant that she was fated to pay a high price for her friendliness. He saw the tiller suddenly die in her hand, and he saw a splash abaft as the rudder broke and snapped away. She grasped for the ropes but missed them, and her weight with the wind caused the boat to capsize upon her, pressing her down into the water.

As he shed his jacket and shoes, Lorin gauged that the distance between them was about forty yards, and he wondered, as he dove into the water, if he could swim fast enough. He did not want to waste his energy with a too rapid stroke, but on the other hand the energy would be wasted anyway if he did not get there in time. So he swam as hard as he could, saving just enough breath to hold him when he went down beneath the boat. He reached the boat. Lake Wahpeton's waters are dark blue and deep; he could not see her. He plunged under, and went down the depth of his own height before he glimpsed the white arm, and snatched at it, caught it, then made for the surface, pulling frantically.

In the sunlight and air again, he saw that her face was bright red, her eyes were closed, and she was not moving at all. He embraced her from behind with one arm and paddled backwards with the other. She was a large girl, a fully developed woman. A dead weight, she began to make him angry. Why should one of the summer people have to drown in this spot, his piece of the lake? He alternated his arms as each grew tired; it was all he could do to keep his head and hers above the water. It took him a long time to drag her back to shore.

As soon as he climbed out and deposited his burden upon the ground, and regained enough breath to yell with, he wanted to scream as loudly as he could to draw help. But there were no houses within earshot, and his voice would not carry across the lake. He dropped to his knees, rolled her over, cradled her head in one arm, pinched her nostrils tightly shut, hooked her mouth open with his thumb, then pressed his lips down over hers and began to breathe forcefully into her.

It was the first time in his life that Lorin Wenzel's lips had touched those of a woman, and the feeling of this contact sent a long shudder through him, causing his breath to falter. He tried to gain control of his breathing, but could not, and after a moment he was forced to remove his mouth.

He turned her over, face down, and kneeled, straddling her from above. He put his hands alongside her ribs and pressed his weight down, held it for a few seconds, then released his hands quickly and sat back for a few seconds, then thrust forward again with his hands. Silently he chanted to himself the pacing words which he had once taught to the boys of Troop 17. *Out goes the bad air.* He held the pressure steady, then released his hands. *In comes the good air.* Thus timing himself with these words, he managed to hold to a steady rhythm of fourteen or fifteen times per minute.

In comes the good air. Out goes the bad air. He noticed that he had forced a trickle of water to emerge from her mouth. It darkened the ground beneath her head. For a desperate bad moment he thought it might be blood, but he leaned forward and assured himself that it was only water. He pressed on, maintaining the rhythm as the minutes passed, until it occurred to him that he did not even know if she were alive or not. Without breaking the rhythm, on the next backswing he grasped her wrist and felt for her pulse. He found one, a faint one, a *very* faint one, but an unmistakable pulse. Out goes the bad air! he pressed forward again with an elation of hope.

The minutes dragged along. He estimated that he had been working on her for almost half an hour when his hands and arms began to tire. Still he persisted. He realized, at one point, that because she was wet and clad only in a bathing suit, she might chill. He looked around for his jacket, spotted it, calculated the time it would take him to reach it, then he sprang off of her, grabbed it up and spread it over her back, then resumed his position without missing more than two strokes of the rhythm.

Her body was soft and pleasant to his touch; this gave him strength. The flesh beneath her arms, around her ribs, was nice to feel. This was all he was conscious of, for a long time. Then he grew conscious of a different feeling, that of his groin as it passed forward fifteen times a minute over her buttocks. As he studied this sensation, he lost all awareness of the fatigue in his arms and hands. He found that if he concentrated on this pleasurable stimu

Painting by Alex Gnidziejko

lation of his crotch straddling her seat he could ignore the great weariness that threatened to inflame his arms.

Out goes the bad air. In comes the good air. A woman's body is a thing of surpassing loveliness, he reflected, before his thoughts drifted away from this shapely form beneath him, drifted off—or in—to the unfrequented recesses of his own lorn heart. He had wanted women as long as he could remember, but he had always been terribly restrained toward them. He would not now be grasping this fine body if it were not unconscious and in great need of his hands. If she suddenly revived, or even showed any sign of reviving, he would have to run into his house and hide. He remembered the times he used to hide from his aunt. His uncle had adopted him when he was seven, after his father, a drunkard, had been imprisoned for theft. He could not remember his mother at all; his father had claimed that she was dead, but Lorin later learned from his uncle that she had run away with a soldier. Because his aunt was childless, she had tried to smother him with affection, and he was frightened of her. When his uncle had learned that Lorin was not doing well in school because he was intimidated by the presence of girls in his classes, his uncle had sent him to a private boys' school and later to a men's college. The only women he had known well were the two ladies who worked with him in the public library, but neither of them was very attractive. In college it had been commonly rumored that Lorin was a queer, and even in his own community, later, some people had raised the question of his fitness for engaging in work with the Boy Scouts. At one time Lorin had begun to suspect that this imputation might be true, and he did not free himself of the notion until he had an encounter with a man who accosted him one day in the men's room of the library and left him convinced that he felt no sexual attraction to males. He adjusted himself to a reasonably happy and productive life and attempted to be pleasant to everyone. He was greatly liked and respected by users of the library. The children of his neighborhood regarded him as a kindly protector, benefactor and playmate. He read stories to them. He joined in their games. They climbed his back and rode him around. He taught them stunts and magic tricks. On warm spring evenings after supper they would romp and rough house on his lawn, and he stayed happy, until his hand slipped and touched that girl's pudendum.

In the late afternoon in his wet clothes, Lorin began to feel a chill himself, and he decided that his jacket was not providing enough warmth for the girl's body. He deliberately ceased the rhythm of his movements long enough to detect whether or not the body was making any effort of its own at breathing. His fingertips delicately touched the rib cage; very weakly, almost imperceptibly, the rib cage seemed to swell of its own accord, and deflate, and swell weakly again. Lorin resumed the rhythm of the pressure with vigor for another minute, then he sprang up from the girl and made a quick dash toward his house. His legs crumbled, and he realized, as he tumbled headlong to the ground, that his feet had gone to sleep on him. He fell painfully, bruising and scraping himself, but the pain seemed to force his numb limbs into usefulness again, and he managed to regain his feet and stagger onward to his house, where he grabbed up two blankets and staggered back out to the girl and covered her well, and sat upon her again and resumed the thrusting of his hands. Surely, he told himself, feeling a twinge of despair, surely somebody would begin to wonder about the girl's absence and come out in search of her. He turned his head and gazed out upon the lake; all he could see was, far away, the capsized boat drifting in the wind toward the distant shore. Well, at least, he thought, when the boat reached the shore somebody might see it.

He watched his hands working as if they were not his own. They no longer felt as if they belonged to him. No longer was there any trace of pleasure in the contact between his fingers and her body. Nor was he able to force his imagination to find any further delight in the rhythmic passing of his bottom over hers. She was the sea at evening, and he the moon, pushing the tides in, and sucking them back. She was the dying fire of the forge, and he the blacksmith pumping the bellows to forge a living thing out of cold iron. She was white marble, and he Pygmalion wielding his devoted but inexpectant chisel. She was a stillborn baby, and he a doctor slapping its back. These images came and fled and were finally replaced by another: she was only a mound of dough, and he a baker endlessly kneading it.

He felt a strange moisture around his knees, and realized that his knees were chafed into bleeding, as they dug into the earth and grinded as he swung forward and back. Becoming conscious of his bleeding knees, he became aware also that the insteps of his feet were wracked with severe pain because they were bent backward against the ground. The pain momentarily crazed him. *I will let her die,* he decided. *First I will turn her over and rape her while she is still warm, and then I will let her die.* This mad idea jolted him back into level-headedness, and he began to give serious consideration to the outcome of this incident. When the people came at last, would they believe that she had actually drowned? Wouldn't there be a suspicion that he had lured her to the shore and attacked her? They would take her off for an autopsy, and take him off for questioning, and the whole thing would lead to much unpleasantness and embarrassment. Better perhaps, if she died, to bury her or toss her body back into the lake, and tell anyone who asked that he had never seen her.

Had his hand really slipped when it clamped itself upon that girl's pudendum? They were playing with much physical exertion in the yard, a game similar to tag, and he was It. Half a-dozen of the neighborhood children were there, running around and squealing with the fun of it, as he pretended to be a big bear lunging at them and deliberately failing to catch them. And then he caught her, saying, "Gotcha!" and bear-hugged her and grabbed hold of her groin. Had he done that on purpose, or had he been carried away by the excitement of the game, and momentarily forgotten himself? "Hey, ouch!" she cried, and broke away from him and gave him a strange look before running home to her mother.

Yes, he mused, I did it on purpose. I wanted to. I needed to. And I have paid for it.

He heard a faraway sound of engines, and turned his head again to look out across the lake. Far out near the distant shore a fleet of motorboats was running around and around the capsized boat. They would realize, perhaps, that the present position of the boat was not an indication of the scene of the accident, and they would begin to comb the lake and when they came this way he could call out to them. He waited. He bided the time patiently, not even aware that he was thrusting forward and down fifteen times a minute, minute after minute. Long before, he had stopped thinking the pacing chant, *out goes the bad air, in comes the good air,* because his movements had become completely automatic.

At last one of the motorboats came in his direction, pointed almost directly toward him. He waited, not stopping his movements, thinking the boat was going to come right to his house. But when the boat was still several hundred yards from the shore, moving slowly, it began to turn. Lorin sprang up and stamped his feet to get the numbness out of them, then ran down to the edge of the water and screamed "Help!" with every ounce of energy in his lungs, and waved his arms frantically overhead. Whether because of the distance, or because of the noise of the boat's engine, they did not hear him, and moved off steadily in the opposite direction as he continued yelling for as long as he dared before it was imperative to return to the girl again.

As he knelt again to resume the automatic movements, he tried to think. He had a good mind, one that was equal to any emergency, but the only possibility he could conceive at the moment would be to start a fire whose smoke might attract some attention. He had some matches in his pocket, but they would be wet. He would have to run to the house for dry matches and for some combustible material to start the fire with. It would take some time. Could he afford to leave the girl for the time required? And even if he got a fire going, would it attract attention? They might think it was just the smoke from a picnic fire at a cookout. It would take a very large blaze to draw any notice. A very large blaze. Lorin looked at his house.

Then he looked at the girl. She was lying just as still and peacefully as she had for hours. The thrust of his hands against her ribs brought no reaction to her face. She had a pretty face, in profile as it lay in a tangled mass of wet brown hair, her eyes closed as in heavy sleep. "I love you," he said aloud. Except for his cries of help, it was the first time today he had spoken aloud. "I will burn down my house for you," he said to her.

And he thought about that. A burning house would indeed attract a crowd. His books, his clothes, his meager possessions—what value were they in relation to a human life? But the flaming house might easily ignite the surrounding woods right down to the shore, and he and the girl would be burned to death unless he dragged her back out into the lake, where he would no longer be able to provide the breath of life for her.

The hazards of this scheme struck him with overwhelming discouragement, and possibly because of his depression as well as because of his extreme fatigue he suddenly found that his arms and hands were entirely dead. He pounded upon each arm in turn, he slapped his biceps violently as hard as he could with hands that were not very good for slapping, but he was forced to realize that he could not use them anymore. Desperately he moved forward and tried to keep squeezing her with his knees, but this awkward and unbalanced position did not work, and he collapsed beside her and lay panting on the ground. He gazed with despair into her empty face, the fine cheekbones, the heavy eyelids, the small nose, and the lips turned blue. The lips . . .

Quickly, giving himself no time to quail, he wormed his head beneath her arm and tilted her face back and applied his mouth to hers and breathed hard into her. He felt his breath, mingled with her own, come back at him. He breathed into her again. And again. Soon he had established a new rhythm.

He lay there beside her a long time, her lover tightly holding her, breathing into her. The cold blue lips seemed to regain color and become warm. Hope returned to Lorin Wenzel once more, and joy, and pleasure. He began to dream of the outcome of this encounter, his fancy allowing him to see it all.

One afternoon about two weeks after the accident, the girl came back. She appeared not sailing her boat, but driving a little foreign convertible. Lorin was in his garden, chopping weeds out of his corn, in the hot sun; he was sweat drenched, and he thought at first that the girl was an illusion produced by sunstroke. But she stopped her car and got out of it and started walking right toward him, and he recognized her and wanted to run into his house, but before he could run she had walked right on up to him and said, "Hello," and held out her hand. The word "Hello" was spoken with the same pair of lips that he had pressed his mouth to, and Lorin found himself blushing deeply. He stared at her extended hand. Then he wiped his sweaty, grimy hand on his shirt and put it out and gave her hand a quick shake and withdrew his hand. He opened his mouth, but he could not say anything.

"Do you know who I am?" the girl asked.

Lorin nodded, and mumbled, "But I don't know your name."

"Ellen Kearney," she said, and waited, and then asked, "And you are—?"

"Lorin Wenzel," he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Wenzel?" she said.

"Fine, thank you," he said. "How do you do?"

"I'm fine now," she said. "I'm all right now. I wanted to come sooner, but they kept me in the hospital for several days, and then when I got home they made me stay in bed and take it easy for a while."

Lorin did not know what to say. She seemed to be perfectly fine, perfectly healthy, as if it had never happened. Her suntan was a little paler, otherwise you would never know that anything had happened to her. She was dressed in a pretty sleeveless dress with bright flowers on it. She was very much alive, and Lorin did not know what to say.

"Do you live here?" the girl asked, trying to make conversation.

Lorin nodded.

"All by yourself?" she said.

He nodded again.

"You have a nice garden," she observed, looking round about her.

"Thank you," he said. He realized he should be more hospitable, he should perhaps offer her something. He did not want for her to go inside his house, but perhaps they could have something out on the lawn. He decided that he should definitely try to offer her something. He cleared his throat and said, "Would you like some strawberries?" Then he clarified his offer, "With cream and sugar?"

"Oh, yummy!" she said.

He left her there and went into his house and cleaned some strawberries, put them into two bowls, then took some fresh cream out of his separator and poured it over the berries. At this point he began to feel that it might not be true, and so he went to the window and looked out to reassure himself that she was really there. She was. He took down the sugar can and sprinkled sugar on the berries, then he got a couple of spoons and took the bowls out into his front yard, in the shade of his maple tree. "Over here," he called, and the girl joined him.

They sat cross-legged on the grass and ate their berries. The girl tried to make conversation. She asked him if he had grown the strawberries himself, and he said he had. She had read Walden *in sophomore basic economics, and she asked him if he raised all of his own food. He said he had to buy his salt, pepper and sugar, but everything else he produced. She asked him if he had ever read* Walden. *He said he had. She asked him what he thought of it. He said he thought it was a splendid book, although there were a few points on which he could not agree. It took him a number of words to make this clear, and as he found himself speaking freely he discovered that he was not quite so nervous in her presence.*

Suddenly she asked, "How old are you?" And added, "If you don't mind my asking."

"What day is this?" he asked her.

"July ninth," she said.

"Well then, I'm thirty-three. I was thirty-three on June twenty-seven."

"The twenty-seventh?" she said, surprised. "That was the day I . . . that was when . . ." She faltered, and then said simply, "Your birthday."

"Was it?" he said.

"Imagine," she said, and they just stared at each other for a while, until Lorin had to look away. Then she laughed lightly and remarked, "What a birthday present!" Lorin did not think of anything to say to this, so they lapsed into a silence which lasted until she broke it. "Do you really like living here?" She started to add "Like this?" but did not.

"It's all right," he maintained.

"Don't you ever miss anything?" she asked.

He pondered the question. Then he smiled and said, "Well, when I was a boy I used to be crazy about lemonade. But I can't grow lemons in this climate. So I suppose you could say I miss lemonade."

She stared at him. Lorin stopped smiling and wondered if he had said something offensive. They sat in silence for a while longer, and then the girl stood up. Lorin rose too. She walked slowly down to the shore, and he followed. She looked out at the lake for a long moment, and then she looked down at the earth of the shore. Without looking at him, she asked, "Was this where you . . . they told me you . . ." But she could not finish.

"Right there," said Lorin helpfully, pointing.

She gazed at the place where he pointed, as if she were trying to find the indentation of her body in the earth. The only marks were two small holes dug by Lorin's knees.

"How long?" she asked, and looked up at him.

"Oh, quite a while, it was," he said.

"How long?" she said again.

"Maybe two or three hours," he said.

"Oh, you poor man!" she cried and sprang against him, pressing her face into his chest and wrapping her arms around him. Lorin was extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed. He patted the top of her hair a few times, and then had to force her away from him.

She stood back with tears in her eyes and said, "How can I ever repay you?"

Lorin was desperate to think of a proper reply to such a question, but all he could say was "It's all right."

She fumbled with her purse, got it open, took out a slip of paper and handed it to him, saying, "Here. I want you to have this."

Lorin took it and looked at it. It was a check. A check, signed by her father, for five thousand dollars. He handed it back to her. "I'm sorry, I can't accept this," he said, and there was a note of irritation in his voice although he tried to sound kind.

"Why not?"

"It . . ." he said. "It puts a valuation on your life. Is your life worth only five thousand dollars?"

"How much do you want, then?" she asked.

"You are priceless," he said.

"I am?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Please don't feel any obligation."

"But can't you use this money?"

"No," he said. "Thank you, but I do not need it."

"But—" she protested.

"Please," he said. "Forget it."

"But I can't!" she cried. "Don't you under

(Continued on page 181)

Difficult Drinks For Technicians Only

Whiskey and water is, God knows, as good a quaff as any for one in need, but there are times when man does not drink from thirst alone. Occasionally, the engineer in him surfaces, the master chef requires expression, the time-study expert seeks release. If this mood hits you, try the four hard-to-make concoctions shown here in color. But get them right. Study all the photos. Practice. Then amaze your friends with your craftsmanship.

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SEVEN-LAYERED POUSSE CAFE

For this after-dinner drink, seven liqueurs are floated one on top of the other. The liquid with the highest sugar content (i.e., the heaviest) goes in first and the lighter liquids follow. To assure a clean division between each layer, successive liqueurs should differ at least one degree in sugar density. The first step is to line up the bottles correctly so that you don't flub up when pouring (1). Drink shown here is made bottom to top with: white anisette, creme de cacao, white creme de menthe, apricot liqueur, Triple Sec, Chartreuse and cognac (which always goes on top). Pour out a spoonful of each liquid (2) and dribble it slowly down the side of the glass (3). Continue building up layers (4 and 5) with one or two spoonsful each. Some experts prefer to pour from bottle over back of the spoon (6), but this is tricky. You need a steady hand in any case. Also, you need a liqueur glass much taller than the average.

BLOODY MARY

At least two million bad Bloody Marys are made every day but not at the Delegates Lounge of the United Nations where the bartenders follow the plan shown below. This drink must be peppery, pungent and thick, so start with well-chilled tomato juice and a pre-chilled shaker, and *never* serve the drink on the rocks. Assemble the ingredients first so you can work quickly (1). Measure out a half jigger fresh lemon juice (2) and put it and two jiggers vodka with ice in the cold shaker (3). Add half a teaspoon salt (4) and several grinds of fresh pepper (5). Next, two dashes of Tabasco with four dashes Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce (6). A teaspoonful of onion juice follows (7) with a heaping teaspoonful of grated horseradish from which you have squeezed the liquid (8). Last, four ounces thick tomato juice—Lucky Boy if you can get it, or Sacramento (9). Shake hard (10).

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NEW ORLEANS GIN FIZZ

Simplicity has its merits, but so does the complicated blending of diverse elements. A man who can enjoy, say, a sauce Parisienne should find merit in this refreshing tall drink which, when made properly, successfully melds unlikely ingredients into a subtle potation. The secret to the mixing is crushed ice coarse enough to break up the egg white and distribute it evenly, thus giving the drink a light liaison. Each piece of ice should be the size of a large pea—no smaller. If your ice crusher doesn't have a coarse-grade setting, get one that does. The idea is to mix and chill the drink without watering it down, so all the ingredients shown here except the sugar and including the shaker should be cold before you begin. Store them all in the refrigerator, even the gin. Quickly put the crushed ice in the shaker and add juice of a half lemon (1) and the juice of a whole lime (2), both fresh, of course. Then add a scant teaspoonful of superfine sugar (3) and a jigger of heavy whipping cream (4). You will have separated an egg before you began and reserved the white. Add it to the shaker now (5) along with two jiggers of gin (6). Shake slowly in long, even strokes for a full minute (7). Then strain the drink into a tall glass and fill with club soda (8), stir. The drink will taste fine at this point but is somewhat lacking in color. Remedy this by adding a small amount of grenadine (9). The result has an interesting texture—a curious mixture, both smooth and effervescent.

DAIQUIRI FRAPPE

Admittedly, this concoction resembles something you would get at a soda fountain, but that's no reason not to partake of it from time to time. It tastes better than limeade and its effect is considerably more stimulating than that of an all-coffee shake. It is a potent, rum-flavored sherbet, and the enemy, once again, is water. You cannot achieve the smooth, buoyant texture if you allow the ice to melt while you work. To guard against this, prepare things well in advance. You will need a good electric blender. Put the jug of the blender into your freezer an hour or so before you make this drink. Not the refrigerator, the *freezer*, the jug must be as cold as you can get it. Crush some ice fairly fine and put that in the freezer, too, to firm up any of the particles that melted during the crushing operation. Pre-chill the rum as well, but be careful not to leave the bottle in the freezer very long (1). Speed is important now. Put a heaping glassful of ice in the blender jug, add juice of a half lime (2). One and a half jiggers of good white rum follows (3). Then add a teaspoonful of superfine sugar (4). Or, in place of the sugar, you might want to use the French almond-scented syrup called orgeat, a scant teaspoonful. Next add a few drops of Triple Sec for flavor (5) and turn the blender on high for about fifteen seconds. Spoon out the resultant sherbet into a pre-chilled glass (6). Add a couple of short straws and wait to be told how urgently the bartenders' union needs you.

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Photographed by Mort Schreiber

DIARY OF MY FUTURE

by James Agee

The ideas a man doesn't get around to live after him

Collage by chas b slackman

Editor's Note *The following "plans for work" were submitted by writer-critic James Agee in connection with his second vain application for a Guggenheim Fellowship in October, 1937 At that time he was still loosely attached to* Fortune *magazine and had not yet settled down to writing* Let Us Now Praise Famous Men *(which incorporated, at least, the first item on his list)*

I am working on or am interested to try, or expect to return to, such projects as the following I shall first list them, then briefly specify a little more about most of them

An Alabama Record
Letters
A story about homosexuality and football
News items
Hung with their own rope.
A dictionary of key words
Notes for color photography
A revue
Shakespeare
A cabaret
Newsreel Theatre
A new type of stage-screen show
Anti Communist manifesto
Three or four love stories
A new type of sex book
"Glamour" writing
A study in the pathology of "laziness"
A new type of horror story
Stories whose whole intention is the direct communication of the intensity of common experience
"Musical" uses of "sensation" or "emotion"
Collections and analyses of faces, of news pictures
Development of new forms of writing via the caption, letters pieces of overheard conversation
A new form of "story" the true incident recorded as such and an analysis of it
A new form of movie short roughly equivalent to the lyric poem.
Conjectures of how to get "art" back on a plane of organic human necessity parallel to religious art or the art of primitive hunters
A show about motherhood
Pieces of writing whose rough parallel is the prophetic writings of the Bible
Uses of the Dorothy Dix method the Voice of Experience for immediacy, intensity, complexity of opinion
The inanimate and nonhuman
A new style and use of the imagination the exact opposite of the Alabama Record
A true account of a jazz band
An account and analysis of a cruise "high-class" people
Portraiture Notes The Triptych
City streets Hotel rooms Cities
A new kind of photographic show
The slide lecture
A new kind of music Non instrumental sound. Phonograph recording Radio
Extension in writing, ramification in suspension, Schubert 2-Cello Quintet
Analyses of Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Auden, other writers
Analyses of reviews of Kafka's Trial, *various moving pictures*
Two forms of history of the movies
Reanalyses of the nature and meaning of love
Analyses of miscommunication, the corruption of idea
Moving picture notes and scenarios
An "autobiographical" novel"
New forms of "poetry"
A notebook

In any effort to talk further about these, much is liable to overlap and repeat. Any further coordination would however be rather more false than true indication of the way the work would be undertaken, for these projects are in fluid rather than organized relationship to each other None of the following can be more than suggestive of work

Alabama Record

In the Summer of 1936 the photographer Walker Evans and I spent two months in Alabama hunting out and then living with a family of cotton tenants which by general average would most accurately represent all cotton tenancy This work was in preparation for an article for *Fortune* We lived with one and made a detailed study and record of three families and interviewed and observed land owners, New Dealers county officers white and Negro tenants, etc etc in several cities and county seats and villages and throughout six thousand miles of country

The record I want to make of this is not journalistic nor on the other hand is any of it to be invented It can perhaps most nearly be described as "scientific" but not in a sense acceptable to scientists only in the sense that it is ultimately skeptical and analytic It is to be as exhaustive a reproduction and analysis of personal experience including the phases and problems of memory and recall and revisitation and the problems of writing and of communication as I am capable of, with constant bearing on two points to tell everything possible as accurately as possible, and to invent nothing It involves therefore as total a suspicion of "creative" and "artistic" as of "reportorial" attitudes and methods, and it is likely therefore to involve the development of some more or less new forms of writing and of observation

Of this work I have written about 40 000 words first draft and entirely tentative On this manuscript I was offered an advance and contract, which I finally declined feeling I could neither wisely nor honestly commit the project to the necessarily set or estimated limits of time and length With your permission I wish to submit it as a part of my application in the hope that it will indicate certain things about the general intention of the work and also some matters suggested under the head of "accomplishments," more clearly than I can I should add of it a few matters it is not sufficiently developed to indicate

Any given body of experience is sufficiently complex and ramified to require (or at least be able to use) more than one mode of reproduction it is likely that this one will require many, including some that will extend writing and observing method It will likely make use of various traditional forms but it is anti artistic anti scientific, and anti-journalistic Though every effort will be made to give experience emotion and thought as directly as possible and as nearly as may be toward their full detail and complexity (it would have at different times in other words many of the qualities of a novel a report, poetry) the job is perhaps chiefly a skeptical study of the nature of reality and of the false nature of re-creation and of communication It should be as definitely a book of photographs as a book of words in other words photographs should be used profusely, and never to "illustrate" the prose One part of the work in many senses the crucial part, would be a strict comparison of the photographs and the prose as relative liars and as relative reproducers of the same matters

Letters

Letters are in every word and phrase immediate to and revealing of in precision and complex detail the sender and receiver and the whole world and context each is of as distinct in their own way, and as valuable as would be a faultless record of the dreams of many individuals The two main facts about any letter are the immediacy, and the flawlessness of its revelations In the true sense that any dream is a faultless work of art, so is any letter and the defended and conscious letter is as revealing as the undefended Here then is a racial record and perhaps the best available document of the power and fright of language and of miscommunication and of the crippled concepts behind these The variety to be found in letters is almost as unlimited as literate human experience, their monotony is equally valuable.

Therefore, a collection of letters of all kinds

Almost better than not, the limits of this would be what you and your friends and their acquaintances can find. For even within this, the complete range of society and of mind can be bracketed and this limitation more truly indicates the range of the subject than any effort to extend it onto more ordinary planes of "research" possibly could

Working chiefly thus far with two or three friends we have got together many hundreds of letters many more are on their way

There are several possible and equally good methods of handling these letters

1. Beyond deletion of identifiers no editing and no selection at all In other words, let chance be the artist the fulcrum and shaper This is beyond any immediate possibility of publication, in any such bulk.

2 Very careful selection the chief guides to be a scientific respect for chance and for representativeness rather than respect for more conventional forms of "reader interest" and b) the induction and education of a reading public for less selected future work

3 Context notes short and uncolored would probably be useful

4 Take certain or all such letters Let them first stand by themselves. Then an almost word-by-word analysis of them, as many-sided and extended as the given letter requires. This could be of great clarifying power

5 Instead of a purely "scientific" analysis, one which likewise allows the open entrance of emotion and belief to the violent degree for instance of rage, rhapsody and poetry

6 A series or book of invented letters treated in any or all of the above ways

These treatments may seem to cancel each other Not at all necessarily I would hope to use them all in the course of time and very likely would try substantial beginning-examples of all in the same first volume.

The value or bearing of such work would come under my own meanings of science religion art, teaching and entertainment.

It should also help to shift and to destroy various habits and certitudes of the "creative" and of the "reading" and so of the daily "functioning" mind

It could well be published in book form or as all or as part of a certain type of magazine I am interested in or as a part of a notebook which I shall say more of later

As a book it should even in its first (Continued on page 154)

STOMPING AT THE GREENSBORO COLISEUM

by Larry Bonko

Where Good in white trunks conquers Evil in black trunks and nobody gives a Schlitz for Gene McCarthy

It is maybe thirty minutes before the main event. Make that Main Event! Subtlety is for the Löwenbräu ads. This is professional wrestling. The posters look undressed without here and there: Main Event! The Masked Infernos versus The Scott Brothers! Four Big Bouts! Smoking in the Lobby!

Thirty minutes or so before the Main Event! Masked Inferno Number One is sitting around in what he calls his ordinary everyday street mask. It is a cloth number in cobalt blue trimmed in black. Very nice.

This is the mask with an extra large hole around the mouth to accommodate a slice of toast or a serving of grits. "They wear the masks to breakfast," confides J. C. Dykes.

Dykes is dressed in tights and a shirt the precise shade of his hair: Type O positive red. Dykes is working with his boys on this night. Usually they go on without him.

Dykes says his guys will wear those damn masks to bed, too, if he hears about somebody prowling the motel and asking questions. The Infernos come from Europe. That is all you get from Dykes.

Dykes said it is easier to get Howard Hughes's phone number than to find out more about his guys.

Consider Dykes and perhaps Dumas *père* was not so demanding of his man in the mask. Yet with Count Mattioli, or whoever it was in the iron mask, the consequence was the wrath of Louis XIV. With the Infernos the mask is making a living, baby, a living.

When the semi-windup is on, The Infernos start to strap on ghastly leather masks. Work clothes. The masks have thick laces in the back. Dykes pulls the laces tight. Maximum security is a fisherman's-bend knot.

If some punk in the ring pulls off a mask, it is all over for J. C. Dykes and The Infernos. Bye-bye to the big money. Bye-bye to $70,000 per.

The masks are their bag, the schtick. If the mask comes off, it is finish to twenty-nine months of building the act in places like Norfolk, Virginia, Fayetteville, North Carolina, and Charleston, West Virginia.

At left: Mr. Wrestling, who below bids good-bye to his wife before setting out for his nightly stint of chicken wings and inside toeholds.

Suppose somebody high up in government spills it about Failsafe. We'll recover. Suppose somebody finds out when Zsa Zsa Gabor was born. She'll live through it.

If the masks go, it is End of Act. It is back to the preliminaries. Or worse. Back to wrestling Victor, the 540 pound bear, or Terrible Teddy, who is also a wrestling bear.

Dykes looks after his boys and their masks because he is the manager. He is what the other wrestlers call a "piece" man because he gets a piece of the action.

Once in a while, if the price is right, Dykes will wrestle at the elbow of his guys in the six-man tag matches. This is bad business for the people who clean up arenas. When Dykes is in the ring the customers throw things at him, including large chairs.

Dykes is not bad when it comes to the double wristlock or the chicken wing or the inside toehold. But what Dykes does best is talk.

"We are the best and the most talked about and the most publicized tag team in the whole world," he says. All the tag teams are modest like that. Go ahead and ask The Amazing Zuma and Haystack Calhoun what they think. Go ahead and ask The Fabulous Kangaroos.

Dykes is right about one thing. The Infernos are quite big on The Tour. The Tour consists of one-night stands in a broad sweep of the middle Atlantic: north to Richmond, west to Charleston, and south to the bright-leaf country.

The Tour is eight years old. It belongs to C&M Promotions and The Tour is doing phenomenal business. The Tour also has a little thing going on television. Weekly programs have beefy Nielsens in twelve rich markets down South, including Miami. "You name it for this part of the country and we're a better attraction," said Joe Murnick, who is the M in C&M. The C is Jim Crockett, who leaves The Tour to Murnick.

Murnick is The Tour to the good old boys and the good old girls who show up, right regular, to see four bouts, twelve wrestlers and ninety minutes of action. The format never changes.

Murnick has wide shoulders and his closely cropped hair is shocking white. Somebody once said that Murnick looks like an alp. Maybe so. But he is friendlier, smarter than an alp and knows what kind of live entertainment sells along with the red-eyed gravy.

One of these days Murnick and Crockett will outdo themselves and maybe a lot of arenas and school gymnasiums will be crushed to splinters by the ticket buyers. One of these days C&M Promotions will develop the absolute attraction in professional wrestling, perhaps an Oriental midget female tag team.

Until then the citizens must make do with what is available. There is Chief Little Eagle, who is three quarters Shoshone. There is Haystack Calhoun, who is 601 pounds. There is Tommie Jones, who is a fine cook, and there is Hiro Matsuda from Japan somewhere and Nikita Mulkovitch from Dubno in the Ukraine.

C&M has made a capitalist of Mulkovitch. This solid, bearded, fearless "dirty" Russian wrestler is as welcome as matches at a pot party. Promoters love him. Customers *(Continued on page 191)*

Photographed by Dan Wynn

The Elevation of Senator Robert F. Kennedy

by Malcolm Muggeridge

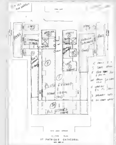
Why do we make martyrs out of ordinary men and ordinary men out of martyrs?

Mass-communication media, especially television, facilitate the Instant Legend. One might even, greatly daring, modify the famous saying of Marshall McLuhan to read: The Medium is the Legend. Never has this been more clearly and dramatically demonstrated than in the case of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Within twenty-four hours of his assassination he was fully equipped with a halo, a hagiography and all the other trappings of martyrdom in preparation for Instant Canonization. It was admittedly, an off-the-peg rather than a custom-built Calvary, In view of the time factor, it had to be. Nonetheless, it served its purpose well. Overnight, the Senator was transformed from a Presidential candidate avidly seeking votes wherever and however he could find them into a martyred saint who had lain down his life for the poor and the oppressed. His whistle-stop tours became a Via Dolorosa, his bruised flesh from too much handshaking before too many cameras became stigmata, and the spurious promises so profusely and unscrupulously scattered were little candles bravely and brightly shining in a dark world—all, be it noted, achieved in a matter of hours, not years or centuries.

The role of a latter-day Christ had already been allotted to the Reverend Martin Luther King, and in any case would scarcely have been appropriate for Senator Kennedy, the younger brother of a martyred President, and himself only at the beginning of the long haul to the White House. His martyrdom, therefore, was conceived in political, rather than moral or spiritual, terms. He died, Mr. Harold Wilson, our Prime Minister, told us, for democracy. Curiously enough, and, I am sure, all unbeknownst to Mr. Wilson, this was in a sense true. It appears to have been Senator Kennedy's advocacy of arms to Israel—a bone thrown to the important Jewish vote in New York—which inflamed his assassin's mind. If such devices are to be identified with democracy (as common practice would suggest), then the Senator may be said to have died for it. Thus his martyrdom may more appropriately be compared with Byron's than Christ's, or even Martin Luther King's, though it is sig- (Continued on page 168)

Photographed by Stettner/Endress

Se[illegible] St. Patri[illegible] Jun[illegible] the [illegible] Nich[illegible] Zumas [illegible] Wald. [illegible] Pete[illegible] under the d[illegible] [illegible] with the consultation of [illegible] by Steve Smith about three o'c[illegible]



Logistics of the Funeral

by Anthony Howard

Preparing his body for sanctification was nothing compared to, say, drawing up the guest list

"Three days," Britain's Duke of Norfolk is said to have kept murmuring after the first Kennedy funeral. "How did they do it?" The echo in the reaction is perhaps that of an old-established firm not quite able to understand the speed and efficiency of a new competitor breaking through into its own line of business.

In Europe the organizing of a public death has always been a slow, majestic process—from the days of the sixteenth-century Emperor Charles V rehearsing his own funeral in a Spanish monastery to the far more recent years spent by Winston Churchill constantly revising the arrangements for his burial from his bedroom in Hyde Park Gate. It has been the peculiar, unwanted contribution of the Kennedys to prove that private tragedy can be turned into public pomp on a crash-program basis.

In 1963 they had three days; last June they had just two—two days in which to plan, prepare and arrange all the aspects of a national ceremonial occasion that are not apparent to the eventual passive television audience. Perhaps the dimension and scale of their technical achievement can be understood only by a fellow professional like the hereditary Earl Marshal of England. But his question was a good one and it deserves an answer. How did they do it?

Curiously, there was never much tightly controlled central direction. There was simply the Kennedy machine with its own built-in continuing momentum. The funeral was (and only the naïve would think the description offensive) "the last great Kennedy advance job": for the men who had worked in the organization it was a triumphant vindication of, rather than a mournful end to, Bobby Kennedy's Presidential campaign.

It all started by necessity in Los Angeles. It was just before two a.m. (California time) on Thursday, June 6, that a haggard, grief-ridden Frank Mankiewicz announced to the world that Senator Robert F. Kennedy was dead. One and three-quarter hours later Pierre Salinger was there in the same (Continued on page 170)

THE KENNEDY CORTEGE

Many were called, a few were chosen

This is the official (and unedited) invitation list for the funeral of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, as composed in two days by the Kennedy staff. The alphabetical keys refer to the seating chart for St. Patrick's (two pages back). Wives are indicated by asterisks. The names on these three pages comprise all the people who were invited to the services in the Cathedral on June 8, 1968.

PALLBEARERS

Douglas Dillon
John Glenn
David Hackett
Lord Harlech
W. Averell Harriman
Robert S. McNamara
John Seigenthaler
Stephen Smith
James Whittaker
[illegible]

USHERS

William Barry
John Doar
Joseph Dolan
Fred Dutton
Peter Edelman
Joseph Gargan
Rafer Johnson
Thomas Johnston
Frank Mankiewicz
John Nolan
Kenneth O'Donnell
Pierre Salinger
Adam Walinsky
[illegible]

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

[illegible]

HONOR WATCH

[illegible]

THE FUNERAL TRAIN

[illegible]

ST. PATRICK'S INVITATION LIST

[illegible]

ST. PATRICK'S INVITATION LIST (continued)

[illegible]

The Skeptics

by Milton Viorst

They are the devil's advocates. They vote no

In medieval times people would probably have said he was possessed by demons—maybe good demons, maybe bad—and even today many people think of Bobby Kennedy as if there had been within him some supernatural presence

Bobby Kennedy was not a politician like others. Depending on your viewpoint, he was Savonarola the Pied Piper, David, Tiberius Gracchus, Cromwell Joan of Arc. He was a mystic in an age of technology a myth in a period of banality He was the hero of an Irish folk fable the villain of a Shakespearean drama. Bobby Kennedy was passion when it was in to be cool he was ardor when all his peers were skeptics he was candor when the going style was hokum Like the medieval witches he had the power to beguile no less than the faculty to frighten Whatever he was Robert Kennedy wasn't commonplace he wasn't familiar and being unique he evoked the most zealous love and hatred of any public figure in recent memory

In an earlier time it was the fate of the bewitched to be burned at the stake. In our own day they're disposed of less ceremoniously by little men who lie awake at night and tremble over impending doom Only in retrospect is it clear that Robert Kennedy's death—like his life—was fashioned out of transcendental matter Bobby's trip through history was brief but it was so fierce that scarcely a soul seemed to go untouched by it

Mary McGrory is one of those who has thought much about Bobby Kennedy's special capacity for lifting the pitch of human feeling She is one of those—and there were many—who felt in copious draughts both love and hatred for Bobby A writer for the *Evening Star* Mary is Washington's favorite columnist deeply admired for her intelligence and perception her high imagery and most of all her intuition and her whimsy She adored the Kennedys, first Jack, then his younger brother and being Irish herself felt a bond with them that readers sometimes mistook for desire Maybe "hate" is too strong a word for the sentiment that Mary held toward Bobby at the end for beneath her solid newspaperwoman's crust is a femininity that seems to preclude fanaticism But Mary as so many of her columns conveyed felt deeply aggrieved about Bobby for he had led her to the mountaintop and then had dropped her down

"I first met Bobby in 1952 when he was working on his brother's Senate campaign in Boston" Mary said "I liked him from the start He was very tough but very straightforward sitting there in his shirt sleeves in campaign headquarters He treated me in a tough respectful way that I took to immediately

"When he talked to you he communicated You *had* to respond to the sort of force he transmitted His emotions were so near the surface He had a good mind but he was a feeling rather than a thinking person He was fantastically intuitive He was Irish remember—brooding intense laughing seeing every issue in terms of good and bad I remember Robert Lowell once said to me at a party 'He is unassimilated isn't he?'

"Bobby wasn't as attractive as Jack I think Jack was the most attractive man who ever lived But Bobby in his way was more appealing He was warmer more vulnerable his feelings were closer to the surface He cared a lot about what people thought of him You could tell there was a kind of melancholy about him

"There was so much urgency and authenticity in Bobby's feelings about Vietnam and the cities He could have convinced anyone of his sincerity So many people were counting on him waiting for him and when it really mattered, he disappointed them."

Mary explained almost confessionally that New Hampshire was the transforming experience for her There she discovered another Irishman named McCarthy There, too she said she discovered the new generation in America and her relationship with Bobby was changed forever

"Bobby had aroused these wonderful young kids to an excruciating point then said 'Sorry I'm for Lyndon' I got mad because he didn't go into the race then I became furious because he did—the day after Gene McCarthy won the primary I honestly couldn't believe it He didn't even let Gene and the young people all around him have a few moments to savor their victory They were bitter and wounded by what Bobby did, and so was I. They were sick I remember one young kid who said to me 'He didn't even give us twenty-four hours so we could raise the money to pay our bills.'

"But Bobby didn't seem to understand what he had done. He didn't think he was breaking any rules He felt that by entering all the primaries, he was letting the people talk He believed that if he made it it would absolve him But he was wrong I don't think he would have been forgiven

"One of my good friends, a real Bobby fancier said to me after New Hampshire, 'Somehow I have the feeling that I'm just not going to get over this' As for myself I hoped when the campaign was finished that Bobby and I would pick up where we'd left off We wouldn't have laughed about it The whole thing hurt too much Maybe we'd have exchanged a few grimaces and left it at that But I'm not sure."

For most people the emotion that Bobby Kennedy evoked was not as raw not as personal not as poignant as Mary McGrory's Certainly most could not express it with Mary's lively Irish fervor But however sophisticated or primitive the emotion was there all out of proportion to the real or imagined reasons at its source People were fascinated by Bobby positively or negatively but they were not persuasive in explaining why Most of them simply reacted to Bobby Kennedy without understanding the mystery of their feelings. Perhaps a demon was at work exacerbating small hurts, enlarging little gratitudes into full-scale passions People were free with their opinions about Bobby while hopelessly inadequate in the evaluations of them On another plane, it was almost as if Robert Kennedy were an aesthetic experience whom you liked or you didn't in the fashion of an Antonioni movie or a Picasso sculpture Much as you analyze either one it still comes down to a question of taste This departure from the cause-and-effect process was perhaps the most curious aspect of the Kennedy phenomenon

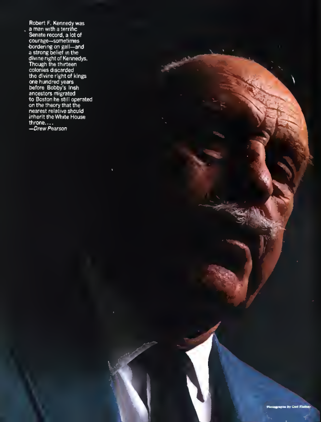
Speaking of the top leaders of the labor movement, Don Ellinger said "They just didn't like him and that was all there was to it" Ellinger political director of the Machinists Union used to work for Bobby during the time he was Attorney General Ellinger remained a strong Kennedy partisan in a generally hostile environment "I used to ask them why they felt so strongly about Bobby and they couldn't really say" Ellinger declared "Oh there were the standard reasons—the persecution of Hoffa and the wiretapping But these are guys who hated Hoffa and didn't give a damn about wiretapping There was much more to it than what they stated There was something irrational about it all"

Hobart Rowen financial *(Continued on fifth page following)*

Bobby Kennedy, with the vast amount of money to buy analysts, organizers and speech writers, was a real threat to democracy. Bobby Kennedy was the product of the public-relations men He had ability, of course, but they *made* him just as they would make a movie star He was the Rudolph Valentino of our day.
—Mayor Sam Yorty

Bobby Kennedy was a conventional politician, cautious to the point of timidity. At the same time, he was emotionally committed to the rhetoric if not the substance of reform. This made for confusion. Lately there were signs that he had come to realize that he was living in revolutionary times, but I doubt if he had the means, intellectually or morally, to cope with the new necessities.
—Gore Vidal

Photographs by Steinbicker/Houghton



Robert F. Kennedy was a man with a terrific Senate record, a lot of courage—sometimes bordering on gall—and a strong belief in the divine right of Kennedys. Though the thirteen colonies discarded the divine right of kings one hundred years before Bobby's Irish ancestors migrated to Boston he still operated on the theory that the nearest relative should inherit the White House throne. . . .
—*Drew Pearson*

Photographs by Carl Fischer

This guy was no idealist. He had a tremendous ability to figure out what was bugging liberals and to move in on the situation . . .
—*Victor Lasky*

(Continuing from fifth page preceding) editor of *The Washington Post* had the same experience in dealing with the potentates of business 'They hated him instinctively,' Rowen said 'They hated Jack too but they hated Bobby more I never understood why because basically Bobby's fiscal ideas—as much as he ever expressed them—were conservative Both he and Jack stood for policies that were good for business But businessmen hated them both

We took a Presidential preference poll last spring and one hundred sixty top business executives in the country answered. Bobby got three votes. When I'd talk to these fellows at meetings, they'd say 'He just isn't safe for the country' or 'He's demonstrated only a sketchy knowledge of economics' But Presidents are notorious in knowing little about economics and these businessmen had no evidence to back up their statements. They'd talk about Bobby's ruthlessness in the steel crisis in 1962 but Bobby's role in that episode was not great I remember that one big man on Wall Street said to me 'Bobby's power hungry overly ambitious and oversexed' I suppose that last reference was to the size of Bobby's family I can't imagine what else he meant As deeply as they felt about him they could never articulate their feelings They had to resort to mumbo jumbo They were playing a hunch that Bobby was bad"

A conservative like Victor Lasky has little trouble articulating his grievances against Bobby Kennedy Lasky, a contributor to William F Buckley's *National Review*, became a professional Kennedy critic with the appearance of *J F K The Man and the Myth* a book which made him famous He has since written *Robert Kennedy The Myth and the Man*, which does a comparable hatchet job on Bobby Lasky is a professional yet, for all his professional detachment, he cannot talk about Bobby, even today, without getting angry His feelings run so high, he says, that sometimes he must remind himself that Bobby is no longer alive. Lasky thinks of Bobby not as the subject of his biography, but as a mortal foe

"That son of a bitch got away with everything' said Lasky, the fury tightly reined in his voice "He was the biggest wiretapper in American history He was an anti Semite in his day He was a dedicated McCarthyite He was one of the biggest supporters of the Vietnam misadventure If Nixon did what Bobby did, Nixon would be crucified There was always a double standard where Bobby was concerned

"If he was such an idealist, why did he have to go after a liberal Republican like Ken Keating when he wanted to run for the Senate in 1964? He lived in Virginia Why didn't he go after Harry Byrd or one of those other Southern reactionaries?

"When he got to the Senate, he set out in search of issues to make the move to the White House He found Vietnam He said he had made a mistake when he supported the war originally My feeling is he changed position for purely opportunistic reasons He never thought of civil rights until 1960 His only interest in the labor movement was the racketeers All his speeches were ghost-written I don't think he mellowed as some say He was just a schemer

"What I don't understand is why the liberals who never forgave Dick Nixon for anything closed their minds about Bobby'

But liberals too were outraged by Bobby sometimes more than the conservatives, the racists, the Republicans. Like others they had more than opinions about Bobby they had emotions, which had little to do with ideology and which far surpassed the grievances they held Politically, those who often seemed most furious with Bobby—those who seemed most affected by the Kennedy demons—were the very Democrats one might have supposed to be his natural allies

Joe Resnick couldn't stand Bobby Resnick, a Democratic Congressman from Upstate New York, was relentless in his dedication to liberal doctrine—at least until Vietnam made a mess of it He was one of those who after Jack's assassination encouraged Bobby to come into New York to run for the Senate But hardly had Bobby announced and begun to campaign than Resnick experienced misgivings Bobby wasn't like the average politician When he came into the district to speak, Resnick found him aloof even cold Resnick was put off by Bobby's indifference to the amenities of political conduct. He said talking to Bobby was like talking to himself

"I remember shortly after the election he called a luncheon meeting of all the Democratic Congressmen in the New York delegation We thought he wanted to discuss the great issues He came very late just as many of us were about to leave What did he talk about? He said he wanted to make the announcement of all the Federal contracts that were handed out in New York. Naturally none of us liked that a bit. And as the months passed by, we found we got a better break from Javits' office than from Kennedy

"I guess I broke openly with him in April, 1966 after he came into my district to speak at a nonpolitical dinner and proceeded to level a major attack on President Johnson It was a total violation of political etiquette He had no right to make a speech like that, in my district without clearing it first with me He knew better and didn't give a damn. It was inexcusable I think Bobby was a demagogue I never trusted him after that and we became political enemies"

Resnick sensed an anti Kennedy swell in New York and as the months passed attacked Bobby with increasing frequency Late in 1967 Resnick announced his candidacy for the Senate and although his ostensible opponent was Jacob Javits, the target of his campaign was Bobby For months, he appeared to be the favorite to win the Democratic primary He insists that sentiment against Bobby was still growing among New York voters when two weeks before the election Bobby was shot On election day Resnick came in last in an extremely close three-way race, but he remains convinced he would have won but for a late surge of sympathy for Kennedy Though Resnick's campaign was based on a calculated anti Bobby strategy Resnick himself persists in his private hostility to Kennedy a hostility unusual in the game of politics—except insofar as it seems to touch Robert Kennedy

Sarah Kavner was another of those who shared that hostility A pretty girl in her early thirties she has been a political pro since the days when the reformers in New York began the long fight to unseat Carmine DeSapio Sarah first met Bobby in 1960 during his brother Jack's Presidential campaign This year she was to be found at McCarthy headquarters

"One evening shortly after Jack's nomination Bobby called a meeting of New York reform leaders' Sarah said 'There were about twelve of us there. He walked in sat down and asked us, one by one, 'Who are you?' and 'Why are you here?' That was reasonable enough but I couldn't stand the way he refused to look at us He just kept staring at our shoes as if we really weren't there at all. Then, without asking for our advice or opinions he made his statement 'Look' he said 'I'm not interested in the differences between you and DeSapio As far as I'm concerned the blood can flow in the streets between New York factions until the next primary I don't care I just want to elect my brother President

"Well, I suppose he was being admirably candid, but he didn't endear himself to us. Bobby didn't give a damn about anything except his own immediate objective He had to have undivided loyalty He seemed to need sycophancy He wasn't interested in any causes and he played ball with every cruddy politician in New York to reach his ends Bobby was not a good guy"

In 1964 Sarah Kavner worked to keep Bobby out of New York and voted for his opponent, Kenneth Keating, in the Senate race In 1968 she became one of the leaders of the McCarthy-for-President movement in New York

Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles was another of those Democrats—more or less liberal—who hated Bobby He too, had good reasons to nourish disproportionate feelings In August 1966 Bobby embarrassed him in a Senate hearing on urban problems by alleging that little was being done for the poor Negroes and whites of Los Angeles Yorty fought back by charging that Bobby was grandstanding in an effort to advance his own chances for the Presidency In the succeeding months Yorty like Resnick became a professional Bobby-baiter presumably on the conviction that it was good California politics

"Bobby Kennedy was the product of the public-relations men" Yorty reminisced "He had ability of course but they made him just as they would a movie star He was the Rudolph Valentino of our day

"Bobby incensed me because he was a demagogue. I remember when he came to Los Angeles and for the first time linked the war in Vietnam with the civil-rights movement That was a great victory for the Communists one of their greatest in decades I don't think Bobby was so smart He just was willing to manipulate emotion

"I liked Jack Kennedy I knew him when we served together in Congress But he had too much money, too, and knew how to use it for political purposes I guess I just don't like wealth particularly inherited wealth In Jack's case it was as if the Eastern establishment were moving in to buy out the West. That makes me nervous It's unhealthy when only a rich man can run for office, especially for the Presidency Bobby, I think was worse than Jack Bobby Kennedy, with the vast amount of money he used to buy analysts and organizers and speech writers, was a real threat to democracy"

Jack Newfield, political writer for *The Village Voice* in New York has a theory on why so many liberals were outraged by Bobby Newfield is a young man of the left who moved from profound hostility toward Bobby Kennedy to unmitigated admiration. Bobby apparently reciprocated the esteem for he often turned to Newfield for information, especially on the thinking of the New Left Through Newfield Bobby acquired a channel to these young radicals, whose fresh ideas seemed to intrigue him Gradually, Newfield became Bobby's apologist a role which cost him much of his credibility as a detached political observer But such was Newfield's dedication that he didn't seem to care. Newfield had great hopes for Bobby and he was most contemptuous not of enemies on the right but of those on the left whose perceptions he believed had failed them

"Bobby showed the liberals their own inadequacies ' Newfield explained in a seedy restaurant in Greenwich Village "He began as a conservative and jumped over a whole generation of liberal thinking—Cold War welfare labor unions He jumped from Joe McCarthy to a kind of post-Stevensonian liberalism and the old timers just couldn't stand it

"Bobby made his break with the Cold War on the Vietnam issue and left so many of the conventional liberals behind He had no emotional commitment to the civil-rights revolution and downgraded integration as a social priority Bobby was for black power He was for job creation and recognized how bad the old welfare system was He made the liberals feel as if they were standing still as if they were not up to the demands of the times—which in fact they are not"

"Look who was for Bobby Michael Harrington, César Chavez, Julian Bond the radical activists of our time The liberals were against him the reform Democrats the Jewish middle class the A D A the labor leadership the purveyors of ideas that Bobby discredited They saw Bobby as a troublemaker a Katzenjammer kid That wasn't their style

'Don't misunderstand me Bobby was no theoretician no dogmatist. He lacked conceptual intelligence He had to have a visual thing to turn him on He was a guy who could see an undernourished Indian child and cry—while no one was around to take his picture He was personal not ideological This was the source of his appeal to little people, blacks and whites. But it was foreign to the liberals, to the Murray Kemptons and Jimmy Wechslers and the whole New York *Post* crowd and that's what so affronted them"

Gore Vidal the novelist, has a less exalted view of Bobby's alienation from the liberals. Vidal who boasts a distant kinship by marriage with the Kennedy family thinks of himself as something of a liberal philosopher During the Republican convention at Miami Beach in August he and William Buckley the conservative conducted a sustained spat as part of A B C's contribution to enlightened television But Vidal had long been a Bobby-hater, dating back it is said to a day in the early Sixties when Bobby called him a name he resented Vidal was convinced that many other liberals shared his view of Bobby as a political phony

'Bobby Kennedy was a conventional politician ' said Vidal in his impeccable prep-school accent, "cautious to the point of timidity At the same time he was emotionally committed to the rhetoric of not the substance of reform This made for confusion Lately there were signs he had come to realize that he was living in revolutionary times but I doubt if he had the means intellectually or morally to cope with the new necessities

"Bobby like the rest of the Kennedys was the product of television. This was new It came along at just the right time for the Kennedys to exploit it, and they knew how to exploit it. You must never rule out the circumstantial side of politics. It was the camera which made the crowds which in turn generated the charisma

"With it all, Bobby was touching in many ways I don't think he himself ever understood what he was all about He knew he had to rise That was ingrained in him from the time he was a boy But he was upset because of these forces he didn't understand. I think he was a continual vacillator, with no sense of how to proceed If he had become President, he would not have known where to go"

Drew Pearson certainly regarded Bobby as a phony liberal Like a metronome, Pearson came back again and again to denounce Bobby in the last year of his life. Something of a liberal himself, Pearson condemned Bobby for his loyalty to Joe McCarthy, his role in tapping the telephones of Martin Luther King and others his effort to embarrass Lyndon Johnson by pressing the Bobby Baker scandal his dubious judgment in the Bay of Pigs fiasco in 1961 Pearson also maintained that "As Attorney General Bobby leaned over backward to protect one of the biggest gas monopolies in the United States Generally he was more tolerant on antitrust cases than the Eisenhower administration, generally considered to be the friend of big business"

But Pearson with the tips of his white moustache bristling went beyond the hard facts he found on the record to reveal the seething anger he felt toward Bobby Kennedy anger he articulated in his usual pungent fashion

"Robert F Kennedy ' said Pearson 'was a man with a terrific Senate record a lot of courage—sometimes bordering on gall—and a strong belief in the divine right of Kennedys. Though the thirteen colonies discarded the divine right of kings a hundred years before Bobby's Irish ancestors migrated to Boston he still operated on the theory that the nearest relative should inherit the White House throne

"After the tragedy of Dallas, Bobby Kennedy disappeared for several days He became distraught, red-eyed and unshaven No man mourned the death of his brother more than the man who was determined eventually to succeed him

"On Johnson's biggest day—his inaugural on January 20, 1965 following his landslide triumph over Barry Goldwater—Kennedy made a show of visiting his brother's grave in Arlington He arrived at the graveside in the morning but because no photographers were around he came back again in the afternoon. There could be no mistaking the message of the picture, which marred L B J's inauguration It was Kennedy's way of reminding the world who should have been President.'

This theme of royalty—of the divine right of Kennedys—is one that constantly recurs in discussions of the emotions that Bobby evoked William V Shannon in *The Heir Apparent*, established a comparison between the Kennedys and the Bonapartes which Murray Kempton embellished in an article in Esquire. In large part this family sentiment was the simple nostalgia that people felt for the brief era of John Kennedy Bobby of course cultivated this feeling by constantly identifying himself with his dead brother He conveyed it to his staff which behaved as if it were a royal court Bobby unquestionably believed that the rules which governed the conduct of other politicians did not apply to him. No one in Washington could mistake that from his Senate suite there was exuded the peculiar odor of Camelot the hypnotizing perfume left behind by his lamented brother Jack.

Victor Lasky the conservative explains Bobby's magnetism for the masses as a "desire for heroes a desire for Camelot when there never was a Camelot People kept insisting that when Jack was alive everyone was happy In reality, Camelot never existed"

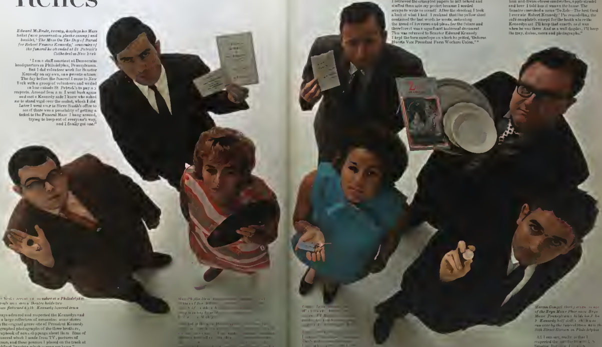
C. Sumner ("Chuck") Stone a black-power militant, said Bobby had only "derivative charisma," dependent on the impact Jack had already made Stone, author of *Black Political Power in America*, said that the New Frontier had meant, for the first time that black men were placed in positions of responsibility The Great Society in contrast, was a plantation system "As for Bobby he had no style and little ability to inspire men' Stone said "but blacks had the feeling that everything would be all right if we'd only get back to the Kennedys"

Steve Cohen a twenty two year-old driving force in the McCarthy for President campaign explained that for his generation John Kennedy gave 'tone and inspiration to our lives' Cohen said that growing to maturity while Kennedy *(Continued on page 194)*

Relics

Edward McBride, twenty, displays his Mass ticket (now preserved in plastic casing) and booklet, 'The Mass On The Day of Burial for Robert Francis Kennedy,' souvenirs of the funeral he attended at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York

"I am a staff assistant at Democratic headquarters in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. But I did volunteer work for Senator Kennedy on my own, as a private citizen. The day before the funeral I came to New York with a group of volunteers and waited in line outside St. Patrick's to pay my respects. Around four a.m. I went back again and met a Kennedy aide I knew who asked me to stand vigil over the casket, which I did. Later I went over to Steve Smith's office to see if there was a possibility of getting a ticket to the Funeral Mass. I hung around, trying to keep out of everyone's way, and I finally got one."



[illegible] Verko, [illegible] usher at a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania movie theatre, holds two pennies flattened by the Kennedy funeral train

"I always admired and respected the Kennedys and have a large collection of mementos: some stones from the original grave site of President Kennedy, autographed photographs of the three brothers, a scrapbook of news clippings about them, films of the funeral which I made from TV, pictures of the train, and these pennies I placed on the track at Frankford Junction which is near my home."

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ken Gaydos, twenty-nine, news director of station KBBI, Los Angeles, with notes Kennedy scribbled on back of an envelope for his California Primary victory speech at the Ambassador

"When Kennedy spoke, I was on the podium a few feet away taking notes on a dwindling roll of paper. I retrieved the crumpled papers he left behind and stuffed them into my pocket because I needed scraps to write on myself. After the shooting I took a look at what I had. I realized that the yellow sheet contained the last words he wrote, indicating the trend of his views and plans for the future and therefore it was a significant historical document. This was returned to Senator Edward Kennedy. I kept the torn envelope on which he jotted, 'Dolores Huerta Vice President Farm Workers Union.'"

Zoltan Herman, [illegible] Café Continental, Fort Wayne, [illegible] autographed menu, pizza tray and dishes K[illegible] used the day before the Indiana Primary

"Senator and Mrs. Kennedy came into my place with a group of reporters. They were given pizza, ham-and-Swiss-cheese sandwiches, apple strudel and beer. I told him it was on the house. The Senator inscribed a menu 'To Zolt—The best food I ever ate. Robert Kennedy.' I'm remodelling the café completely except for the booth where the Kennedys sat. I'll keep that exactly as it was when he was there. And in a wall display, I'll keep the tray, dishes, menu and photographs."

Marcus Gimpel, thirty-seven, owner of the Bryn Mawr Pharmacy, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, holds his J. F. Kennedy half dollar which was run over by the funeral train near the 30th Street Station in Philadelphia

"All I can say, really, is that I respected the [illegible] for [illegible] Senator. But [illegible] Senator K[illegible] [illegible] the coin as a souvenir."

DIAL M FOR MERGER

by Paul Finney

Quick, before the Feds
ruin the action,
consider how one surviving
business conglomerate
could own the whole world

Nothing in recent corporate history in the United States has been quite so controversial as the conglomerate, a somewhat formless but so far successful type of corporation that thrives on Whiz Kid management, daring business ventures and growth as the credo of corporate life. The conglomerate unabashedly seeks to exploit every resource, natural and technological, that this country—and on occasion other countries—has to offer, not in the sense of exploitation for its own sake but out of an impatience with the traditional modes and manners of American corporations. If caution has been the guideline for traditional corporate behavior, risk is the thing that makes the conglomerate run. The conglomerate has hardly any direct connection with hippies, psychedelia, brainstorming "T sessions," or U.F.O.'s, but it does carry just a little of that image, and it is certainly a development of our time and space age. It is the kind of corporate creation that one would expect to pop out of the California landscape, a place where anything goes, and in fact Litton Industries, now a granddaddy of the conglomerate movement, is a West Coast product. Litton's sheer variety resembles a corporate Disneyland: under its conglomerate roof are—among hundreds of products—Monroe adding machines, refrigerated showcases, Louis Allis electric motors, Rust Engineering pulp and paper mills, Hanke syringes and needles for doctors, American Book textbooks, Stouffer frozen foods, multi-contact push-button switches, Modular Dispersed Control Systems for military weapons, Landing Ship Docks (L.S.D.'s), and a contract to improve tourism in Crete.

By old-fashioned corporate standards the conglomerate, whether it be Litton or Gulf & Western or Textron or Walter Kidde, is plainly heretical, and although its proponents consider it to be a hero capable of performing wondrous miracles, some of its critics would just as soon see it burned at the stake in hopes of returning corporate life to the easier, more acceptable conditions of ten or fifteen years ago. The conglomerate has a way of making everyone uneasy, including the highly professional managers who choose to run it and who have placed more faith in its future than anyone else. Not infrequently they consider the label "conglomerate" a curse and wish the word had never been invented. But no one seems to have found a better name for this way of doing business that enables a shipping line, a cosmetics company, a Southern-fried-chicken chain and a burglar alarm company to coexist peacefully under a single corporate management. And—with only slight exaggeration—that is the kind of corporate combination that is a conglomerate.

The conglomerate craze has taken so many forms that a whole new terminology not unlike the one applied to countries (developing, emerging, advanced) has sprung up to describe various states of conglomerate development. There are "emerging conglomerates," "mature conglomerates," and even a company in New York which changed its name from Cold Canyon Mining Company to Conglomerates Inc. Kajac Industries, headquartered in Tucson, likes to label itself a "junior conglomerate." And in Cleveland a company that began life nine years ago as Growth Capital Inc. and built its small business on manufacturing and insurance, has transformed itself into Growth International, Inc., a "mini-conglomerate" with sundry subsidiaries which produce grommets, squeegees, industrial pails and "shot" and "grit" (used for blast cleaning).

The expanding family of conglomerates, in fact, has made room for companies of all shapes and sizes. With quiet verve, Atlanta's J. B. Fuqua bought a clay-products company three years ago, then plunged his Fuqua Industries Inc. into photo processing, power mowers and TV stations, with sales of $60,000,000 last year, and—employing the slide-rule decisiveness of a conglomerate manager on the way up—sold his original holding in clay products when it failed to keep pace with its siblings. One of the more delightful conjugal relationships between corporations involved a Maine railroad that primarily shipped potatoes and a Cuban sugar producer: now a modest-sized conglomerate called Bangor Punta Corporation with 1967 sales of $160,000,000. But what has made headlines on financial pages of newspapers—and led Wall Street's jargon machine to spew out the word "conglamourize"—is the growing cluster of conglomerate giants in the billion-dollar club: not just Litton, with sales last year of $1,561,000,000, but also Ling-Temco-Vought, whose sales between 1966 and 1967 jumped from $468,000,000 to $1,833,000,000, and FMC, 1967 sales $1,313,000,000. While this is not size on the spectacular scale of General Motors (which is roughly ten times larger than the largest conglomerate), it is size on the spectacular growth scale of an adolescent boy who seems taller every time you see him. Equally startling is the infectious attraction of the conglomerate concept for the entire business community: imitating manufacturers that have taken the conglomerate route, banks such as New York's First National City Bank, the nation's third largest, are creating "one-bank" holding companies in which the bank becomes merely one part of a larger, conglomerate-type company.

Conglomerates have found that the fastest route toward bigness is by acquiring and merging with other companies in what may seem to be a helter-skelter fashion. Mail-order house and merchandiser Montgomery Ward joins hands with paper and packaging manufacturer Container Corporation of America, art collector and financier Norton Simon's Hunt Foods and Industries links up with Canada Dry and McCall, and the Penn Central—already a 1968 merger of twin giants, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central, each of which had become railroad "systems" through countless railroad mergers—acquires a leading apparel company, Kayser-Roth. So goes the conglomerate sprint, with 2,975 mergers having taken place last year, according to W. T. Grimm & Company, a Chicago-based financial consulting firm which keeps track of such things. And Grimm notes that the number of mergers in 1967 was twenty-five percent greater than the number during the previous year. "Pretty soon, the country's business will be in the hands of one surviving conglomerate, the General National A to Z Corporation," says one corporate watcher on Wall Street.

The same thought, in more serious form, has been occurring in the corridors of the Federal Trade Commission, which, along with the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, serves as watchdog over any corporate activities that tend to lessen competition. By the broad definition used by the commission, some eighty percent of mergers that occurred last year were of the conglomerate breed. Various studies examining the concentration of economic power in the United States have not exactly helped the conglomerate cause: one showed that at the current rate of expansion the two hundred largest companies would control sixty-seven percent of the country's manufacturing assets by 1975. In July the commission's Bureau of Economics embarked on an investigation into the "relationship between conglomerate mergers and technical or business efficiencies," "the economic performance of conglomerate firms in the same market place," and "the effect of conglomerate mergers on the competitive vigor of enterprises by their change in status from independent firms to subsidiaries or divisions of conglomerates." And, not purely by accident, the Justice Department last July boldly broke up the interlocking directorships of sixteen companies that do business in somewhat unrelated fields—autos, retailing, machinery, and oil—thereby challenging the inviolability of conglomerates to antitrust action. By forcing directors to resign from the boards of corporations that are merely partial or indirect competitors, the antitrusters may be laying the groundwork for an attack on conglomerates whose executives, in the rush-hour traffic of mergers, may find themselves caught sitting on the boards of competing subsidiaries.

Curiously, while seeking to grow bigger as a corporate goal, *(Continued on page 185)*

A Season of Silk Shirts, Fine Fur Coats, Other Old Elegances

This, for men, is a season of such elegance and high fashion as, for too long a while, seemed forever gone. It is a season with the smell of fine leather and the swagger of the long coonskin coat, which, on bitter-chill Saturday afternoons in other autumns, used to cut such an imposing figure at places like Palmer Stadium and the Yale Bowl. It is a season of luxurious silk shirts and sweeping great coats that have the *hauteur* of something on the back of a marshal in the Napoleonic Wars. No matter what indications to the contrary, all taste and tone have not yet vanished. On this page, for example, are some of the superlative new silk shirts being made by Gant. They are worn here by the cast of Mart Crowley's estimable play *The Boys in the Band*: Laurence Luckinbill (bottom right), Leonard Frey (next left), Kenneth Nelson (bottom left), Cliff Gorman (above him), Robert La Tourneaux (to Gorman's left), Peter White (above left), Frederick Combs (top center), Reuben Greene (at Combs's left), and Keith Prentice. The shirts, which come in both checks and bold stripes on a natural-silk background, have either French or barrel cuffs and either a spread collar or a long straight one that, when pinned, is invested with the imprint of the Twenties. They cost $25; the wide silk ties, which are by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $12.50. Other evidence of this season's evocation of the immense swank of other years is to be seen in the pages following.

Photographed by Steinbicker/Houghton

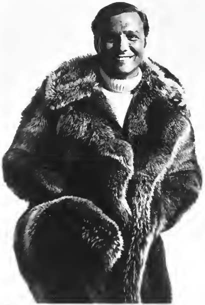
Esquire Predicts: The Easy Suit

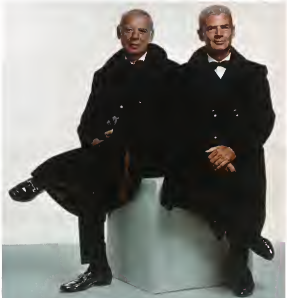
One of the nicest things about The Peacock Revolution is the practicality of so many of its stylings. Take, for example, the Easy Suit. In this case, "easy" means "easy to interchange," for this is a suit that can be just as easily worn with turtleneck in the country as with shirt and tie in the city. Here is the way it is being interpreted in four European fashion centers. At the left, Hitman of Milan, via Sebastiano Caboto, 30, gives the Regency treatment to a blue-and-white diagonal wool knit suit, bonded to tricot for shape retention. Testa of Rome, via Fratina, 104 (below, top left), combines a double-breasted pea-coatish jacket with camouflage-printed, collarless cotton shirt and matching wide-legged slacks. To the right, [illegible] London's Peter [illegible], 13-A Old Burlington Street, working in grey wool flannel, cuts a shaped fly-front jacket with a shirt collar. The trousers are slightly flared. The collarless jacket at the bottom, like the trousers, is of polyester and wool Donegal-type tweed. It was designed by Schreiber & Hollington of Paris, and we found it at Pub Department Store in Stockholm.

The Fashions of Fur-bearing Men

Everything considered, it may be just as well if there aren't many chinchilla coats for men this winter, for Patrick Dennis had a point when he observed of this pelt that though it is said to be more chic than mink it reminds him of unborn burlap. Still, there will be men's coats of practically every other fur, and some of them, of course, will look simply god-awful. But the point is that others will have authentic elegance—and quite a bit of variety, too. The coats on this page prove that not all fur-bearing men are likely to be mistaken for one another. To the left, Kenneth J. Lane, a designer whose jewelry is a way of life with the people called "beautiful," wears a maxi-coat created by Estévez for Radley Furs. It has the sweep and authority and great, great style of something dashing young officers would have worn to an Imperial ball in the Winter Palace. Made of dyed Russian sable paws, it has an oversize collar and lapels, is flared from the high shaped waist and has angled flapped pockets. The double-breasted front closes with buttons finished in textured gold. It is about $1,000. But for those whose taste runs to knee-length outercoats, there is the one above, worn by Dr. John M. Bishop, a New York physician whose Total Environment Spa recently opened on Madison Avenue. His coat is of South American spotted cat and has a collar of ranch mink. An Allen Case design by Sheryll Allen, Inc.; it costs $1,200.

The Return of the Native: The Coonskin Coat Comes Back

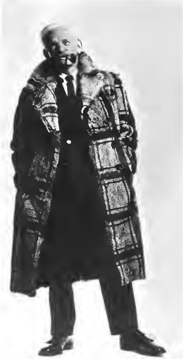


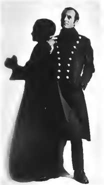


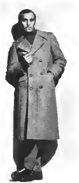
We do it such a disservice, looking upon it as part of the era's wonderful nonsense, like autographed slickers or *vo-do-deo-o-do*, instead of as one of the time's graces, like Eliot's poetry, Dempsey's punch, the dancing of the Astaires, or the prose that came out of the quarters over the sawmill in Paris. We treat the coonskin coat as a joke. But this is out of our ignorance. People who knew that it was one of the splendors of the Twenties have kept a more civil tongue, among them Fitzgerald in *A Short Trip Home* and O'Hara in *Appointment in Samarra*. Imagine Kissing *Pete* and *The Doctor's Son*. ("He wants one of those goddam raccoon coats. When I was a boy the only people that wore them drove hearses.") But the main point to be made here is that the coonskin, which is as much Americana as "Gee, Dad, a Wurlitzer!" is that it disappeared from our winters only because the Depression made its cost prohibitive. But now Bill Blass for P.B.M. has brought it back. Here it is worn by Edward Zielinsky, proprietor of an estimable New York restaurant called The Grenadier. As maxi-long as coonskins were in the Twenties, it has a belted back, flaming red lining, and costs $1,200. To the left of Mr. Zielinsky at the top, advertising executive Richard Kenerson wears a brown-dyed Norway seal parka with leather piped zipper front, stand-up collar, and a brass-buckled leather belt visible only in front (Mr. Fred for Fur and Sport, $750). Below him, Gary Smith, producer of television's *Kraft Music Hall*, also wears a creole-dyed hair seal from Norway, in his case in the form of a short, six button, double breasted coat with notched collar, big leather buttons, side vents, and a belted back (Ritter Brothers, $950). From left to right above are Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, who, in tandem, are billed, and with good reason, as "America's preeminent duo-pianists." What they are wearing summons up the great, swirling age of concert-going. Whittemore has on a black impresario coat of Swiss Viscose pile. It is double-breasted, long, flared, and has a huge mink collar and a waist-high inverted pleat in back (Stanley Blacker, $300). Lowe's coat, also impresario-style, is of Alaskan seal. It is shaped double breasted, and has a collar of black Persian lamb (Andre Simon for Georges Kaplan, $2,500).

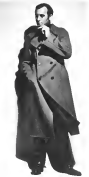
The Maxi–a great coat in more ways than one

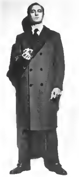
In the case of men's clothes, what makes any return to the past such a special pleasure is that frequently the derivation is an improvement upon the original. There is always the quickening of one's nostalgia, of course—the evoking of images out of what seems in retrospect to have been the best time of all—but often there is the possibility that some recent technological discovery will invest the copy with qualities that were unattainable in the unenlightened time of the model. Certainly this is true of the present renewal of interest in leather, for in addition, as a fringe benefit, an extra added attraction as it were, to its arousing our remembrances, there is the fact that leather now happens to be a far better clothing material than it was when it was used for the flying jackets of lost heroes like Hobey Baker. Now it is supple where once it was stiff, for, until recently, the dyes used in the tanning process starched rather than softened. And then, too, animal fats are now removed and emollient agents added, and, after that, such aniline dyes as were not even envisioned at the time of World War I are used to bring out the natural qualities. The point is that old elegance becomes contemporary elegance only when it is enhanced by the discoveries being made in contemporary laboratories. This is why the current evocation of old élans is probably unique in the history of male wearing apparel: not only are ageless styles being revived, but they are being produced in substances that are miracles of modern technology. Now such a maxi coat as the one at the right, worn here by the New York artist John Groth, whose work has often graced these pages, is something very special indeed by virtue of what can now be done with fur. In this case, a giant Glen Plaid pattern is stenciled on greyish brown Chinese marmot, giving an effect that would have seemed impossible in the fur technology of a few years ago. The style is shaped, six-button double-breasted, with a vast, sprawling collar and more than merely ample pocket space. The coat is by André Simon for Georges Kaplan and the price is approximately $695.







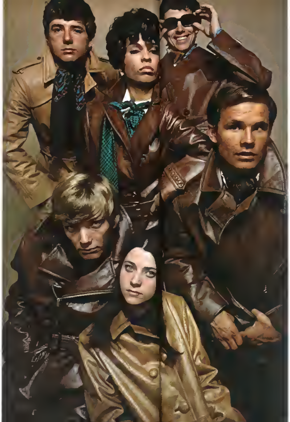




On this page Chico Baldacci, real-estate-management executive, wears four other examples of the maxi, which is a great coat in more ways than one. It has such authority that it fairly swirls on a man, transforming him into some swashbuckling figure out of the Napoleonic wars. Besides, it is protection against the weather when the wind blows free. At the top left is Foxhunt of Belgium's black Terital and wool interpretation, which also has the swank of a cardinal-red satin lining. The diagonal double-breasted front has silver-finish buttons. Shape is accented by concealing the slash pockets in front seams. The back is vented and belted. The collar, quite obviously, is Napoleonic no end. It costs $110 at Serendipity 3 in New York City. To the right of it is a Cardin creation that does le maitre proud. Of all-wool brown Donegal tweed, it has a six-button, double-breasted closure, an overlay square cape yoke, and a back vent that stops at the half belt. It is shaped all the way from the high armholes to the pronounced flare at the bottom. The matching slacks are cut with frontier belt loops and pockets, and the high mock-turtle wool sweater alternates cinnamon, black, and white bold horizontal stripes. The coat is $225, the slacks $50, and the sweater $60. All are available at Bonwit Teller in New York. At the bottom left, from Italy via Cerruti in Paris, is a maxi in brown double-faced diagonal-weave cashmere-and-wool. An eight-button double-breasted, it has a Regency collar, slashed pockets, raglan sleeves, deep center vent, double back belt with buttons and wide welt seaming throughout. It is $225 at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth. The fourth of the European-made maxis is a dressy town coat in vicuna-shade wool with a brown Persian-lamb shawl collar. It was designed by Maximilian for B. Teller of Vienna. The buttons are brown silk braid, the pockets angled, and the back vent, as in the other three coats, is cut high. It is $160 at the Fifth Avenue Whitehouse & Hardy in New York City.

A New Look to Leather

Under the heading "Leather," the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has 6846 words three or four of which are really quite interesting. Still, there are several things that the *Britannica* omits. The most important is that, of all materials used in clothing leather has the most personality As a matter of fact It is because of this that it experiences such fluctuations in popularity A few years ago, for instance, leather's lot was not a very lucky one This was strictly a case of guilt by association The sight of leather on Brando and his wild ones as they coared into town on their motorcycles gave it an inimical image, hinting of anarchy and atrocities Nor was the cause of leather much helped by its presumed appeal to the readers of such sado-masochistics as *Exotica* and *Spankers Monthly* But the point about leather is that it always survives such misfortunes It is not for nothing that it is often referred to as the most masculine of all materials. It is also one of the most romantic, the most glamorous summoning up by the mere mention of its name the vision of the American cowboy—his saddle, his jerkin his boots, and so on. And it also suggests fliers in the First World War The very word reminds you of somebody like Buddy Rogers or Richard Arlen or Gary Cooper as he gets into the cockpit, a lady's white silk scarf around his neck and always he is wearing that leather jacket as he pulls the goggles down over his eyes and gives that gallant little wave And of course leather was the uniform both of S.S Troops and Montgomery's Desert Rats And, finally leather is a smell—one of the richest and most meaningful smells in the world, suggesting not only cowboys and World War I aviators but also club chairs and the volumes in a university library This winter would be a lot less



elegant were it not for what a number of esteemed designers and manufacturers have been achieving with leather Here some of the new leather jackets and coats are worn by the attractive young people involved in the making of a movie called *Recess* At left on the bottom of opposite page Michael Patton wears a three-quarter-length antiqued leather coat (Braier of Amsterdam $110) which has a belt, center vent, lower flap pockets a detachable pile lining and a front zipper that veers off to give a diagonal closure at the top. Drout Miller (top left) wears a Mighty Mac eight-button trench coat in a Palomino naked leather ($200) which has epaulets lower slash pockets notched collar, and zip-out pile lining Christopher Wines (in dark glasses) has on a Cortefiel de España trench coat of golden-tan naked leather ($175) which has a four button double-breasted front epaulets, slash pockets front and back yokes and deep center vent It is from Spain and has downright *duende* Below Wines is Charles Brummitt in a short trench coat (by Stuart Nelson for Windbreaker $140) that has a huge collar, bag-style flap pockets and an inverted back pleat that goes all the way up to the waist The leather coats on the two young ladies in the rest are by Cortefiel At the bottom is Aimée Oliver above her Gwen Mitchell Above are Rale Royce Johnson (left) the director and William E Barnes, the producer, of *Recess* Johnson wears an antiqued cuir sauvage six-button double-breasted coat (by Robert Schafer for Burma Bibas $275) which has a Regency-style collar, wide lapels angled pockets, a deep center vent a full back yoke, and a half front yoke. Barnes's coat has a scarlet-and-yellow lining of wool and Trevira raglan sleeves a stand-up collar, silver-finish toggle closures (By John Weitz $175)

The Very Rich Are Not Ugly and Tired Like You and Me

by Patrick M. McGrady Jr.

For instance, they can afford embryos, aromatics and Methedrine injections to recapture their youth

"Roses and jasmine they are fantastic! Jasmine is highly erogenous. Both the man and the woman who smell it are aroused by it."
—Dr. Ivan Popov, one of several rejuvenators

"I am not only a prostitute," said Ivan Popov, M.D., former physician to King Peter II of Yugoslavia and versatile rejuvenator, "but a pimp."

Crushing his Gauloise in a clay ashtray on the hand-hewn oak table in his Midi farmhouse, he added: "I am also, by the way, a hermaphrodite."

The remark startled me. He was a rugged Slav, on the under side of sixty, with tragicomic blue eyes, furrows on his cheeks and brow that bespoke an animated life, and a Byzantine basso that was growing huskier with each infusion of Pernod 45.

"A hermaphrodite?"

"Yes, because I look like a man—*mais je suis con*."

I laughed at his little joke, immensely relieved at not being invited to contemplate some monstrous gonadal configuration.

Popov regrets not only having sold out, but especially having sold out so cheaply. *That's* why he is *con*. His revolutionary ideas on cosmetics, perfumes, hair preparations and various rejuvenating agents have made millions for his clients, he says, yet he is still a poor man.

Popov farms a small area of his lawyer-brother's eighty-six acres in the south of France, near the village of Opio. His home is an old mill he converted with his own hands. Dark, cool, and cavernous, it exudes a quiet, rustic simplicity that becomes strangely majestic with familiarity. The four-hundred-year-old millstone, large enough to support a wheel of fortunes or a small circus act, is situated on the raised level of the salon, near the yawning fireplace. The floor is composed of tree sections, the cracks filled with cement. The olive press still radiates a slightly acrid odor, even though it was permanently retired last season (or perhaps the season before). The furniture manifests the effort of Popov's back, his sinewy forearms and callused palms. Every line, every object testifies to Popov's credo that nature must always carry the design.

If some doctors board the medical fringes uniquely for financial enrichment, that cannot be said of Popov. He is in the game for its high challenge and enjoyment. Life is to be lived *sans calcul*. Pleasures, like the best beefsteak, are to be taken raw. Beautiful women are created to be loved.

With this philosophy, money tends to disappear quickly. When it does, the fun stops. Popov shelves his latest inspiration, takes a deep breath—and looks for an "assignation." This is the hard, the hateful part of living. Not that there is any dearth of buyers for his services. Cosmetics manufacturers are always eager to have him brew a new product, or produce an improvement on interesting new patents. "This," boasts Popov, "is easy work. I do this *after* ten o'clock in the morning. *Before* ten [he rises at four-thirty] when my mind is fresh, I do serious work. In the afternoon I do such nonsense as to talk with *you*."

Popov pioneered the introduction of placenta and embryo extracts into cosmetics, and of antiseptics into shampoos. His background covers the map of Europe. He got his first M.D. in Naples, another in Belgrade, studied in Germany and France, has taught biology and chemistry. During World War II he fought alongside the Chetnik leader Draža Mihajlović, then emigrated to England and worked as a physician with P.O.W.'s. He has experimented with any number of rejuvenation ideas (royal jelly, embryo extracts, cell therapy, biostimulants, hair restoration), but believes that the future of rejuvenation lies with aromatics.

It was Sevek—a soulful cosmopolitan, shaggy-maned painter of cats that looked like *gamines* and *gamines* who look like cats—who suggested I get in touch with Popov. Sevek, whose atelier is perched on top of the rocky prominence of Eze-Village on the Grande Corniche, had been a patient of Popov's. "If you want to meet the one man who knows everything there is to know about rejuvenation," said Sevek earnestly, "then you have got to see Popov."

Popov does know his subject. Perhaps not *all* there is to know, but he displays a staggering familiarity with the lore. Moreover, although he has kept a long and at times painful silence on important matters, he wanted to talk. Not only about himself, but about his patients (always nameless) and his colleagues (always named, but who cannot be named here). He would say, for example, "Unfortunately I cannot give you the name of this patient because if I could, all your doubts about regeneration would vanish. You couldn't find a better-known name among the people who stay young."

Or: "The best of all in aromatics is Professor X, the head of state research for Country A. He works on the side for private companies. If I am a prostitute, my God, he is the mother of all prostitutes! But he knows the problem and the possibilities."

Or: "If you go to Country B, you must see Dr. Y. He's done very nice work. He is a different type of prostitute. I am a simple Belgrade prostitute. He is a *cocotte de luxe*."

While I was unable to see Professor X, I did see Dr. Y—and he was cast exactly as Popov had characterized him.

Popov first began experiments in rejuvenation after the war in Krefeld, Germany, on recently released Yugoslav P.O.W.'s. Extensive double-blind studies (where neither doctor nor patient is aware of the identity of the injected material) with incubated eggs—chicks whose hatching has been interrupted—gave startling results. Emaciated P.O.W.'s given incubated-egg embryos recovered from their assorted miseries far more quickly than the controls; their memory loss (practically epidemic among P.O.W.'s) was considerably less; they suffered fewer aftereffects of concentration-camp life, fewer diseases, and gained weight more rapidly.

Unhappily, Popov's results were leaked to the press, and regeneration-hungry Europeans everywhere began to eat incubated-egg embryos (the egg yolks were separated from the whites and, while still warm, swallowed whole) for breakfast. There were good results, to be sure, but there were also casualties when the incubation failed (producing toxic embryo cadavers).

Another European youth doctor who now works in the U.S. says that egg therapy originally was started by a postmenopausal Soviet woman doctor who boasted that her ill-timed pregnancy was due to incubated eggs. During the war the Germans worked with incubated eggs on the Rothschild estate just outside the Austrian city of Linz. Projekt Joi, as it was called, involved some three hundred patients (male and female) and was administered by fifty scientists brought from various European countries. Results were said to have been good, the patients experiencing renewed vigor and stamina. When the Nazis fled that part of Austria, the Russians took the entire research group back to the Soviet Union and continued the incubated-egg experiments. The youth doctor shipped by the Russians escaped to the West where he hit upon the gimmick of adding young *human*-testicle extracts to the chicken-embryos. Prospective rejuvenates listened breathlessly as the doctor described the subterfuges he had to use to procure the fresh, adolescent glands from monk initiates of a Riviera monastery. His $10,000 to $25,000 price tag for these embryo-*cum*-human-testicle injections only made his mogul clientele more enthusiastic than ever for the treatment.

Although Popov's more simple if less titillating incubated-egg-embryo experiments showed great promise, they did not impress British universities where he sought admission to conduct basic research into bio-medical revitalization. Having become a British citizen, he was then forced to return to France. Finding work there was never a problem. The egg therapy had become famous, and one Paris institute leaped at the chance to exploit it. Popov prospered, but the experience revolted him.

"I had to deal with old trouts who came because their titties had been hanging, and elderly gentlemen who had a new girl friend and wanted to take advantage of her. As soon as I saw a woman coming with a lot of feathers and flowers in her hair I ran away. I had prostituted myself. Still I had dozens and dozens of cases I could treat."

Two years later, he chucked the Paris job and retreated to his brother's spread in Opio. He began to farm chickens, English bantams, and to build up his own practice. It was better than taking patients potluck at the institute. Here he could take them or leave them.

He kept careful records, matching his layers and patients. It occurred to him that one group of chickens was giving infinitely superior results. Curiously enough, these were chickens that had been sick from coccidiosis (a barnyard disease), so sick in many cases that their embryos had died.

Until then, he had believed that the healing power in his eggs came from what Alexis Carrel had called "trephones," or special nutrients. It was a reading of the Russian ophthalmologist Vladimir P. Filatov that convinced him otherwise. The ailing egg embryos more likely contained what Filatov had termed "biostimulants," certain ill-defined ephemeral substances produced by a suffering organism's cell to help promote survival.

"Have you ever noticed," says Popov, "that children after they've recovered from a sickness, grow much faster? Have you ever noticed with a wound, a cut, a scar, that on the surrounding tissues the hair grows faster and better?"

Any one of several infections presumably could create biostimulants, but Popov quickly found a much easier, safer, more efficient method. He simply turned the incubating eggs upside down once a day. This forced the tiny embryos to struggle against gravity and, in so doing, produce powerful biostimulants.

Popov began to think of pharmacological applications for these egg biostimulants (he had studied with the Belgrade pharmacologist Professor Pavlovich). Why not put them into cosmetics?

Although the eventual commercial success of this idea was broader than he ever dreamed, it did not work out exactly as he had hoped.

With his initial experiments, Popov got quite promising results with placental tissue—theoretically a natural biostimulant factory because of the mother's prolonged labor. Yet once one of Popov's clients discovered that placenta from caesarian deliveries could be obtained much more cheaply than regular placenta, it was used almost exclusively in hair preparations. But these results were practically nil (since, according to Popov, the surgical intervention deprived the placenta of any biostimulant production caused by labor).

"Oh my God," says Popov hotly, "when I think of the dirty piggish nonsense that is being sold under the name of placenta!"

Always trying to infer medical principles from nature, Popov pioneered in the application of royal jelly to face preparations. This, too, became a worthless gimmick in commerce. Conceivably, surmises Popov, one might benefit from large amounts of royal jelly, "but you would have to feed a human being on the same scale that a queen bee is being fed, at least two to three grams [daily], and it would cost hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

"I was always prostituting myself always trying to make something which could be sold My life was a constant fight with my bank. I had to make money."

Whenever he could steel himself to work full time for a commercial client, he made money. But once his outstanding debts were paid and he had a small bank account, Popov would go back to youth-doctoring on his own.

Popov and the multimillionaire hair king Lynn Akers planned to engage in a gigantic, wholesale rejuvenation business (using Popov's savvy) for corporation executives. For $5,000 per month per chest, a business could ship its senescent directors to the Akers-Popov regeneration clinic and hope to get a few more years out of them. It would have operated similarly to a Maine Chance sort of enterprise—but using the best hard-core-rejuvenation therapies. An eventual break between the two men put an end to the idea, however.

Could the rejuvenation farm really have worked?

Popov thinks so.

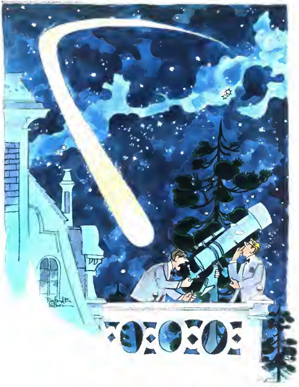
With proper selection of clients (weeding out the basically infirm) so as to treat only the rejuvenable, Popov estimates that at least three-fourths could be made to feel years younger.

What specifically can one do to protect one's hair?

"Look, let's not start giving people psychoses. All you have to do is start thinking that you're going to lose your hair and you'll start losing it. If I start telling you anecdotes about bald people, you'll laugh your head off." Somewhat reluctantly, Popov offered the following advice for men with hair problems. It should be noted that many American dermatologists (such as Manhattan's Norman Orentreich) do not view the problem as Popov does.

"We lose our hair because we use bad shampoos," says Popov. "If every male before puberty were given a good shampoo you'd cut the number of bald people to about one in twenty or one in thirty.

"But every shampoo on the market is a bad shampoo. They are all based on chemical detergents. Before they were based on soap (catastrophic for the hair because you change a basically acid condition into an alkali). The answer is biological detergents. But they're expensive. If I told you what they were, my clients would drop me. The shampoo you buy doesn't cost more than ten cents to make. Before you leave I'll give you a bottle of shampoo which you cannot buy and which I cannot sell to you. I'll give it to you to show that you can make a good shampoo. But it costs me a dollar to make it. I make it for my personal use, for my friends and for my children." (The bottle he gave me was small—eight ounces—but it



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

lasted several months and was unquestionably the best I had ever used. It kept dandruff away, and my hair was soft and shining.)

Popov continued: "The shampoo is made of biological detergents, three or four of them which clean, which foam and are combined with tensioactives and antiseptics which are not harmful.

"Egg shampoos are definitely good. But, unfortunately, they are usually combined with soaps or chemical detergents which kill the benefit of the egg.

"If you think there is any real difference between the stuff you normally wash your hair with and what you wash your car with, you're wrong. They're exactly the same except that the one is cheap and the other is expensive and has a little perfume and natural essences.

"A good dandruff shampoo would contain twenty percent of G11 and, let's say, ten percent of G4. Put them into any shampoo and you will get good results. But it's better if you put them into a biological shampoo."

He counsels hair brushing. "It's good," he said, "if you have the right brushes. The wrong brush is a split brush. You tell by using a magnifying glass. If the ends are not split you can use the brush. For once I am for the synthetic product rather than the natural. Nylon brushes are excellent. Clean them with any detergent in tepid water."

Scalp massage is also good, he says. "I strongly advise massage. But don't rub the hair. Just put your fingers down on the scalp and move the scalp around to circulate the blood."

With his third tumbler of Pernod and his fourteenth Gauloise, Popov began to talk about himself.

"I am a very old man, actually. With old men, as with cars, you don't ask about the year the car came out. You ask how many miles. And, my God, my life . . . the mileage has been terrific!"

During the war Popov was parachuted into enemy territory eleven times. At forty-seven he suffered an infarction. The wear and tear of battle and his weak heart have made deep inroads on his physique. Still, Popov lives a life that scrupulously omits none of its wear-and-tear pleasures.

"I smoke sixty cigarettes a day. I drink as much red wine and pastis as I wish. I'm doing everything that shouldn't be done in a cardiac condition—*because I know that I can keep my body regenerated*."

When he undergoes his periodic special "cures," however, Popov avoids excess. "I never go to bed later than ten. I have a regular siesta. I get up at four thirty in the morning. I always introduce a live element into my diet. I eat vegetables right from the garden . . . lots of oysters . . . radishes . . . I eat raw meat . . . I adore drinking blood. It's a very bad habit. I drink it like I would milk. I put a little salt and pepper on top of it. I did it regularly in Paris when I'd go out to collect fresh organs for my experiments. I make my children drink milk fresh from the cow."

Popov regards man's "natural" aging as premature and unnecessary. "I think that man as an animal is getting old too soon . . . and for too long a time. Look at the animals in a natural state. The older they are, the stronger they are. Then they die. And we spend half of our lives senile, impotent. It's due to bad nutrition, an abnormal way of living, the stress under which we live.

"The animal eats living grass, or he kills and eats the live body of his victim. Even if he eats a putrid body—there is nothing more 'alive' than a cadaver, do you understand?"

It wasn't until I formed a mental picture of a deceased maggoty animal that I understood what he was driving at. He laughed.

"We humans, though, are cooking, sterilizing, pasteurizing, disinfecting everything we come in contact with. You saw my two children. There is no Mercurochrome or iodine in this house. I let them fall, become infected. It's a lesson for you Americans. In the hospital, where European patients would stay two or three days, Americans would stay ten times as long. Their bodies would worsen because they haven't been used."

In attempting to drum up a large rejuvenation clientele, most practitioners merely reveal the emptiness of their pretensions and the commercial nature of their enterprise, Popov says.

"I know all of my colleagues' work. *Nine tenths is just bluff, bluff, bluff.* But they do get results. You cannot, however, concentrate on just one method. I once thought that the embryo would solve the problem. The embryo is not going to solve any problem."

Medicine, Popov feels, is necessarily an individual matter. A pair of twins suffering from the same disease has to be treated differently. Ultimately, he asserts, the culprits are the scientists who allow pharmaceutical firms to publish their work in its experimental stages.

"How much nonsense have I spoken and written in my life? I found out I didn't have the right to trust myself. All the books I read when I was studying medicine are now a laughing matter . . . nonsense called established truths . . . which change from day to day. I am sorry for every line I have written and published."

Nothing, he says, can replace the physician's carefully considered prescription for each patient. "In the old days, when a child was sick, the doctor gave him the best medicine for what ailed him. Today they don't do it. They give him what is commercially available. . . . Something good for ten thousand people cannot be good for one man—except perhaps antibiotics or aspirin. Nothing else."

In rejuvenation therapy the physician is plagued by rich patients with superficial complaints—usually psychogenic.

"I don't want to be known as a rejuvenator. I don't want Rolls-Royces and Packards coming with a lot of impossible characters because I know I'd lose my temper. In my forties I accepted them. . . . I bound up the titties and rears by improving the general condition of the body through cell therapy . . . but today I would kick them out."

Ideally, he believes, a rejuvenator should handle no more than a half-dozen senescent patients—rigorously checking up on each treatment. When wholesale rejuvenation begins, the youth doctor begins to cheat. Because of the lure of profit, he says, cell therapists, for instance, almost inevitably wind up compromising their integrity. "If you do it honestly . . . you go bankrupt," he says.

"I am honest. Perfectly dishonest in cosmetics. Because I accept publicity—although not in my name—and knowing perfectly well that it's false. I tell them the truth. They do what they want. But when it comes to medicine there is no money which could buy me. You could offer me a hundred thousand dollars to treat somebody, but if I knew I couldn't do anything for him, I wouldn't treat him."

Popov has been hindered in his research by a lack of funds. The small plowed patch of ground in front of his house, the handful of chickens and rabbits, homemade coops and hutches are his laboratory. Given the means, he would explore cell therapy by trying to discover precisely which benefits the cells yield to their human recipients. This would entail correlating the data gathered by the reputable cell therapists (he thinks the French are the best—next to Niehans) and doing extensive double-blind control studies.

He would also check out sulfadiazine, which his colleague A. Ravina of Paris called a veritable process of rejuvenation—in no less an esteemed medical organ than *La Presse Médicale* (June 19, 1965). Ravina claims to have significantly lengthened the lives of animals and obtained amazingly good results from his human patients by giving them sulfadiazine in conjunction with B vitamins, calcium pantothenate and magnesium ascorbate. In his eight years of experiments, Ravina had noted radical improvements in patients' hearing, vision, general activity, genital function, tissue condition, and circulation. He viewed sulfadiazine as a rejuvenating agent and a prophylactic "in the prevention and retardation of aging."

As Popov began to speak of the possibilities of rejuvenation therapy, the *mea culpa* attitude disappeared. Suddenly he became positive and enthusiastic. He began to explain a new—yet very old—rejuvenation idea: regeneration through perfumes.

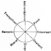
Perfumes?

"I consider that the future belongs to a combination of biological and aromatic (which are also biological) substances. Chemists analyze everything. They know exactly what perfumes consist of. But only in its *natural* form does it have an effect. With chemistry, the results are never constant, and highly doubtful. The trouble with natural products is that they are expensive and industry cannot make money on them."

If anything is going to revolutionize the field of rejuvenation in the next few years, says Popov, it's going to be aromatics (especially stimulant and tranquilizing aromatics). Alone, they have incredible properties. Used in conjunction with other treatments they often possess a powerful synergism, greatly accelerating and augmenting the regular beneficial effects. Moreover, their application is utterly simple. With aromatics rejuvenation can be performed at home in the bath tub or bottled in an after shave lotion. They are easily preserved, easily dispensed, and have a constant quality—unlike, say, cell therapy.

Aromatics are different essences extracted from flowers, plants and animals. Some smell good, others smell bad. They were the backbone of Egyptian medicine, which had classified—albeit very capriciously—some seven hundred different substances. Basically, Popov has taken over where the sixty-five foot-long Therapeutic Papyrus of Thebes (1552 B.C.) leaves off, integrating and refining primitive speculation with his knowledge of modern biochemistry and testing methods. While conducting research for French perfume magnate Antoine Chiris five years ago, Popov began to adumbrate a monumental chart of the properties of four hundred of the ten thousand common aromatics. Each substance is situated on a point within an eight-spoke wheel that looks something like this:

The Popov Chart of Aromatic Substances



The spokes represent polar opposites in the effect of aromatics upon the organism. The names of the particular substances are sprinkled all over the chart, each one tested on a minimum of one hundred patients in French hospitals according to Popov.

"We checked the experiments, made controls in hospitals, sent out questionnaires," he says. The controlled clinical trials have given him an estimation of proper dosages and a certain precision as to the effects of each aromatic alone and in combination with other aromatics and with other rejuvenation therapies. Once he inspected a young female patient who had been given aromato-therapy in a hospital in the south of France. She was obviously in bad shape.

"You have committed a major error," he told the attending physician.

"No, I haven't," the doctor kept insisting.

When the records were brought out, Popov was proved correct. The girl had been given ten times the aromatic substance that had been prescribed for her.

"I could tell," says Popov, "because I saw the physiological effect that the perfume had had on her."

Popov rules out completely the possibility of synthesizing aromatics. "Don't talk to me about synthetics. I use them very often. But in biology there is one rule. Two and two makes anything but four. Never try to compete with the good God. I found that out with my microscope. There is a point at which you have to stop. Each cell of our body is a laboratory a thousand times more clever and powerful than all the laboratories on earth created by human beings. This is fantastic knowledge. There is always the right response."

There are three basic ways of applying aromatic mixtures.

"The first is by direct absorption into the body. If you rub it into the body, the volatile elements get into the blood circulation and come into contact with the central nervous elements to produce a special effect.

"Another method is inhalation, and the same effect is achieved.

"The third method is reflexotherapy. It was much talked about during the interwar period. But it was dropped because so much nonsense was written about it. Reflexotherapy has to do simply with smelling the aromatics. Through action of certain extremities of the sympathetic nervous system they can have a direct effect on the brain. It is now being studied at the University of Paris Faculté de Médecin. They are burning certain parts of the nasal mucosa and getting effects elsewhere in the body. But this is too brutal and not natural. They cured many illnesses, including certain cases of paralysis. They affected hormonal disturbances."

In testing reflexotherapy, researchers found that the same results could not have been accomplished by absorption of the aromatics into the bloodstream—the reaction occurred too quickly It was decidedly a nervous impulse

Popov bemoans the increasing American financial control and distribution of the French perfume industry since synthetics are now being used to supplement natural essences wherever possible. And while the fragrances give similar olfactory effects, the physiological effects are not the same.

Natural aromatics, believes Popov could revolutionize sleep-induction techniques.

"I can put anybody to sleep without harmful effects just using aromatics I would use bergamot (an Italian citrus oil) for example some neroli (an orange blossom oil), geraniol (an alcohol found in oils of flowers such as rose, geranium, sassafras and lavender) the whole group of roses. They can be given in a bath "

To overcome frigidity in a woman, Popov would give erogenous baths Most of the erogens come from animal extracts He would use sterax (an opium derivative), civet, musk, or jasmine. 'Roses and jasmine, they are fantastic! Jasmine is used in all modern perfumes. It is highly erogenous. Both the man and the woman who smell it are aroused by it.'

While many of the aromatics have easily predictable properties, Popov emphasizes that each individual's needs differ "I am now using aromatics on my heart. I make combinations. I know, for example, that eau de citronelle (a fragrant Ceylon grass extract used as bug repellent) is good for me But it would be bad for somebody else.'

His eyes had grown heavy and the lids began to blink more frequently washing away the sting from his cigarette smoke Remembering that I had robbed him of his afternoon siesta, I thanked him and began to close up my tape recorder and to get my cameras together

"Don't forget, though " he said "rejuvenation is still only an art. It is not yet a métier (trade) "

Popov constantly emphasizes the preeminent place of the sensitive physician in rejuvenation. It is he, the man, the doctor, who rejuvenates. No drug no process no known nostrum can do the job It is the physician who sensing the psychophysical needs of each individual patient, brings new youthfulness to the senescent, he says An art indeed And until such time as science discovers a basic biochemical aging reversing agent, the small progress that can presently be achieved in this area will depend greatly on the unorthodox work of such "perfectly dishonest'—but compellingly candid and apparently clinically scrupulous—artists as Ivan Popov

My wife's Italo-American gynecologist is normally a fountain of primitive charm, of outrageous flattery, of unreconstructed optimism. His bedside manner carries over into his office, where he conducts a ceaseless serenade to daughters wives, and mistresses of the right people When my pregnant wife and I walked into his office one morning, I was shocked to find him angrily pounding his mahogany desk.

"That dirty, no good son of a bitch," he fumed "They ought to put him behind bars When are they going to get wise to this guy? That poor girl who was just in here used to be a very talented actress. She was a star on the way up You've heard of her She was really going places until he got hold of her"

I asked who "he" was and precisely what he had done to the girl

"You tell me who he is," he said "You've been talking to these speed doctors He's gotten her hooked on B-12 and Methedrine. She's absolutely fragmented whacked out almost psychotic She can't sleep She cried the whole while she was in my office I think I can pull her out of it, but it will take a lot of doing"

It would indeed take some doing As of this writing, three months later she was still hospitalized a certified psychotic It was easy to guess the speed doctor's identity, for he had authored similar tragedies before

Within the past fifteen years or so a new breed of youth doctor has appeared on the rejuvenation scene He specializes in relieving chron-

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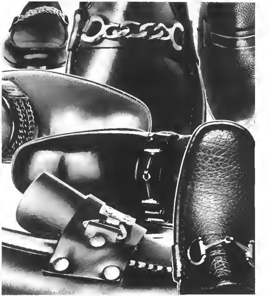

Brassy and Blunt-toed

What began quite modestly a few years ago as a simple metallic bit across the instep of a blunt-toed slip-on has become something of a craze in male footwear. Above clockwise from the upper left hand corner are some of the forms it assumes this season a brown calfskin moccasin with a gilt finish chain (John Weitz for Bostonian $24); a hammered link chain on a golden-brown smooth calf moccasin (Nunn-Bush, $25), Florsheim's grained leather slip on with a squarish toe and a framed metal design on the instep strap ($33) a bit is the metallic ornament on this brown grained leather slip-on (Mello Mocs by Weyenberg $18), a certain youthful exuberance is reflected in the studded metal plate with links on a handsewn brown moccasin (Walk Over by Geo E Keith Co, $15 95), again the ubiquitous metal bit that started it all this time on an upper of sleek black Corfam Poromeric (Roblee $22) and finally a golden-brown plain-toed slip on with a triple-link chain across the instep (Freeman $29).

ic fatigue—the number-one complaint of our time. If lower-middle-class folks are content with Sominex, many of the upper middle-class and the Beautiful People, as Marylin Bender calls them, are not. For the artistic and intellectual sectors of our hyperkinetic society chronic fatigue is regarded as a personal and professional catastrophe requiring instant repair. Sleep and exercise, probably the best answer to this problem, are unfortunately disdained as bothersome intrusions upon one's precious time.

The average doctor admits that he is impotent against the mysterious "blah" feeling that topples many creative people in their prime. After eliminating the possibility of chronic infection or an endocrine malfunction, all he can do is suggest a change of physical habits or, as a last resort, a psychiatrist.

For influential people, especially, this textbook fundamentalism provides no answer at all. They are not accustomed to accept the notion that problems cannot be solved quickly, no matter what science may hold to the contrary. Rather than settle for a dreary program, they are inclined to search for a doctor who holds some kind of answer—any kind of answer.

The speed doctor's unofficial title derives from the magic in his hypodermic. "Speed" refers to a collection of drugs, usually given in combination, of which some are highly stimulating and others totally innocuous. They seem to sharpen the patient's sensations, perceptions and enjoyment of life. A heavy user is called a "speed freak."

This special pharmacopoeia breaks down into varieties of hormones like ACTH, cortisone and chorionic gonadotrophin; vitamins, especially B-12; narcotics such as Demerol; amphetamines, most commonly Dexedrine and Methedrine; gamma globulin and calcium gluconate. Only Demerol, strictly speaking, is classified as addictive, although the others can be habituating.

Patients frequently describe these injections as producing sensations akin to a sexual orgasm, and the shots are referred to as "jolts," "shakes," "bells," "flashes," or "rushes."

The end of the line comes when a patient becomes exhausted or "strung out" and goes into a "crash." At this point he may part company with his exciting, high-living speed doctor in favor of a very square doctor who can yank him out of his frenzy.

The speed doctors and their Beautiful People patients form a cosmopolitan clique. New members are picked with great care—as much for social or personal motives as for any specific clinical or financial cause. The speed doctor's "Santa Claus" facade is so important that he carries a far larger proportion of N.C.'s (no-charge patients) than do most of his orthodox brethren.

So great is the demand for his specialized service that he is at all times in total control of his patients. The Park Avenue kvetch or Texas bore have no place in his waiting room. His clientele consists of a flock polyglot of tip-of-the-tongue names from show business, politics, the arts, publishing, high finance, advertising, society and fashion. If he squeezes his dukes and barons somewhat mercilessly it is only so that he (and they) may enjoy the company of a selected few impoverished courtesans, jockeys, and pages. This way the tone of the court is kept bright, salty, and, above all, fun.

At any given moment the speed doctor's coterie would appear to be a rather jolly family. Yet the generations are very often brief. Sooner or later, patients tend to be outrun by their breakneck speed and fall victim to hard-to-define but very real physical and nervous crises. The outcome of these crises is a reluctant resolve never to set foot again in the youth doctor's office. No hard feelings, but a body can tolerate only so much acceleration.

Parting company is no easy matter for those in the doctor's inner circle. It means abandoning a way of life and starting all over again from scratch. Once accustomed to the gemütlich Kaffeeklatsch from one to five a.m., the pick-up six a.m. jolt to face a board meeting or dress rehearsal, the heady involvement with the doctor's latest brainstorm (everybody works for free), it is difficult to give them up. Besides, after a while the patient finds that he needs his speed not only to stay alert for a high-pressure, twenty-hour day but just to get by.

Often, the patient fails to appreciate the degree of his dependence on the doctor. As casual as his dispensing of drugs may seem, in fact the doctor will turn off his patients as easily as he turns them on. They are, moreover, frequently unaware of the chemistry of their jolt—so that when they request their "B-12" or "cortisone" shot from another doctor the anticipated bang turns out to be a feeble whimper. The speed doctor alone holds the key to the patient's speed.

The jolt itself—an exhilarating, torrid body glow experienced right after the shot—is usually provided by an amphetamine or calcium gluconate which is mixed with other substances. A well-known diet doctor told me that intravenous calcium gluconate produces the most powerful excitement of all on the autonomic nervous system. Vitamin B-12 alone, on the other hand, gives little more than a subjective placebo effect.

The immediate sensation of the speed injection is acknowledged to be extremely pleasant—especially the first time around. An ex-habitue described it this way: "First there's a hot flash that goes from the tip of your toes to your balls, then up to your head. You've never felt anything like that outside of the greatest orgasm you've ever had. And the doctor says, 'Just lie down there now. You'll be all right.' And you say, 'He's not [illegible]' right?"

Almost immediately depression and fatigue seem to vanish. The patient's eyes sparkle and open wide. His pallor vanishes. But within twenty-four hours a kind of uneasy desperation may overcome him. Sheepishly he asks the doctor for more of "whatever it was you gave me." He doesn't always get it. One young Norwegian told me that his doctor cut him off as soon as he complained that the last jolt had been too weak.

A middle-aged Greenwich Village writer complained to his physician when the amphetamine was removed from a speed concoction, leaving only the vitamins and the hormones. His physician discontinued his "kicks" for several weeks. The doctor resents being regarded as a cheap source of thrills, at his patients' beck and call.

Many speed doctors possess a powerful charisma. Their patients boast of their wit and charm. The treatment has an almost hypnotic quality. Their injections are rumored to have wrought near-miraculous reversals of hopeless conditions. Yet, somehow, their treatments never find their way into the medical literature, where real substantiation of results is required.

The dangers of speed injections are well known to most patients. "Some like the feeling so much," a movie scenario writer told me, "they're like those rats whose brains are charged with electricity every time they have an orgasm. Soon, it's all they do. They just touch that trapdoor and die there, that's all. A marvelous way to die, but die nonetheless."

Cecil B. De Mille is reported by former associates and friends to have died following extended speed treatment by a youth doctor.

One emotionally distraught housewife found "complete relaxation and everything twelve shades brighter and clearer—not at all like marijuana" with her intramuscular cortisone injections. After eighteen months of uninterrupted euphoria, however, she stopped visiting her speed doctor. "It wasn't solving my basic problem, which was that my husband was belting me. That didn't change. When I realized I could spend the rest of my life not feeling *anything*, I stopped going." Shortly thereafter she divorced her husband and, a year or so later, remarried quite happily.

The speed drugs vary widely in essence and risk. Speed doctors with an overflow clientele sometimes encourage the practice of self-injection as a kind of mutual convenience. Not only can this bring about infection and abscesses, it may also encourage the escalation from mild intramuscular shots to the far more potent intravenous injections. All the patient has to do when the two-or-every-other-day intramuscular shot gets too weak is to start shooting himself in the veins. And when that in turn leaves him cold, he seeks out another speed doctor so that he can draw on two monthly speed prescriptions instead of one.

The withdrawal and exhaustion symptoms with, say, B-12 or gamma globulin shots are minor compared with the consequences of amphetamine habituation. Tachyphylaxis—the phenomenon of rapid immunity which decreases the impact of succeeding jolts—often obliges the patient to increase his prescribed dosage. Actual psychosis, paranoia and memory loss then become very real dangers.

Demerol addiction, of course, is a grave concern, not only for patients but for many doctors who succumb to the temptation of using the drug on themselves in seeking to transcend their personal problems and fatigue.

Although the activities of the handful of speed doctors are common knowledge in the major cities of the United States, little action has been taken against them officially. The latitude accorded all physicians in prescribing non-addictive drugs is quite broad, and specific abuses are hard to define, much less prove.

Many patients swear that after boarding the speed train, they never experience sickness again, not so much as a common cold. One youth doctor's cold remedy, Cortex 40 and Declomycin, is said by one of his patients to have kept his entire family cold-free for two full years.

The speed doctors, as is true of other youth doctors, also specialize in treating degenerative conditions most doctors regard as incurable: arthritis and rheumatism, cancer, multiple sclerosis and even infections such as hepatitis. They claim spectacular improvements and cures, but rarely document their claims satisfactorily.

A former speed patient warned: "What happens is that you go in with a simple disorder—but it becomes very complex before you finish. He winds up treating you for an enormous number of different things."

Such doctors are notoriously publicity-shy, unlike the other breeds of youth doctors who require press notices to further their practice. Only after pulling every string available to me was I finally able to interview the legendary Dr. Z, rejuvenator extraordinary to the social registers of several world capitals.

I refer to him anonymously here although he did not expressly ask me to. I was allowed one—and only one—visit with him, which is one more than most writers ever get. Unfortunately, I am afraid that the pieces of the Dr. Z puzzle that I have assembled do not form a coherent representational picture—merely a fascinating abstract. I cannot, for instance, reconcile the reverence and affection his patients feel for him with the disparagement expressed by his physician colleagues.

The folklore surrounding Dr. Z sounds fantastic. Yet I have verified story after story with his patients. He is said to have kept the entire company of a musical comedy on speed for the duration of their smash opening. He is courted by foreign ambassadors and has standing invitations to visit them whenever he can find the time. He has treated a head of State.

"I just can't understand it," endocrinologist Herbert Kupperman spluttered irately to me one night as he closed up the shop, "why it is that the most powerful people in the world manage to get the most horrible medical care. Churchill was treated by Christine Keeler's pimp. A Congressional leader was being treated for lumbago by his back doctor—and then he died from metastases to his spinal column."

I chatted one evening with a Dr. Z "regular," a patient of nine years' standing who belongs to the inner circle (those who meet in the doctor's laboratory where, it is said, miracles of various kinds are performed nightly). The patient's apartment had been decorated to resemble a turned-on fishbowl. Below sea-green, washed-out oranges, reds and blues, pulsating softly in his armchair to a shuddering record player was my host, who got up every few minutes to welcome a new influx of itinerant swells who kept dropping by until I left at five a.m.

I asked him about the nature of Dr. Z's patients.

"They are really very active people creatively . . . and very sexually active. They're all contemporary people, no matter how old they are. And I think that's partly because of Dr. Z."

I wanted to know how he rated the "high" he got from his injections, which he assumed to contain Methedrine.

"Well . . ." He paused. "It's very peculiar you should ask me that question. I'm probably one of the very few people in the world who *could* answer that. It's mild. But it's very, very interesting. First of all, it's given to you by a doctor in his office, in a big needle in a very 'surgical' situation. And it's a doctor who commands enormous respect because his personality is so overwhelming. I mean he's got a great sense of humor. Wonderful depth."

The more I heard about him the more incredible Dr. Z seemed. According to my friend, he uses [illegible] cells in his medicines, dispenses wrinkle-removing creams, uses D.M.S.O. to take away sunburn, lectures on prophylactic medicine, contracts with every patient to turn him over to another doctor if not satisfied with his treatment (and sends a vial of speed with him), cures impotency, nearsightedness, bad hearing, and sloppy bridge playing, lets patients blend their own formulas, sometimes injects speed into the temple or neck, claims to treat multiple sclerosis with success and banishes mental depression with speed and psychology.

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My acquaintance promised to ask Dr Z to let me interview him. Until then he had ignored my letters and phone calls After several subsequent calls he agreed to see me one evening at nine I waited four hours to see him which I understand is a shorter wait than many patients have to endure The delay is sometimes explained by the minimum of one hour he is reported to spend with each of his patients.

There is an odd round the clock drift of people in and out of Dr Z's waiting room A few people kept moving past in both directions during the four hour 'delay" A neighbor sensing my impatience, walked over to my chair and said, "Wait for him It'll be the greatest experience of your life.'

One former patient recalls the waiting-room ambiance nostalgically: 'You'd generally be sitting there with someone carrying a basket of eggs or fresh vegetables, several movie stars, and a cleaning lady. There were always at least three people sleeping because they'd been waiting at least eight hours Two or three others would be standing"

Some patients apparently low on the totem, were uncomfortably conscious of the hierarchical arrangements that were strictly observed 'He had five or six little rooms,' said a frequent visitor 'If you got to room number one which was where the doctor mixed potions and stuff, you were in. No matter how close you got to Dr. Z though, you couldn't get into one of the rooms—because *they* were in there '

I interviewed Dr Z as he sat in a back room at his desk, eating an orange which had dripped over his shirtfront and sleeves. He was perspiring. It was difficult to get him to speak of his own therapy for aging complaints, although I did manage to establish that he used what he called "immune globulin" (presumably gamma globulin) as a general prophylaxis. He said he also used organic preparations consisting of placenta bone marrow, spleen, and lung material and had given from 'fifty thousand to seventy thousand' injections

So far so good. Such treatments are in keeping with the biological therapy school of rejuvenation, which avoids chemotherapy except as a last resort. Then he began to speak of deep freezing preparations to −25°F and of electromagnetic bombardments

His philosophy is interesting and not too different from that of other youth doctors He would, he said, relieve me of the burden of organizing and composing my book "I'll dictate the whole article," he assured me "Gerontology, or should I say geriatrics should make a human being function to the very last moment of his life Life was given with the understanding that there is death There are many privileges attached to it and many people have eaten from the tree of knowledge but few have applied it in the right way Aging is a mistaken concept of the way we live the way we think and the way we apply ourselves"

These were more than words I realized They were the substance of an official medical prescription for some of the most important people in the world given by one of the most idealized youth doctors of all time I have never met one of his patients who impugned either the man's acumen or his competence

Another patient described his experiences with Dr Z as "not so much medicine as a way of life." As with a psychoanalyst's patients his people keep his hours talk his language take their vacations when he does and sometimes fall in love with him.

"You find ' said a former patient that you're getting up in the middle of the night and trying to get a doctor at four in the morning You're caught in a celebrity web of favorites—like it was in high school when you tried to become teacher's pet."

Dr Z considers his mission is to enable his clientele to get the most out of life to realize the full potential of the gift of life 'A gift' he observes "is something that one gets free and it's immoral to either take advantage of it or to hide it or not to make full use of it for the benefit of other people And that's the only point I have'

I wanted to hear more from him in particular to have him elucidate the [illegible]

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of half developed concepts that he had dropped into our conversation. Unfortunately, when I told him that I—unlike the other people in his laboratory—failed to detect an added third dimension and extraordinary luminescence to pictures when he passed an arc light, a laser beam and magnets over them, he became angry with me

"If you can't see then don't look because you're wasting your time. You're a lousy temperamental character. Since it's very obvious to everybody else. You don't believe yourself! That you have to change young man, otherwise you won't get any place. Look at the greens, the browns we do it for you but I don't give a damn, because I have news for you. We have measured it with a $10,000 light meter that measures everything standard."

I asked if I could see him the next day. He told me to write him a letter, and I said I would.

"You see," he said, "I'm pretty inarticulate. I'm not sure I'll answer your letter."

And he didn't. #

MY SON THE MURDERER

(Continued from page 104) want to live maybe he deserves to die.

Come home, Harry, he said. It's cold here. You'll catch a cold with your feet in the water.

Harry stood motionless and after a while his father left. As he was leaving, the wind plucked his hat off his head and sent it rolling along the sand.

My father stands in the hallway. I catch him reading my letter. He follows me at a distance in the street. We meet at the edge of the water. He is running after his hat.

My son stands with his feet in the ocean. #

THE SOUND & THE FURY

(Continued from page 20)

Sinners

I concede the existence of an audience to which I do not belong. As a corollary, I understand the reasoning behind an editorial approach however antithetic on my own eyes.

However, tolerance has its limits and I submit that you have violated the canons of good taste and committed an egregious affront to members of the Christian faith in your graphic parody of "The Last Supper" with Che Guevara portrayed in the place of Jesus Christ.

To borrow the words of Joseph Welch, "Have you no decency?"

JOHN ECKELS
Euclid, Ohio

Another angler

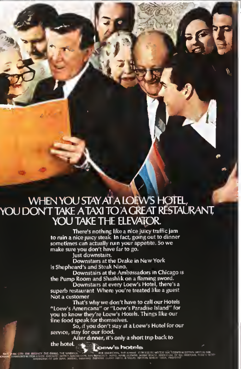
There are few fishermen who would dispute the proficiency of Lee Wulff as an angler and writer. I think though, that many experienced big game fishermen would take issue with Mr. Wulff's views about big fish and light tackle (*Breaking the Big Red's Range*, September). As Zane Grey observed over thirty years ago, fishing with tackle so light as to give the angler little chance of landing the fish is extremely unsportsmanlike. If a great angler like Lee Wulff loses twenty tuna on fifty pound test before bringing one to gaff, it will be assured that the average angler will break off thirty or forty. How many of the lost fish will quickly die is of course impossible to know, but the number will definitely be high, especially in the shark infested waters in the tuna and marlin rich seas of the Bahamas and South America. Fish and tackle must be matched. I'm sure Mr. Wulff wouldn't hunt elephant with a BB gun.

MEL IMMERGUT
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New Munchkins

After seeing your September cover with Tiny Tim, et al, we will never again believe that song *Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead.*

C. RAY ERLER
TONY SOLEA
Chicago, Ill.



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Alabama

Anniston	Wakefield's
Homewood	[illegible]
Huntsville	Bill's Men's Wear
Tuscaloosa	[illegible] Friedman & W[illegible]

Arizona

Mesa	Pomeroy's
Prescott	[illegible] Men's Shop
Tempe	The Colony Shop
Tucson	Dave Bloom & Sons

Arkansas

Jacksonville	Bob's Men's Shop
Magnolia	Abbott's Dept. Store
Newport	J. K. Holmes
Pine Bluff	Cohen's
Texarkana	Will Irons Co.

California

Alhambra	Woodrull's
Anaheim	Mission H. Blaell
Arcadia	[illegible]
Atwater	[illegible]
Bellflower	[illegible]
Bellflower	[illegible]
Buena Park	Bob's Men's Store
Big Bear	[illegible]
Carlsbad	[illegible]
Coalinga	Alnso for Men
Costa Mesa	Kings for Men
Davis	Wilson's
Downey	Miller's
El Cajon	[illegible]
Encino	Wells Ltd.
Escondido	[illegible]
Fresno	Cullen's
Garden Grove	Maximilian
Glendale	Wolff's Men's Store
Goleta	Bill Tom's Men's Shop
Granada Hills	Lindsay Clothiers
Indio	Hall Williams Men's Wear
Long Beach	Gallenkamp
Los Angeles	[illegible]
Manhattan Beach	Newcastle Ltd.
Merced	Stefano's
Modesto	[illegible]
N. Hollywood	Woodrull's
Ocean Beach	[illegible]
Oceanside	[illegible]
Orland	[illegible]
Palm Springs	Orrill Bros.
Redding	Thompson's
Redlands	[illegible]
Richmond	Alexander's
Riverside Village	Newcastle Ltd.
Rolling Hills	Bradley's Ltd.
Sacramento	Capital Clothing
San Bernardino	Hill Collins Menswear
San Pedro	Sam Martin's
San Gabriel	Carman's Inc.
Santa Barbara	Mellon H. Blaell
Santa Monica	Campbell's
Santa Rosa	Hoegans
Sunnyvale	Christopher's
Visalia	[illegible]
Westwood Village	Carroll's
Whittier	Yinnell's

Colorado

Colorado Springs	Bob Wynell's
Greeley	Hill's Clothing
Littleton	[illegible]

Connecticut

Darien	Norman Hilton
East Hartford	Harmac Store
Groton	Cameo's
Greenwich	Monte Carlo Clothiers
Groton	[illegible]
Manchester	Norman Hilton
Meriden	Oscar Gross Inc.
Middletown	[illegible]
Rockville	Zellner's
Southington	H. Hutton & Sons Inc.
Stamford	Frank Martin & Sons
Torrington	Mason & Judson
Trumbull	[illegible]
Wallingford	Wolf's

Delaware

Dover	Jos. Levy & Co.
Seaford	[illegible]

Florida

Bradenton	Jack Smith's Men's Wear
Daytona Beach	C. B. Slaughter
Fort Myers	[illegible] Inc.
Fort Walton	[illegible]
Gainesville	Wilson's
Lakeland	Marck's Men's Store
Naples	Kenny Men's Shop
Ocala	[illegible]
Panama City	[illegible]
Pensacola	Gordon's Inc.
Perry	Wilder's Men's Shop
St. Petersburg	Maas Bros. Inc.
Sarasota	[illegible]
Tallahassee	The [illegible] Shop
Tampa	Maas Bros. Inc.

Georgia

Atlanta	[illegible]
Macon	Connell St. John Co.

Idaho

Burley	Rogers
Idaho Falls	Brown & Grant
Lewiston	[illegible]
Twin Falls	[illegible]

Illinois

Alton	[illegible]
Aurora	[illegible]
Belleville	[illegible]
Bloomington	[illegible] & [illegible]
Blue Island	[illegible]
Cairo	[illegible] Store for Men
Chicago	[illegible]
Chicago	Carson Pirie Scott
Chicago	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]
Collinsville	[illegible]
Danville	[illegible]
Decatur	Carson Pirie Scott
DeKalb	[illegible]
Dixon	Herzog's Store for Men
Edwardsville	[illegible]
Elgin	Gentlemen's Cellar
Evanston	[illegible]
Evergreen Park	[illegible]
Freeport	[illegible]
Galesburg	[illegible]
Glencoe	[illegible]
Harvey	[illegible]
Highland Park	[illegible]
Joliet	[illegible]
Kankakee	[illegible]
La Salle	[illegible]
Lincoln	[illegible]
Litchfield	[illegible]
Lombard	[illegible]
Maywood	[illegible]
Mattoon	Myers Bros.
Moline	[illegible]
Morris	[illegible]
Mount Prospect	[illegible]
Northbrook	[illegible]
Oak Brook	[illegible]
Ottawa	[illegible]
Park Forest	[illegible]
Peoria	Carson Pirie Scott
Quincy	[illegible]
Rockford	[illegible]
Rock Island	[illegible]
St. Charles	[illegible]
Skokie	[illegible]
Springfield	[illegible]
Sterling	[illegible]
Urbana	Carson Pirie Scott
Waukegan	[illegible]
Wheaton	[illegible]
Woodstock	[illegible]

Indiana

Anderson	[illegible]
Bloomington	Whitesides
Columbus	[illegible] & Payne
Crown Point	[illegible] Clothing
Elkhart	[illegible] Dept. Store
Evansville	[illegible]
Fort Wayne	[illegible] & McCarthy
Greenwood	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Hammond	[illegible] & Sons
Hobart	Edward's
Indiana Harbor	Edward's
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kokomo	[illegible]
La Porte	[illegible]
Marion	[illegible] Men's Wear
Michigan City	[illegible] Clothing Store
Muncie	[illegible] Stores Inc.
Richmond	[illegible]
South Bend	Rasmussen's
Terre Haute	[illegible]
Vincennes	[illegible]
West Lafayette	[illegible] Shop

Iowa

Ames	[illegible]
Anamosa	[illegible]
Burlington	[illegible]
Cedar Rapids	[illegible]
Clinton	[illegible]
Davenport	[illegible]
Des Moines	[illegible]
Dubuque	[illegible]
Dyersville	[illegible]
Fairfield	[illegible]
Fort Dodge	[illegible]
Grinnell	[illegible] Clothing
Iowa City	[illegible]
Iowa Falls	[illegible]
Marshalltown	[illegible]
Mount Pleasant	[illegible]
Ottumwa	[illegible]
Sioux City	[illegible]
Waterloo	James Black Co.

Kansas

Hutchinson	[illegible] & Long
Lawrence	[illegible]
Salina	[illegible]
Topeka	The Palace
Wichita	[illegible]

Kentucky

Lexington	[illegible] Inc.
Louisville	[illegible] Inc.

Louisiana

Alexandria	White's
Houma	[illegible]
Baton Rouge	[illegible]
Baton Rouge	The Varsity Shop
Lafayette	[illegible]
New Orleans	[illegible]
Shreveport	Selber's

Maine

Bangor	[illegible]
Biddeford	[illegible] Inc.
Ellsworth	[illegible]
Waterville	[illegible]

Maryland

Frederick	The [illegible] Men's Shop
Hagerstown	[illegible]

Massachusetts

Fall River	[illegible] & Son
Hanover	[illegible]
Hyannis	[illegible] Clothing Co.
Leominster	[illegible] Men's Store
New Bedford	[illegible] & Son
West Springfield	[illegible]

Michigan

Ann Arbor	[illegible]
Battle Creek	L. W. Robinson Co.
Benton Harbor	[illegible]
Big Rapids	[illegible] Men's Shop
Coldwater	[illegible]
Dearborn	[illegible] & [illegible]
Detroit	J. L. Hudson Co.
Dowagiac	[illegible]
Eastland	J. L. Hudson Co.
Farmington	[illegible]
Flint	[illegible]
Lansing	[illegible]
Grand Rapids	[illegible]
Jackson	[illegible]
Kalamazoo	[illegible]
Kentwood	[illegible] Men's Wear
Grosse Pte	[illegible] Men's Wear
Lansing	[illegible]
Muskegon	[illegible]
Northland	J. L. Hudson Co.
Northville	[illegible] Men's Shop
Oakland	J. L. Hudson Co.
Pontiac	J. L. Hudson Co.
Port Huron	[illegible] Men's Wear
Saginaw	[illegible]
Traverse City	[illegible]
Westland	J. L. Hudson Co.
Ypsilanti	[illegible]

Minnesota

Anoka	[illegible] & [illegible]
Austin	[illegible]
Bemidji	[illegible]
Duluth	[illegible]
Mankato	[illegible]
Minneapolis	Donaldson's
Rochester	[illegible]
St. Paul	Donaldson's
Southdale	Donaldson's
Winona	[illegible]

Mississippi

Jackson	[illegible]
Oxford	[illegible] Men's Shop

Missouri

Cape Girardeau	[illegible]
Clayton	[illegible]
Columbia	[illegible] Men's Wear
Fulton	[illegible]
Jefferson City	[illegible]
Kansas City	[illegible]
Kansas City	[illegible] Store
Kennett	[illegible]
Liberty	[illegible]
St. Louis	[illegible]
Sikeston	[illegible]

Montana

Billings	[illegible]
Great Falls	[illegible]

Nebraska

Lincoln	[illegible] & Co.
Omaha	J. L. Brandeis
Scottsbluff	[illegible]

New Hampshire

Concord	[illegible] & Son
Keene	[illegible] Inc.
Nashua	[illegible]
Nashua	[illegible] Inc.

New Jersey

Haddon Heights	[illegible]
Montclair	[illegible] & Son Inc.
Mt. Ephraim	[illegible]
Nutley	The Style Shop
Bradley Beach	[illegible]
Sea Girt	[illegible]
Somerset	[illegible]
Trenton	[illegible]
West New York	[illegible]
Westwood	The Male Shop
Woodstown	[illegible]

New Mexico

Albuquerque	[illegible]

New York

Binghamton	[illegible]
Buffalo	[illegible]
Cedarhurst	[illegible] Men's Shop
Chappaqua	[illegible]
Endicott	[illegible]
Glens Falls	[illegible]
Hornell	[illegible]
Huntington	[illegible]
Kenmore	[illegible] Shops
Long Beach	[illegible]
Mamaroneck	[illegible] & Sons
Mt. Vernon	[illegible]
Newark	[illegible]
New Rochelle	[illegible]
Oswego	[illegible]
Patchogue	[illegible]
Pearl River	[illegible]
Peekskill	[illegible]
Port Jefferson	[illegible]
Port Jervis	[illegible]
Rochester	[illegible]
Syracuse	[illegible]
Utica	[illegible]
Valley Stream	[illegible] Men's Wear
Wantagh	[illegible]
Yonkers	[illegible]

North Carolina

Burlington	[illegible]
Eden	[illegible] Ltd.
Durham	Van Straaten's
High Point	[illegible]
Lexington	[illegible]
Statesville	[illegible]
Mount Airy	[illegible] Co.
Reidsville	[illegible]
Rocky Mount	[illegible]
Statesville	[illegible]

North Dakota

Fargo	The [illegible]

Ohio

Ashtabula	[illegible]
Athens	[illegible]
Bowling Green	[illegible]
Canton	[illegible]
Chillicothe	[illegible]
Cincinnati	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible] Men's Store
Columbus	[illegible]
Dayton	The Metropolitan Store
Findlay	[illegible] Inc.
Gallipolis	[illegible] Clothiers
Girard	[illegible] Shop
Lima	[illegible]
Mansfield	[illegible]
Massillon	[illegible]
Newark	Southgate Men's Shop
Niles	[illegible]
Orrville	[illegible] Clothing
Oxford	[illegible] Shop
Portsmouth	The [illegible]
Sandusky	[illegible] Shop
Sidney	[illegible] Men's Wear
Springfield	Vogue Shop
Toledo	[illegible]
Toledo	[illegible]
Toledo	[illegible]
Warren	The Gentry Co.
Wooster	[illegible] Bros.

Oklahoma

Oklahoma City	[illegible] Co.
Tulsa	[illegible] Inc.

Oregon

Pendleton	[illegible]
Salem	[illegible]

Pennsylvania

Allentown	[illegible]
Beaver Falls	[illegible]
Bethlehem	[illegible]
Chester	[illegible]
Coatesville	[illegible] Dept. Store
Denver	[illegible] Men's Shop
Doylestown	[illegible]
Easton	[illegible]
Greensburg	[illegible]
Harrisburg	[illegible]
Hatfield	[illegible]
Hazleton	[illegible] & Co.
Hollidaysburg	[illegible]
Huntingdon	[illegible]
Indiana	[illegible]
Johnstown	[illegible]
King of Prussia	Wm. H. Wanamaker
Latrobe	[illegible] Clothing Shop
Lebanon	[illegible]
Lock Haven	[illegible]
McKeesport	[illegible] Co.
Media	[illegible]
Monessen	[illegible]
New Castle	The [illegible] Co.
Norristown	[illegible]
Philadelphia	The [illegible] Shop
Pittsburgh	[illegible]
Plymouth Meeting	Wm. H. Wanamaker
Pottsville	[illegible]
Prospect Park	[illegible]
Punxsutawney	[illegible]
Reading	[illegible] & [illegible]
Scranton	[illegible]
Sharon	[illegible]
Shippensburg	[illegible] & Son
Springfield	Wm. H. Wanamaker
Tamaqua	[illegible]
Wilkes-Barre	The Hub
Wilkes-Barre	Louis Rosenthal

Rhode Island

Providence	[illegible]
Westerly	[illegible]

South Carolina

Abbeville	[illegible] Co.

South Dakota

Sioux Falls	[illegible]

Tennessee

Chattanooga	[illegible] Bros.
Knoxville	[illegible]
Lawrenceburg	[illegible] Co.
Memphis	[illegible]
Nashville	[illegible] Co.
Oak Ridge	[illegible]

Texas

Abilene	[illegible] Clothiers
Amarillo	[illegible]
Austin	The [illegible]
Brownsville	[illegible]
Corpus Christi	S & Q Clothiers
Dallas	[illegible] Wilson
Eagle Pass	[illegible]
El Paso	[illegible]
Laredo	The [illegible] Store
Lubbock	[illegible]
Midland	S & Q Clothiers
Odessa	[illegible] Shop
San Angelo	[illegible]
San Antonio	[illegible]
San Antonio	[illegible]
Uvalde	[illegible] & Sons
Waco	The [illegible] Co.
Wichita Falls	S & Q Clothiers

Utah

Logan	[illegible]
Ogden	[illegible]
Provo	[illegible]
Salt Lake City	[illegible]

Vermont

Bellows Falls	J. J. Fenton Co.

Virginia

Harrisonburg	[illegible]
Newport News	The Young Men's Shop
Williamsburg	[illegible] Shop, Inc.
Winchester	[illegible]

Washington

Mt. Vernon	[illegible]
Olympia	[illegible]
Renton	[illegible] Clothing
Seattle	[illegible]
Spokane	[illegible]
Yakima	[illegible]

West Virginia

Charleston	[illegible]
Huntington	[illegible] Co.
Morgantown	[illegible]
Parkersburg	[illegible]

Wisconsin

Appleton	[illegible] Clothing Co.
Oshkosh	[illegible]
Baraboo	[illegible] Store
Beaver Dam	[illegible]
Beloit	[illegible] Inc.
Eau Claire	[illegible] Men's Shop
Fond du Lac	[illegible]
Green Bay	[illegible]
Janesville	[illegible]
Kenosha	[illegible] Inc.
La Crosse	[illegible]
Madison	[illegible]
Marinette	[illegible]
Marshfield	[illegible]
Menomonie	[illegible] Men's Shop
Milwaukee	[illegible] Store
Oshkosh	[illegible] Men's Wear
Portage	[illegible]
Racine	[illegible] Men's Shop
Stevens Point	[illegible]
Watertown	[illegible]
Waukesha	[illegible]
Wausau	The Hub
Wausau	[illegible]
Wisconsin Rapids	[illegible]

Wyoming

Cheyenne	[illegible]
Sheridan	[illegible]

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After a shave.
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DIARY OF MY FUTURE

(Continued from page 115) shall contain as much as a publisher can be persuaded to allow, and its whole demeanor should be colorless and noncommittal, like scientific or government publications. It should contain much facsimile not only of handwriting but of stationery.

A story about homosexuality and football

Not central to this story but an inevitable part of it would be a degree of cleansing of the air on the subject of homosexuality. Such a cleansing could not in this form hope to be complete. The same clarifying would be attempted on the sport and on the nature of belief, always less by statement than by demonstration. All this however is merely incidental to the story itself.

An account then of love between a twelve-year old boy and a man of twenty two, in the middle air of football in a Tennessee-mountain peasant school, reaching its crisis during and after a game which is recounted chiefly in terms of the boy's understanding and love, in other words in terms of an age of pure faith. The prose to be lucid, simple, naturalistic and physical to the maximum possible. In other words if it succeeds in embodying what it wants to it must necessarily have the essential qualities of folk epic and of heroic music carried in terms of pure "realism." This is being written now. It is to be about the length and roughly the form of the "long short story."

News items

Much the same as *Letters*.

Hung with their own rope

I have found no single word for what I mean. The material turns up all over the place. The idea is that the self-deceived and corrupted betray themselves and their world more definitively than invented satire can. Vide Eleanor Roosevelt's *My Day*, Mrs. Daisy Chanler's *Autumn in the Valley*, the journal and letters of Gamaliel Bradford, court records, editorial, religious, women's pages, the "literature" concerning and justifying the castration of Eisenstein, etc.

Such could again be collected in a volume, or as a magazine or part of a magazine, or in the notebook.

The above is limited to self-betrayals in print. Those in unpublished living must of course be handled in other ways. One minor but powerful way is, the unconsciously naked sentence given either with or without context. These are abundant for collection.

A dictionary of key words

More on the significance of language. Add idioms. A study and categorizing of tones of voice or rhythms and of inflections, of racial dialects, would also be useful. Key words are those organic and collective belief and conception words upon the centers and sources of which most of social and single conduct revolves and deceives or undeceives itself and others. Certain such words are Love, God, Honor, Loyalty, Beauty, Law, Justice, Duty, Good, Evil, Truth, Reality, Sacrifice, Self, Pride, Pain, Life, etc., etc., etc. Such would be examined skeptically in every discernible shade of their meaning and use. There might in a first dictionary be an arbitrary fifty or a hundred, with abundant quotations and examples from letters, from printed matter, and from common speech.

Mr. I. A. Richards, whose qualifications are extremely different from my own and in many essentials far more advanced, is I understand working on just such a dictionary. Partly because the differences of attack would be so wide, and still more because the chief point is the ambiguity of language, I do not believe these books would be at all in conflict.

Notes for color photography

Of two kinds: theoretical and specific. For stills, in motion, in coordination with sound and rhythm. Uses of pure color, no image. Metaphoric, oblique, nervous and musical uses of color. Analyses of the "unreality" of "realistic" color photography. Of differences between color in a photograph and in painting. The aesthetic is as basically different as photography itself is from painting, and as large a new field is open to color in photography. Examples of all this and notes for future use, from observation.

A revue

Much to do with a whole theatrical form. The dramatic stage is cloyed and stuffed with naturalism. Audiences still and without effort accept the living equivalent of "poetry" in revue, burlesque and vaudeville. Stylization, abbreviation and intensity are here possible. Destructive examples of "spurious" use: *Of Thee I Sing*, *As Thousands Cheer*, etc. Solid examples upon which still further developments can be made: the didactic plays of Brecht, *The Cradle Will Rock*, *The Dog Beneath The Skin*.

Shakespeare

Commentary. Ideas for production in moving picture and on stage; criticism of contemporary production of his work and of attitudes toward his work produced or read. In movies use of screen and sound as elliptic commentary or development of the lines. On stage concentration totally in words and physical relationships. Qualifiedly good example: The Orson Welles *Faustus* (I have not yet seen his *Caesar*). On stage also: Savage use and burlesqued mélange of traditional idioms of production, conception and *reading*, intended as simultaneous ridicule, analysis and destruction of culture.

A cabaret

Cheap drinks, hot jazz by record and occasional performers; "floor show." Examples of acts: monologues I have written, certain numbers from Erika Mann's *Pepper Mill*, much in Groucho Marx, Durante, Fields. Broad and extreme uses of ad lib and of parody. No sets, no lighting and only improvised costume. Intense and violent satire, "vulgarity," pure comedy. Strong development of improvisation, use of the audience in this.

Newsreel Theatre

The theatre: fifteen to twenty five cents. Forty-second Street west of Times Square, open all night. Usual arty theatre repertory much cut down, strongly augmented by several dozen features overlooked by the arty and political, and by several of Harry Langdon's and all of Buster Keaton's comedies. Strong and fre-

[HANDY!]

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quent shifts in "policy," to admit, for instance, a week embodying the entire career of a given director or star or idiom. Revivals, much more frequent than at present, of certain besides Chaplin, Cagney, Garbo, Disney, Eisenstein. For silent pictures use of the old projector which gives these at their proper speed. Occasional stage numbers and jazz performers. Cheap bar out of sound of screen. Totally anti-arty and anti-period-laugh. Strongly, but secondarily, political. Most of the audience must be drawn on straight entertainment value or not at all.

The Newsreel: Once a month for a week. Clips from newsreels arranged for strongest possible satiric significance and remedy with generally elliptic commentary and sound.

New type of stage-screen show

Using anti-realistic technique of revue and combining and alternating with screen plus idioms also of radio, proceeding by free association and by naturalistic symbol and by series of nervous emotional and logical impacts rather than by plot or character, in an organization parallel to that of music and certain Russian and surrealist movies. More direct uses of the audience than I know of so far. Made not for an intellectual but for a mixture of two other types of audience: the bourgeois, and the large and simple. Such a show should last not more than forty-sixty minutes and should have the continuous intensity as well as the dimensions of a large piece of music. I have begun one such, springboarding from the *Only Yesterday* idiom and have another projected, on mothers.

Anti-Communist manifesto.

Merely a working title. Assumption and statement in the first place of belief in ideas and basic procedures of communism. On into specific demonstrations of its misconceptions, corruptions, misuses, the damage done and inevitable under these circumstances: using probably the method of comment on quotations from contemporary Communist writing and action.

Three or four love stories

Stories in which the concentration would be entirely on the processes of sexual love. If these are "works of art," that will be only incidental.

A new type of sex book

Beginning with quotations from contemporary and former types, an analysis of their usefulness, shortcomings, and power to damage, and a statement of the limitations of the present book. Then as complete as possible a record and analysis of personal experience from early childhood on, and of everything seen, heard, learned, or suspected on the subject: analyses and extensions of the significance and power of sex and of sexual self-deception with all of the available examples.

"Glamour" writing

Here as above on love the concentration on recording and communicating pure glamour and delight.

Pathology of "liberalism"

Essentially fiction but probably much analysis. Its connections with fear, ignorance, sex misinterpretation and economics. A story of cumulative horror.

A new type of "horror" story

Not the above but the horror that can come of objects and of their relationships, and of tones of voice, etc. etc. Non-supernatural, non-exaggerative.

Stories whose whole intention is the communication of the intensity of common experience.

Concentration on what the senses receive and the memory and context do with it, and such incidents, done full length, as a family supper, a marital bed fight, and auto trip.

Musical uses of sensation in emotion

As for instance: A, a man, knows B, a girl, and C, a man, each very well. They meet. A is anxious that

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Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.

they like each other B and C are variously deflected and concerned. All is delicately yet strongly distorted. This relationship is more complex yet as rigid as that of mirrors set in a triangle, faces inward and interreflecting. These interreflections, as the mirrors shift, are analogous to the structures of contrapuntal music

Most uses would be more subtle and less describable. Statements of moral and physical sprained equations. This would be one form of poetry.

Collections and analyses of faces of news pictures

Chiefly the faces would be found in news pictures.

The forms of analysis would be useful one with, one without any previous knowledge of whose the face and what the context is. The nearest word for such a study is anthropological, but it involves much the anthropologist does not take into account. The faces alone, with no comment are another form of value. The pictures of more than face involve much more, which has to do with the aesthetics and basic "philosophies" of poetry music and moving pictures

One idea here is this no picture needs or should have a caption. But words may be used detachably, and may be used as sound and image are used with and against each other. And the picture may be used as a springboard a theme for free variation and development, as with letters and with pieces of overhead conversation.

A new form of movie short

A form two to ten minutes long, capable of many forms within itself By time-condensation, each image (like each word in poetry) must have more than common intensity and related tension. This project is in many ways directly parallel to written "musical" uses of "sensation" and 'emotion'

Conjectures on how to get "art" back on a plane of organic human necessity

I can write nothing about this sort of writing a great deal But this again is intensely anti "artistic," as of art in any of its contemporary meanings. Every use of the moving picture, the radio the stage the imagination, and the techniques of the psychoanalyst the lecturer the showman and entertainer the preacher the teacher the agitator and the prophet used directly upon the audience itself, not just set before them and used on and against, matters essential to their existence. Such would be the above mentioned show about motherhood a massive yet detailed statement of contemporary motherhood and of all ideas which direct and impose it.

"Prophetic" writing

Here too, the directest, most incisive and specific, and angriest possible form of direct address semi-scientific, semi-religious set in terms of the greatest available human intensity

Dorothy Dix the Voice of Experience

Typical human situations, whether invented or actual, are set up then, of each, strong counterpoints of straight and false analysis and advice. So again as in a letter, each case inevitably expands and entangles itself with a whole moral and social system, the general can best be attacked through the specific No time wasted with story, character development, etc. you are deep in the middle from the start, with more immediacy and intensity than in a piece of fiction inside living rather than describing it

The inanimate and unhuman

By word sound moving picture Simply efforts to state systems and forms of existence as nearly on their own not in human terms as may be possible toward extensions of human self-consciousness, and still more, for the sake of what is there.

A "new" style of use of the imagination

In the *Alabama Record* the effort is to suspect the mind of invention and to invent nothing But another form of relative truth is any person's

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imagination of what he knows little or nothing of and has never seen. In these terms Buenos Aires itself is neither more nor less actual than my, as young, careful imagination of it told as pure imaginative fact. The same of the States of Washington and West Virginia and of histories of The Civil War, the United States and Hot Jazz. Such are projects I want to undertake in this way.

A true account of a jazz band

The use of the Alabama technique on personal knowledge of a band.

An account and analysis of a cruise: "high-class people"

Related to the Alabama technique, a technique was developed partway in *Havana Cruise*, mentioned among things I have had published. I should like to apply this to the behavior of a wealthier class of people on, say, a Mediterranean cruise.

Portraits. Notes. The Triptych

Only photographic portraiture is meant. Notes and analyses with examples, of the huge number of faces any individual has. The need for a dozen to fifty photographs supplementing five or three or one central common denominator for a portrait of any person. Notes on composition, pose and lighting: "aesthetics" and "psyche" analysis of contemporary and recent idioms.

The triptych. Research begins to indicate (in the case anyhow of criminals and steep neurotics) that the left and right halves of the face contain respectively the unconscious and the conscious. So the establishment is possible of custom, habit, wherein one would have triptychs of one's friends, relatives, etc.: the left half reversed and made a whole face, the natural full face, the right face.

Collections of these, with or without case histories in a book.

Also, of each person, two basic portraits: one clinical, the other totally satisfying the sitter, to be collected and published.

Also "anthropological" use of the family album. Of any individual his biography in terms of pictures of him and of all persons and places involved in his life. A collection of such biographies of anonymous people, with or without case-history notes and analysis.

City street. Hotel rooms. Cities

And many other categories. Again, the wish is to consider such *in their own terms*, not as decoration or atmosphere for fiction. And, or: in these own terms through terms of personal experience. And, or: in terms of personal, multi-personal, collective, memory or imagination.

A new kind of photographic show

In which photographs are organized and juxtaposed into an organic meaning and whole: a sort of static movie. Scenario for such a show furnished if desired.

The slide lecture

A lecture can now be recorded and sent around with the slides. The idea is that this can be given vitality as an "art" form as a destroyer, disturber and instructor.

A new kind of "music"

There is as wide a field of pure sound as of pure image, and sound can be photographed. The range, between straight document and the farthest reaches of distortion, juxtaposition, metaphor, associatives, the specific made abstract, is quite as unlimited. Unlimited rhythmic and emotional possibilities. Many possibilities of combination with image, instrumental music, the spoken and printed word. For phonograph records, radio, television, movies, reading machines. Thus a new field of "music" in relation to music about as photography is in relation to painting. Some Japanese music suggests its possibilities.

Extensions in writing: ramification by suspension: Schubert 2-cello Quintet

Experiments mostly in form of the lifted and maximum-suspended periodic sentence. Ramification (and development) through developments, repeats, semi-repeats of evolving thought, of emotion, of associatives and dissonants. The quintet here and sometimes elsewhere Schubert appears to be composing out of a state of consciousness different from any I have seen elsewhere in art. Of these extension experiments some are related to this, some to late quartets and piano music of Beethoven. The attempt is to suggest or approximate a continuum.

Two forms of history of the movies

One, a sort of bibliography to which others would add: an exhaustive inventory of performers, performances, moments, images, sequences, anything which has for any reason ever given me pleasure or appeared otherwise valuable.

The other, an extension of this into complete personal history: recall rather than inventory.

Analyses of the nature and meaning of love

Chiefly these would be tentative, questioning and destructive of crystallized ideas and attitudes, indicative of their power to cause pain. Not only of sexual but of other forms of love including the collective and religious. The love stories, the sex book and parts of the dictionary and letters all come under this head.

Analyses of miscommunication: the corruption of ideas

Again, to quite an extent, the dictionary, the letters, personal experience. Dictaphone records of literal experience, comparison of source writing with writing of disciples and disciplinarians. In one strong sense ideas rule all conduct and experience. Analyses of the eccentricities of misunderstanding, misconditioning, psychological and social log, etc., through which every first-rate idea and most discoveries of fact move and become degraded and misused against their own ends.

Moving picture notes and scenarios

Much can be done, good in itself and possibly useful to others, even without a camera and money, in words. I am at least as interested in moving pictures as in writing.

An "autobiographical" "novel"

This would combine many of the forms and ideas and experiments mentioned above. Only relatively small portions would be fiction (though the techniques of fiction might be much used), and these would be subjected to nonfictional analysis. This work would contain photographs and records as well as words.

Poetry

This I am unable to indicate much about, but it involves all the more complex and intense extensions suggested by any of the above, and, chiefly, personal recall and imagination. It is in the long run perhaps more important than anything I have mentioned, but includes much of it.

Notebook

One way of speaking, a catch-all for all conceivable forms of experience which can in any way, scientifically, imaginatively or otherwise, be recorded and analyzed. More than one person could contribute to such a work and it would be handed ahead to others. It would not at any time be finishable. It would in course of time reach encyclopedia size or more. It would be published looseleaf so that readers might make their own inserts and rearrangements as they thought most relevant. Such a record could perhaps best be published by the State or by a scientific foundation.

I would wish, under a grant, to go ahead with work such as this. Most likely the concentration would be on the Alabama Record and secondarily on moving pictures, sound-music and various collections of letters and pictures and various experiments in poetry. Quite a bit of this work would be done in collaboration with Mr. Walker Evans, who is responsible for some and collaboratively responsible for others of the ideas or the projects mentioned. ■

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ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

(Continued from page 111) *stand! I wouldn't be here right now if it weren't for you! You saved my life! I owe my whole life to you!"*

"No," he said. "You're confused. You don't owe it to me. It was not a loan. It was a gift."

"What can I say?" she trilled.

Levin was surprised to discover that his shyness toward her had vanished, perhaps because of the situation in which he found himself or in which she had placed him. Thus he was able to do a thing that he would never have thought of doing before: he took her arm. He took her arm and led her, guided her, back to her car, speaking words along the way to put her at ease. He explained that satisfaction is its own reward and that it had made him very happy to have helped her and he was very pleased to see she was all right now.

He held the car door open for her. But before she got in, she quickly kissed him, her tears wetting his cheek, and said, "I'll never forget you!"

"Nor will I forget you," he said inaudibly, watching her drive away.

He was sad for the rest of the day and he wished that he had urged

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her to stay for a chat. He realized that he had learned practically nothing about her except her name. It was the first time he had ever wanted to get to know anybody. He thought of writing her a letter but he knew that he couldn't. For the first time in the three years at Wahpeton he began to feel lonely. He dined the rest of h[illegible]

Three days later she was back. Loren realized how lonely he had been when he heard the sound of her car coming up the road, and he was waiting outside when she walked up to his house. If he had been a dog he would have wagged his tail vigorously.

She was carrying a paper bag. "Hi," she said. "Guess what I've got."

"You came back," was all he could say.

"I had to," she said, staring at the ground. "I put it off for as long as I could. I guess ... I guess somehow I just couldn't stand the thought of your being out here all by yourself." Then she looked up at him. "Do you mind?"

"I'm delighted," he said.

She opened the bag. "Look what I brought," she said. "Lemons! I'll make you some lemonade."

"I'm afraid I haven't any ice."

"I thought of that," she said. "I have an ice chest in the trunk of the car, if you'll help me carry it."

He went with her to the car and got the ice chest. She opened the glove compartment and took out another small paper bag. "How would you like to have your lemonade spiked?" she asked. "I have some gin."

"Splendid," he said. "I haven't had gin in years."

After they were settled on the lawn with their drinks she remarked, "You see? I'm making you realize what you've been missing."

"I don't know if that's good or bad," he said.

"I meant for it to be good," she said. Then she said, "My father wants to know if you would like to come to dinner some evening next week."

"I—" he said. "I'm not ... I really have nothing to wear."

"Oh, it's strictly informal," she said. When he said nothing more she declared, "If you'd simply rather not, that's all right. I understand."

"Tell your father," he said, "that I am very grateful for his kind invitation, but that I do not sincerely enjoy myself at dinner parties."

"Why are you here?" she abruptly asked. "Do you have a grudge against the world, or did your girl friend jilt you or something?"

How could he possibly answer? He kept his explanation to a point of conciseness. "Have you ever heard of John Maynard Keynes?" he asked.

"Heard of him!" she said. "I'm going to do my senior project on him."

"Really?" he said, and he began to ask her questions about herself and succeeded in diverting the conversation entirely from his life to hers. She was on vacation after her junior year at a women's college in Virginia, where she had recently changed her major from philosophy to economics. Her father was senior partner in a brokerage house, and they had been summer residents of Lake Wahpeton every year that she could remember. This summer she had planned to tour Europe with her fiancé, a recent graduate of Princeton, but a friend of his had persuaded him to join an expedition to New Zealand and Ellen was left to return once more to Lake Wahpeton.

Before long they were discussing Keynes and him and John Kenneth Galbraith, and as the afternoon wore on and they finished all the lemonade and gin, Loren was pleased to discover that she was giving out pieces of her whole life story to him. It amazed him. This is what I have really been missing, he said to himself. And I have not missed it because I have never known it. I am discovering what it means to know someone.

As she was leaving she asked, "May I come tomorrow?"

"Certainly," he said. "I would be enormously glad if you did."

Thereafter Ellen Kearney came to his house every afternoon. She always brought a little something with her, usually something to drink, and they would sit on the grass in his yard and talk for hours on end. Eventually she began to stay for supper, which Loren prepared and served in the yard. One day she brought with her two lawn chairs so they would not always have to sit on the ground. Then she insisted that he should let her prepare supper, or at least let her help him, and he relented.

One tranquil evening after supper he asked her, "What does your father think of your coming over here so often?"

"I am twenty-one years old," she declared, as if that were sufficient answer to his question. Then she added, "I told him that I am in love with you."

Loren could not speak. He stopped breathing. He was at once supremely happy and horribly confused.

"Did you hear what I said?" Ellen demanded.

"I heard you," he said. "I think perhaps ... I think possibly you are mistaking a feeling of immoderate gratitude for a feeling of love. Or else you are feeling sorry for me, which you shouldn't do."

"No," she said. "Listen. I love you."

"But you don't even know me. You know nothing about me. You know only that I saved your life."

"Then tell me about yourself. You never talk about yourself. Let me get to know you."

Loren was convinced that the poor girl was deluded. For some time now he had been disturbed by the thought that her motive for befriending him was an effort to discharge the terrible burden of debt that she felt, and sometimes he wondered if it might have been better if he had accepted that five thousand dollars. He decided that he must open her eyes before she let herself become too deeply involved with him.

"I am twelve years older than you," he pointed out, "and neither my appearance nor my personality is attractive, and—"

She interrupted. "I think you are very good-looking."

"I think you are blind," he contended. "I am a drip, a dud, a cipher, a—"

She covered her ears with her hands. "Hush," she said. "You're talking nonsense."

"All right," he said, feeling helpless and a bit angry. "You wanted to know why I'm here. All right, I'll tell you why I'm here. I'm here because I'm a—what's the expression?—I'm a dirty old man. A child molester. I attacked a young girl and they took me to court. I'm unfit to live in society, and if you don't watch out I might attack you too."

Ellen stared at him incredulously for a long moment, and then she broke into laughter. "I would be thrilled," she said, "if you would attack me."

"You think it's funny," he accused her.

"I simply don't believe it," she said, still laughing. "It doesn't fit you at all. If you're such a sex maniac, why didn't you attack me when ... when you had me down on the shore?"

"How do you know that I didn't?" he asked, with a glint in his eye.

She stopped laughing and stared at him. "Did you?"

In his eagerness to disabuse the poor girl of her illusions he decided that it would be merciful of him to pretend that he had in order to drive her away. Forming his fingers into claws and reaching out to clutch her, he hissed, "Yes! And I think I'm going to do it again!" She screamed. He saw himself as such a ridiculous figure that he could not suppress a laugh, and he broke down with mirth. She recomposed herself and said indignantly, "You gave me a bad moment."

He suddenly felt very tired. "Please go," he said. "Go home and don't come back, and give yourself a chance to get over this."

"You don't love me," she said.

"I don't know what love is," he said wearily.

"Well, I do," she declared. "If you don't, it's because you've closed yourself in all your life. I just wanted to try to open you up."

"You have," he told her. "Believe me, it has been wonderful."

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"Then why are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Because you feel gratitude and pity toward me and you mistake it for love."

"You're so smart," she said. "And so cold. Don't you feel anything toward me?"

"I'm frightened by what I feel toward you, because it is a totally new experience for me. If it is love then I love you more than anything, anyone I have ever known."

"Oh!" She made a small cry and she went and sat on his lap and lay her arms on his shoulders and looked down into his eyes. "Lorin," she said, "Oh, Lorin." Then she asked "You've never had a girl friend, have you?" He did not answer, for he did not wish to arouse any further pity from her. She repeated the question. "You've never had a girl, have you?" He made no reply. "Oh Lorin," she sighed. Then she lowered her face to his and pressed his lips with hers. He trembled but the contact of her lips brought back to him the memory of how he had saved her, and it was a familiar feeling like before, and he relaxed. Then he raised his arms and wrapped them around her.

She stood up, taking his hands and pulling him up. "Let's go into your house," she said.

"I don't think we should," he said nervously.

"Please," she said. "Don't be afraid."

She led him across the lawn and into the house. In the dark he could not see her, and for several moments he lost her. When he found her again, groping with his hands, his fingers discovered that she was undressed. The touch of her naked body caused him to begin to shake. She embraced him and held him for a long time until his shaking stopped. Then she unbuttoned his shirt and removed it from him. And removed the rest of his clothing. Then she pulled him to the bed and down on top of her. It was over quickly. "Just rest," she whispered, and held him for long, quiet minutes. The second time was better, long and rhythmic and stroking like the way he had saved her, except that now she was saving him. He held her tightly and breathed into her mouth.

He was holding her tightly, breathing into her mouth when he heard a noise that he clearly recognized. It was the approaching sound of a vehicle, and Lorin knew that the vehicle was a Jeep which belonged to the forest ranger, who passed down the little dirt road behind Lorin's house at the close of each day. Lorin was ashamed, he thought himself a fool for not remembering that the ranger would inevitably pass his house.

As the sound of the motor came nearer he released the girl, removing himself from her side and returning to his former position astride her back, where with renewed energy in his arms and hands, he resumed the previous method. He would not like to have been seen with his mouth to hers. Now as he worked he began to call loudly, "Help! Help!" and his heart swelled as he heard the Jeep stop and its motor idle. A man called, "Where are you?", and Lorin answered "Down here by the lake! Please hurry!"

The forest ranger appeared, running. He came down and looked at Lorin and the girl and said "Holy smoke!"

"Please get help!" urged Lorin. "A doctor! Please!"

"Sure, hang on," said the ranger and ran back to his Jeep. The sounds of the furious vehicle indicated that it was taking the old road at high speed.

A long time seemed to pass. Lorin's arms played out again and he was required to return to her mouth. He was becoming sleepy, and more than once he found himself yawning.

Finally he heard the siren, and within minutes an ambulance was backing its way across his garden and into his yard. Two attendants with a stretcher, accompanied by a doctor, came running down to the shore.

They rolled her over and the doctor applied his stethoscope. He listened for what seemed to Lorin an unbearably long time, and then he said quietly, as if surprised, "She's alive." He snapped at the attendants, "Get that pulmotor clamped onto her, quick!"

Lorin accompanied them as they carried her to the ambulance. The doctor turned to him and asked, "How long have you been with her?"

Lorin did not own a timepiece. He squinted at the sun, and tried to calculate. "Maybe two or three hours, I would say," he answered.

The doctor scowled. "Why didn't you get help?"

"How?" said Lorin, spreading his hands.

The doctor looked at the house. "You don't have a telephone," he said.

"I'm sorry," replied Lorin.

"Were you giving her respiration all that time?" asked the doctor.

Lorin nodded.

"How?" asked the doctor.

"The Schafer method," said Lorin.

"I see," said the doctor, inanely. Then his face and his voice seemed to soften. "You must be pretty tired."

"I am," said Lorin.

"Are you all right?" asked the doctor, looking him up and down.

"I'm all right," Lorin declared.

They put her into the ambulance with the mask of the pulmotor over her face. With the doctor sitting beside her preparing a hypodermic needle, they drove away.

When they were gone, Lorin walked back to the shore, and pulled his string of fish out of the water. He studied them for a while, and decided that he did not feel like making the effort of cleaning and cooking them. Carefully he slipped each fish off the string and returned it to the water.

Then he attended to his cow, giving her some hay and milking her and putting her into the shed for the night. After that he went into his house. First he cranked up his phonograph, and put on the second movement of Beethoven's *5th Concerto*. Then he removed his damp clothing and examined his abrasions. His knees were still bleeding. He swabbed them with iodine and wrapped them with gauze and adhesive tape. Then he put on some dry clothes, and took down from the shelf his gallon jug of applejack, which he had distilled himself in defiance of the Internal Revenue Service. Then he lay on his bed and spent the next hour drinking. But the applejack, instead of making him drowsy, seemed to charge his senses, so that his wounds were more painful and his fatigue was not a numb weight upon him but a bed of coals smoldering within him. He got up from the bed and, lighting an oil lamp, he sat in his chair. He lit his pipe, then he opened his Schopenhauer and read for a couple of hours. At last he began to feel hungry, so he went out to his garden. In the moonlight he pulled some carrots and radishes. He noticed the tracks of the ambulance; the tires had cleanly flattened his spinach and his turnips. He drew some water from his barrel and cleaned the carrots and radishes, then he ate them, washing them down with more applejack.

Around midnight he decided that he might as well put out his lamp and go to bed. But he lay in bed for a long time, listening to the noises of the woods, before falling asleep. He slept for only a short time before waking to discover that his hands were working as if they were still applying pressure to the girl's ribs. He watched his hands for a while and became amused. He laughed aloud. Then he got out of bed, relit his lamp, and consumed a large quantity of applejack. The sky was lighting up in the East when he staggered back to bed, fell upon it, and went immediately into a deep sleep that lasted until late afternoon.

In the days that followed, Lorin worked often in the garden, chopping weeds out of his corn while listening for the sound of a foreign convertible coming up the road. But none came, and he had almost forgotten to keep listening for one when, one afternoon about two weeks after the accident, an automobile appeared. Lorin stopped breathing. But it was not a foreign convertible; it was an ordinary American car. A man in a postal uniform got out of it and accosted Lorin. "You Mr. Wenzel?" he asked. "If you don't have a mailbox how do you expect to get your mail?" He handed a letter to Lorin. Lorin thanked him, and he drove away.

Lorin opened the letter. It was on business stationery, that of a mutual fund in New York City. Beneath the name of the company on the letterhead were small words: "Office of the Vice-President for Research and Development." The letter was typed on an IBM by a secretary whose initials appeared at the bottom. It was composed in discreet business language which Lorin hardly bothered to read, catching only a phrase here and there: ". . . most unfortunate . . ." ". . . the circumstances were . . ." ". . . as a token of my sincere appreciation . . ." ". . . is now fully recovered and wishes to join Mrs. Arnold and myself in tendering our . . ."

Enclosed in the envelope was a check, on the Chase Manhattan Bank, for one thousand dollars. Lorin went at once into his house and began to search for an envelope in which he could return the check. But while he was searching he reflected that a thousand dollars is a small price, a small compensation for a dream unfulfilled, for a world that never came true. So he kept it. #

DREAM DEATH OF THE FIVE POINT BUCK

(Continued from page [illegible]6)

I take a handful of jerky and place it in a pocket that doesn't have the bag and pour a pint of port and a pint of burgundy into the liter tar-lined bota (port for warmth, burgundy to cut the sweetness), finish off the last shot of brandy in one gulp and carry all the rest out into the bright white night where each individual tarweed stands like a snow covered tree.

Because of the moonlight (in my dream) I can move rapidly despite the hard slippery frost and by sunrise I'm into the live oak belt though on the eastern part of the range and the wind still blows from the east.

It is then I stop for the first time, sit on the top of a giant granite slab, take a slug of the mixed wine, feel warm inside, gnaw on a piece of jerky, take another slug of wine, finish the jerky, wash it down and light a cigarette.

I dig the sunrise, faint yellow, pink, lavender, purple, red, bright yellow, over the snow-blessed mountains beyond and watch its colors play on Nenose Creek and hear the first quail call and see one of the two eagles that live on the range take off in full possession of the sky to seek breakfast. Then just as the wind changes, I take one last snort and one last drag on my cigarette and start the long trek west.

It is down steep ravines and up steep ravines and on the top part of the ledges walking is easy but in the gulleys themselves there is still frost and it is noisy and slippery, but in time (time in these circumstances is such indecorous nomenclature but far better than those profane words used in the attempt to measure it) I walk up one rim to find Geronimo standing on the next one over, his gigantic rump directly in front of me but his face turned back in surprise. I raise my rifle, blink both eyes shut, open them to see the sight directly between eyes and deer neck, squeeze off the round and the great beast hunches once and collapses.

At this point my dream becomes confused. One of two things happens. Either I walk up to him and as I bend over to his throat he raises straight up in one gigantic last breath effort and catapults me against a rock, bashing in my head, the eagle immediately plummeting and eating out both our livers—or he dies instantly and I do cut the throat and pump as much blood as I can out of him, then field gut him, putting the heart and liver in my bag, walk up to a laurel and cut off a branch and bring it back and stuff the bay leaves into what were once his insides.

I do these things rapidly, not willing to let myself realize the enormity of what I've accomplished, then take the bag, the bota, the rifle and go downhill a hundred yards to figure out the easiest route home, return and put a hand on each side of that huge collection of hardware he used to carry so proudly and drag him down to where I'd stopped previously, continue this for who knows how long until I finally get him to a place where I can drive my pickup. After this I walk home and drink a beer while I throw the heart and liver

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into a pan of cold salted water then drive the pickup to him, cut off the head and the legs below the knees to lighten him a bit, then somehow drag him onto the truckbed, throw the head in after and return home to somehow get him hooked on the hanging tree and hoisted up with the pulley, marveling at the fat on these uninjected herns raised on organically fertilized feed as the blue hide slowly comes off.

Then in my dream, after I've finally gotten him skinned and split down the backbone and tied the sack around him and brushed the ticks off my arms, I take the new marrow-laden hacksaw and cut off that huge rack (mount Geronimo's head and put it over the mantle? Of course not! It would be like Meister Eckhart seeing the face he owned before he was born) and throw it in a corner somewhere (under California law you're required to keep horns until ten days after the season), then gently scoop out the now exposed brains with a soup ladle, place them in a strainer and run cold water over them (unlike veal and calf, venison brains don't have to be skinned), then I slice three of those big mushrooms into long inch-wide pieces and fry them in butter with garlic, salt and pepper, shove them to the side but keep them warm, then sauté the brains in butter with a little seasoning, scramble five eggs into them, put the mushrooms on top, douse brandy over the entire concoction, light the brandy and eat, my wisdom becoming eternal as I do. ###

THE ELEVATION OF SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY

(Continued from page 118) nificant that it has taken nearly a century and a half since Byron's death in 1824 to transform this sick, perverse, ill-tempered Scottish snob into a radical saint of our time. Only just recently have the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey agreed to accept a Byron Memorial in the Poets' Corner. Senator Kennedy stepped straight into his country's pantheon.

In the remoter past, legends were constructed, like Chartres Cathedral, over long periods of time. Now they can be hoisted, prefabricated, into position in the twinkling of an eye. Equally, they can be as quickly demolished, and tend to rise and fall as rapidly as buildings on Park Avenue. Instant Legend is in the same category as Instant Coffee or LSD-generated Instant Ecstasy—convenient and expeditious but soon liable to pall. More than a thousand years passed between the Crucifixion and the miraculous liquefaction of the Holy Blood in Bruges. If the two happenings had occurred in continuity, as did Senator Kennedy's murder, obsequies and canonization, would the legend of the Holy Blood have been as acceptable as it proved to be after the passage of ten centuries? I doubt it. Instant Legend, in other words, will not keep, and we need a durable variety. Legends built up over the years enshrine the collective experience and wisdom of mankind, whereas Instant Legend only enshrines the moment's passing fancy, and so quickly disperses. Who will remember Robert Kennedy a thousand years, or even a century, from now? Few if any, but St. Francis of Assisi, or even a Robin Hood, is never forgotten. We need legends to protect us against the great fraud and mumbo jumbo of the twentieth century—facts. La Belle Dame Sans Merci is a sanctuary from Dr Kinsey, as the Holy Grail is from Fort Knox.

One may even without irreverence ruminate on whether the Crucifixion itself would have had the same fabulous impact, providing as it has the basis for two thousand years of the greatest civilization so far known, if it had been projected "live" and in "living color" to all and sundry as, for instance, the Vietnam war is today. It was too obscure and seemingly insignificant as a mere happening to appeal to contemporary legend makers—then known as historians. Only Josephus in one dubious passage so much as noted it. But supposing the death of Christ had been given the same sort of treatment as the death of Robert Kennedy. The film cameras clustered round the Cross, the lugubriously solemn commentary intoned into a microphone, the close-ups of Mary the Mother of Christ and Mary Magdalen in the hope of catching them weeping, the candid-camera shots of Pilate and Caiaphas with a fleeting glimpse of Pilate's wife at an upstairs window, the zoom lenses out for the final agony. Great excitement when the Roman soldier lifted the sponge of vinegar up to Christ's dying lips. 'Hold it, Mr Centurion, oh, hold it!' Then in the fading light the death pangs filmed and the last despairing cry recorded. It's finished for the film crew as well as the Man on the Cross. Cut!

The result might well have momentarily held the attention of the pagan world, but the impression, we may be sure, would soon have passed when some new thrill was devised at the games—the Roman's television, providing them, as our TV does, with vicarious excitement in the shape of violence and eroticism viewed in the arena instead of on a screen. Legends, that is to say, if they are to endure, must be stored away like port wine and then after a decent interval brought out to delight and refresh, cleansing the mouth of the bitter dusty taste of daily living. Instant Legend, on the other hand, is like new wine which soon makes one tipsy, and brings in its train a hangover of gruesome proportions. How wise of the Roman Catholic Church to fix a statutory period of delay in canonization, however saintly the subject! Joan of Arc must assuredly have seemed to many of her contemporaries a troublesome, tiresome female, rather in the style of our woman M.P.'s—loquacious, aggressive and opinionated. Centuries later, when at last her canonization took place, the qualities of heroism and vision with which she was credited were readily acceptable. In Senator Kennedy's case, the canonization has come too soon; the old image of the pushing, power-hungry politician is still too lively to be quite overlaid by the new one of the dedicated lover of peace and mankind.

It is often contended that nowadays, thanks to our mass-communication media, especially television, people are better informed than ever before, and so harder to deceive. They can see for themselves what is going on in the world, we are told. Up to a point, this is true enough. They saw with their own eyes Senator Kennedy immediately after he had been assassinated, clutching a rosary, his grief-stricken family and associates gathered round him, just as they saw Ruby kill Oswald; saw it all in "living color," with the blood redder than red and the grass greener than green. In this connection, it is interesting that within a stone's throw of where Senator Kennedy was struck down in Los Angeles there must have been several studios where shots were similarly ringing out and bodies slumping to the ground precisely as his did. The only difference was that in his case, instead of getting up when the scene had been shot, he stayed where he was. Whereas the others could wash away the blood with a little soap and water, his blood continued to flow. It was real blood, though in "living color" indistinguishable from the other. Surely the most perfect comment on the whole episode was a small newspaper paragraph giving the Top Ten television programs for that week according to TAM ratings. This showed that *The Saint* and the assassination of Robert Kennedy tied for ninth place.

Against those who claim that seeing Senator Kennedy die on television makes his death more actual, I propound the opposite proposition—that it removes his death from actuality altogether, taking it into a world of fantasy where *Peyton Place*, advertisements, news and all the other offerings form a sort of stew-pot of visual images, as Muzak does of musical sounds. All the world's a stage, Garrick said. Now all the world's a screen, whose "living color" makes the earth's actual ones—blue of sky, gold of sunset, yellow of daffodil and white of sea spray—drab by comparison; whose drama is for the living room, not for living; whose loves, like those on Keats's *Grecian Urn*, are "For ever warm and still to be enjoyed, For ever panting and for ever young." In the end fantasy takes over. There is no longer any distinction between life and the screen. The Dallas assassination drew a big crowd; so let's have another; that young-looking guy who's been killed and is holding the rosary—what a shame! Pity the poor widow—Jackie? No, it can't be her, look, she's strewing flowers on the other grave. That other veiled lady, then. No, she's black; it must be Mrs King. There she is, poor soul, and that's her kid helping to lift the coffin. What a great funeral! What a turnout, what music! And Mr Cronkite there—he speaks some lovely words.

Yes, sir, I'll be watching at the same time tomorrow.

I surely will.

I have long been of the opinion that the camera is the most significant and probably the most destructive invention of our time. Whereas nuclear power can only reduce us and our world to a cinder, the camera grinds us down to spiritual dust so fine that a puff of wind scatters it, leaving nothing behind. It is the eye's very focus, with all the narcissism of the human race concentrated into its tiny aperture. It advances upon one in a television studio like some fabulous monster, ravening and bloodshot-eyed. They ever must believe a lie, Blake wrote, who see with, not through, the eye. The camera is par excellence an instrument for seeing with rather than through, and has certainly, in fulfillment of Blake's prophecy, caused many lies to be believed. Our great ones must live in it, as fish in an aquarium, showing their silver fins and flashing colors, diving and swimming and leaping, all in the public gaze. The Kennedys more than any other public family have fallen in with the camera's exigencies. Instant Legend has claimed them for its own, even unto death. ###

IRIS? Turn to page 79

sorry

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(Continued from page 110) auditorium giving the press the detailed outline (right down to the place and time of the Requiem Mass and the final burial destination) of the funeral arrangements.

The key members of the Kennedy entourage—scattered all around the country by the exigencies of a Presidential campaign—had known most of this before. A Kennedy aide in Washington in fact got a phone call from Los Angeles giving the full funeral blueprint just fourteen minutes after the candidate died. The main elements in the funeral plan had been decided upon a considerable period—one estimate has it as much as four hours—before Senator Kennedy was formally declared to be dead. The Requiem Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the train journey to Washington, the burial in Arlington were all settled in a brief, numbed meeting on the fifth floor of the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles well before midnight on Wednesday evening.

These men took these decisions: the Senator's only surviving brother Teddy, his brother-in-law Steve Smith, and one of his closest friends John Seigenthaler (formerly of the Justice Department and now Editor of the Nashville *Tennessean*). It was called a "contingency" plan, but no one really believed in the qualifying adjective. "By then," Stephen Smith recalls bleakly, "the indications were pretty clear." It was he who initiated the discussion and he eventually (after Senator Kennedy had died) who carried the suggestions that came out of it to Ethel Kennedy. The Senator's widow endorsed the whole plan just before she fell asleep in the small hours of Thursday morning for the first time in forty-eight hours.

In contrast to President Kennedy's funeral in 1963 there had been no disputes—no last Irish battle on behalf of Boston as the burial place, no Massachusetts opposition to holding the actual funeral mass in New York, no time-factor skepticism of John Seigenthaler's notion of a train to carry the Senator's body to Washington. The final touches of course came later—Mrs. Kennedy's own idea for Andy Williams to sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Steve Smith's suggestion that Leonard Bernstein conduct members of the New York Philharmonic in the slow movement of Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*—but the fundamentals of the plan were not thereafter changed.

The problem in fact once Senator Kennedy had died became not so much one of making decisions as of coordinating the operational forces to carry them out. The boardroom in the Good Samaritan Hospital became the temporary Kennedy command post but the troops to carry out the orders were not easy to locate.

In Washington the Kennedy national campaign headquarters at 2000 L St. N.W. had been virtually stripped of workers for the last great push in the California primary. In New York—at the shopfront volunteer headquarters at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, amateurs abounded but there were few professionals. Almost immediately, however, those professionals who were available broke out with relief from the paralysis that had affected them ever since the Senator was shot. In New York—where Jim Tolan, Kennedy's own favorite advance man, was in charge—the funeral train was promptly ordered (on instructions from Jerry Bruno in Los Angeles) by John Ellis, a young former intern in the Senator's Washington office. In Washington Joe Dolan, the Senator's chief of staff on Capitol Hill, started the Government wheels turning with Nicholas Katzenbach, the Under Secretary of State. And as far afield as Frankfurt, Germany, where he was on a World Bank trip, Robert McNamara packed his bags and prepared to fly home in response to a call from the family asking him to take charge of the funeral arrangements, just as he had for John F. Kennedy in 1963.

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Los Angeles was that everyone should somehow get to New York. It took a vigorous protest from Tom Mathews (publicity director of Lincoln Center on leave of absence for the campaign) to the Washington office for it to be realized that, according to the plan drawn up, experienced men would be needed in the nation's capital as well as in New York. Eventually a compromise was reached: though Washington was evacuated of top strategists like Joe Dolan, replacements were sent in. Even as Dolan was flying that Thursday morning early to New York, three young Manhattan attorneys (Chris McGrath, Bill Foley and Herb Schmertz) set out for La Guardia and the shuttle to supervise arrangements for the arrival of the funeral train at Union Station and the final graveside ceremony.

Senator Kennedy's funeral was different from his brother's in that it was in neither a technical nor a general sense a State Occasion, but it didn't work out as a private one either. In fact two of the most crucial roles in organizing things at the Washington end were held by government officials. One was Nicholas Katzenbach, Under Secretary to Dean Rusk at the State Department, and the other was Alfred Fitt, the Assistant Secretary for Manpower and Reserve Affairs at the Pentagon. Katzenbach was assigned by the Secretary of State to do everything possible to ease and smooth the way through Washington's official channels. He was the natural choice for the job: he had been Bobby Kennedy's deputy at the Justice Department through a period of bad political strain, he had remained a close friend of the family and after seven years at Justice and then at State he knew his way round the government establishment. (As a private citizen he had already made his way on Wednesday night to Hickory Hill, where a group of the Senator's friends had gathered to see what they could do to help.)

Alfred Fitt's selection seems at first more puzzling. A former Michigan lawyer—and 'Soapy' Williams' legal adviser when he was the state's Democratic Governor—he had never really been part of the Kennedy set. He was, however, very much a McNamara protégé, and as such he had been specially asked by the then Defense Secretary to retain oversight of the Kennedy grave at Arlington even after he ceased to be General Counsel of the Army (a post that, curiously, includes responsibility for all National cemeteries). It was Fitt who had supervised all the arrangements for the reinterment of President Kennedy's body in 1967, and it was he who would become the effective coordinator of all the cemetery arrangements for Robert Kennedy's funeral.

In the first hours after the Senator's death the campaign staff in Los Angeles were understandably at something of a disadvantage when it came to detailed forward planning. Their immediate concern was with such matters as the autopsy (this took six and a quarter hours and delayed their departure), the arrival back in New York (there was a doubt at first whether La Guardia could handle the White House-dispatched Presidential jet), even the problem (generously assumed as a campaign responsibility) of seeing that the vast army of correspondents who had been on hand for the climax of the California primary could get seats out on commercial flights.

But in Washington and New York work on the detailed logistics of the funeral started straight away. The most difficult question, it was immediately recognized, would be the invitation list, and a special project was at once set up to compile it under the direction of a leading Washington lawyer, Louis Oberdorfer. An Assistant Attorney General (with special responsibility for Tax affairs) while Robert Kennedy was running the Justice Department, Oberdorfer now was the Co-Chairman of Citizens for Kennedy. An able, calm and well-connected adopted son of Washington's legal establishment (he was born in Alabama), Oberdorfer bravely set himself a target of twenty-four hours in which to get the invitations out. Working at first from Hickory Hill he called for every list he could think of—the roll of those who had attended President Kennedy's funeral in 1963, the people who had been invited to social occasions at the Kennedy White House, the guests at the various and recurring Hickory Hill christenings, Ethel Kennedy's Christmas card list, even (a careful politician's touch) the names of the leading financial contributors to Bobby Kennedy's Presidential campaign. Nick Katzenbach had expected—and indeed had been delegated by the family—to take charge of putting together the great list. He was later to say half-resentfully, half-admiringly, "It took me very little time to see that I would only be in the way. It was quite plain it could all safely be left to Lou."

It wasn't, of course. By the end practically everyone was adding names, making suggestions, and indeed raising objections: at least two New York congressmen—Ogden Reid and Richard Ottinger (both eventually admitted as members of the Speaker's delegation from Washington)—were at first spitefully vetoed by a very junior member of the Kennedy staff. Indeed the suspicion that the list was used by some Kennedy aides to pay off old scores appears to have been pretty well founded. But at least at the beginning, when Oberdorfer was working with his own small group, it was an orderly, quasi-judicial process. "What Lou made it into," says one young lawyer who worked with him, "was a kind of court of claims. It wasn't so much a matter of thinking of names as of delivering judgment for the deserving and against the undeserving."

Much the same thing was going on in New York with two socialite Kennedy aides (Bill vanden Heuvel and Carter Burden III) in charge. Later this duplication of effort—to say nothing of the disparity in judgement—was to cause problems. One difficulty at this stage was that the three separate groups in Los Angeles, Washington and New York were not really functioning in unison.

Partly for this reason, most of the constructive work on Thursday came from the official government side. The ramifications of laying on ceremonial in Washington are extraordinary, with a chain of command that reaches from the Pentagon through the local military district headquarters to the commanding officer of the Third Infantry Honor Guard at Fort Myer. Throughout Thursday both Katzenbach and Fitt were attempting to press all the relevant buttons. A minor crisis developed in the office of the Chief of Protocol in the State Department when it was suddenly discovered that the last diplomatic condolence book had been used up at the time of the Martin Luther King assassination two months earlier. A loose-leaf volume was substituted and, to add mortification to dismay, someone had to be sent out to buy a piece of black velvet on which to place it (the regulation Foreign Service issue was nowhere to be found).

The procession of foreign diplomats arriving at the State Department to sign the book served a useful, if fortuitous, purpose. Nicholas Katzenbach had established very early on that the last thing the Kennedy family desired was a gathering of international leaders who would only serve to make the occasion look like a pale rerun of the President's State Funeral in 1963. So any diplomat seeking guidance on how his government should be represented was tactfully told by Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke (head of Protocol once again now, as he had been in 1963) that it was the family's wish the occasion be a private and not an official one. Even so, Angie Duke had his problems. Eire, for example, refused to be deterred and insisted on sending not just its Prime Minister but both opposition leaders as well. More disturbing than that to the Protocol office was the threat that in the case of every country the Ambassadors both at the U.N. and those accredited in Washington would each insist on being present in St. Patrick's. With cool nerves Katzenbach and Duke—realizing that the whole seating plan could get out of hand—had set a ceiling of two hundred for foreign representation in the Cathedral. No ambassador was actually refused a ticket (except, that is, a gentleman purporting to be the Biafran Ambassador to the U.S., of whose existence the State Department had until that moment no knowledge at all), but such is the power of Angie Duke's tact and persuasion that in the end considerably less than a full complement of ambassadors demanded to be admitted to the Cathedral.

But at least the Chief of Protocol had been brought in to the arrangements at an early stage. Over at Arlington Cemetery Jack Metzler, the Superintendent for the last seventeen years, was not so fortunate. A capable, jovial man ("Flattery," he loves to say, "might get you a nice grave"), he first heard of the coming burial in his own cemetery on the radio. But when the eventual governmental telephone call came, he was ready, better prepared at least than he had been in 1963 when everyone had automatically assumed that Boston would provide the Presidential grave site. Jack Metzler rose early and spent most of Thursday pacing and measuring the Kennedy memorial; he was joined at the site by Alfred Fitt from the Pentagon and Colonel Paul Miller (Chief of Ceremonies and Special Events of the Military District of Washington). Together they examined the terrain and surveyed the area. The whole site was photographed from every angle and detailed diagrams were prepared for submission to the family late that night in New York.

The grave site had in fact been one of the first problems to be raised Thursday morning. On waking and learning of the Senator's death, Alfred Fitt had first called Paul Nitze, the Deputy Secretary of Defense and his immediate superior in the Pentagon. Neither Nitze nor Fitt—nor Clark Clifford, who later came on the line—was in doubt that Kennedy met the revised and restricted rules for burial in Arlington (though the Senator's war service had been brief

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had enlisted in the Navy in 1945, and as a former Attorney General and current Senator he also met the additional necessary requirement of having held high federal office.) But there appears to have been some sudden doubt in the family's mind. Later that morning Fitt got a call from Katzenbach asking him to confirm that the Senator was eligible for Arlington burial. Fitt answered that there was no question about it—and whatever doubt there had been must have subsided.

From his conversation with Nitze Fitt also learned that McNamara—already contacted in Frankfurt by the family—was flying back determined to be on hand for the arrival of the Senator's body in New York later that evening. McNamara had gone with Bobby Kennedy to Andrews Air Force Base in November, 1963 and as he was later to say, it meant a great deal to him to be present for this second tragic family return. It threatened, though, to be close. If the Kennedy plane from Los Angeles had not been delayed three hours by the lengthy autopsy, the former Defense Secretary could not have made it.

In order to do all he could to help his former chief fulfill his emotional wish, Fitt flew to New York in a Defense Department Jetstar. His aim was not just to deliver the photographs and diagrams of the grave site to McNamara but also to clear him through customs quickly at Kennedy International Airport where his Lufthansa flight was due to arrive at seven forty-five p.m. McNamara was then to be rushed by car to La Guardia, where the plane carrying Robert Kennedy's remains was now scheduled to touch down at nine p.m.

At Los Angeles the long wait on Thursday morning caused by the thorough nature of the autopsy (the whole of Senator Kennedy's brain was removed as were all his other vital organs) had proved a strain. Not surprisingly some of the Kennedy party could not avoid harboring feelings about Los Angeles not entirely dissimilar from those felt five years before in Dallas. In those first hours anything was enough to provoke bitterness: Kuchel's now certain defeat in the Senate Republican Primary at the hands of the right-winger Rafferty; Mayor Yorty's own gratuitous performance in trying to link Sirhan with W. E. B. DuBois clubs; the memory that this had been the one city in the whole of the campaign where the police had refused to cooperate—even to the point of issuing on one single day no less than one hundred traffic-violation tickets to the Kennedy cavalcade.

These feelings broke out in public only once. When the Kennedy advance party eventually made its way to Los Angeles airport—the family waited to drive out with the coffin—the first thing they noticed was Mayor Yorty's helicopter with its engines still revved up. For the man who perhaps more than any other had borne the public strain of the past forty-eight hours, the Senator's press secretary Frank Mankiewicz, it was too much. He told the mayor that his presence would be "offensive" to Mrs. Kennedy (though he later claimed that he had used a softer expression) and managed to prevail upon Mayor Yorty to retire into the airport building.

Almost immediately after the family party arrived (it now included Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy who had flown in from New York the previous day), the plane took off. A red carpet, lined with roses and carnations, had been laid to the sleek Air Force Boeing 707 but there was no public ceremony of any kind. Members of the family entered the plane by a forklift on which the coffin was also raised. The others making the flight—and there were more than seventy, including three particularly favored journalists—went up the portable stairway at the front.

The flight to New York took four and a half hours—and it has already attracted some of the cloud of rumor and legend that still overhangs the flight of Air Force One from Dallas. The memory of that occasion must have been especially poignant for Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy who became hysterically convinced that this was the same plane she had been on then and wanted to get off. She had to be reassured by Pierre Salinger that in fact the plane they were now traveling on was the one in which he had been flying with Dean Rusk and other government officials to Tokyo on the day the President was shot.

Those who were on the flight to New York that day generally refused to talk about the experience at all, thereby inevitably increasing belief in the somewhat melodramatic account reported later that night by Sander Vanocur (one of the three journalists present; the other two were Joe Kraft and Rowland Evans) on NBC television. What does, however, seem clear is that Mrs. Ethel Kennedy set a wonderful example of controlled courage and that her sister-in-law's behavior did not quite reach that high standard. But for the most part the family kept to themselves in the forward cabin where the coffin, draped in a maroon cloth, rested throughout the flight. Teddy Kennedy, whom Vanocur described as having been "angry and mad," is said by others to have stayed by the coffin during the entire flight. He was later joined by the Senator's widow, and both had fallen asleep there by the time the plane approached New York. Other people in a kind of spontaneous vigil apparently took turns in going up and simply lying beside the coffin for brief periods.

Long before the plane landed people had begun to gather at La Guardia Airport. It was a segregated crowd: VIP's, their names adding up to a social register of the American establishment, were allowed on the Marine terminal apron; the public could only look on from behind a fence. The last to join the select group of notables was Robert McNamara who appeared with his wife pushing hurriedly through a police cordon. His plane from Germany had arrived fifteen minutes late at J.F.K. On hand to greet him besides people like the Paul Mellons, the Douglas Dillons, and the Nelson Rockefellers, were three members of the family who had not made it to Los Angeles: Teddy Kennedy's wife Joan, and Sargent Shriver and his wife Eunice who had flown in that day from Paris. One participant on the scene remembers the atmosphere as having been extraordinary. "It was hot and noisy and hushed all at once, full of despair, sorrow and weeping." The big Air Force plane taxied to a stop at eight fifty-eight p.m. (New York time) almost directly in front of the group on the tarmac. A hoist moved to the front exit and a ramp to the rear, and as Sargent Shriver along with Joan Kennedy moved onto the hoist, the same observer recalls with horror the photographers hollering, "Say, who's that blonde dame with Shriver?" That was what it was like—a confused milling around in the Klieg lights as the truly powerful and beautiful people knowing they belonged here more than anywhere else, greeted and embraced the exhausted members of the Kennedy entourage."

The arrival on Thursday night in New York was perhaps the one occasion during the whole two days when disorder nearly took over. Even the Douglas Dillons, financially exalted and socially lofty, were reduced to hitching a lift in a Pentagon Chevrolet. The specially hired Kennedy limousines for some reason were too quickly hustled away by the police; in many cases they roared off empty into the night while even the closest Kennedy intimates stood on the curbside trying to flag lifts.

Finally the cortege was formed. A grey Cadillac hearse with Ethel and Teddy Kennedy in the front seat led the thirty-four-car procession slowly to the city. When the cortege arrived at St. Patrick's the Cathedral staff, alerted at seven Thursday morning, had been waiting three hours. A bier was readied for the coffin and a short service was held beside it for the new two-hundred-strong group of friends and Kennedy courtiers who had flown from Los Angeles or who had been at the airport to greet the plane.

But not all of those who were to play central roles in the funeral organization were present. Earlier that evening the headquarters of the last great Kennedy thrust had been established on the thirtieth floor of the Pan American Building in the same suite of offices Bobby Kennedy had held his last council of war before announcing his candidacy less than three months earlier.

If there is a capital of the Kennedy empire it lies here in Suite 3021 at 200 Park Avenue behind a door inscribed somewhat obscurely: "Joseph P. Kennedy, Park Agency Inc., Licensed Real Estate Brokers." It is the normal work place of Steve Smith, the steward of the $300,000,000 family fortune. Ordinarily its atmosphere is one of discrete decorum but it was very different that Thursday night as notices were rapidly pinned on doors bearing such legends as "Honor Watch," "Guest List," "Transportation" and even simply "Advance Men."

The activity had not really seriously begun until about eight o'clock when the group of Washington lawyers under Louis Oberdorfer who were working on the invitation list arrived in from Kennedy Airport. For the next thirty-six hours this corridor length of offices was to provide the focal point of the entire funeral organization. Only one room was not invaded: Steve Smith's magnificent corner office was kept as sanctuary and refuge for the family.

Before the retainers and family friends flooded in from the Cathedral at about ten-thirty p.m. the mood was comparatively calm and collected. Oberdorfer pressed on with his invitation list, the switchboard rattled to the numbers of bus and car-hire firms and Katzenbach and Angie Duke briefly discussed protocol and the diplomatic guest list. But the arrival of almost one hundred people from the Cathedral (the rest, exhausted, went to find beds) changed all that. "There were simply too many tired talented people," recalls one early participant, "and there just wasn't enough for all of them to do." Perhaps the real trouble was that no one really knew who was in charge: from time to time a rumor would start that McNamara, or even Sargent Shriver, was about to arrive and take the whole thing over; but nothing like that happened that night, or indeed the next day.

On the main project, however, the work went remorselessly on. Something like a dozen people, including the Senator's personal secretary Angie Novello, his old school friend David Hackett and his former Justice Department press aide Ed Guth

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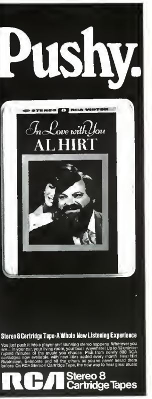

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men, were now working on compiling the funeral invitation list. They operated rather like a hanging committee at an art show. A name would be read out (the one that drew the angriest response was that of Joe Resnick, the New York congressman and Kennedy baiter), there would be nods or shakes of the head and depending on the reaction the name would be added to the list or dropped from it. One problem—later on to jam the switchboard—was the number of people who called up and demanded invitations. The two most persistent callers were said to be Mayor Yorty (who finally got in) and Governor George Wallace (who did not).

By now it was clear, too, that the list itself would have to be broken down: first, between those who would be admitted to the Cathedral only and the closer friends who would also be invited to ride on the train, and second, in order to recognize the differing claims of the various guests to precedence. An elaborate code system was worked out of eight categories: T for train, K for family, S for staff, F for friends, WH for White House, V for V.I.P., D for diplomat, M for anyone who failed to fit into the other categories. Those who eventually received a telegram may not have realized it, but amid the Western Union hieroglyphics at the top it bore one or more of these vital initials, reflecting the addressee's importance or lack of it. This was a necessary precaution, since the telegrams were designed to serve as tickets both at the Cathedral and for those having the vital T on their forms, at Pennsylvania station too.

That kind of work could go on but not even the closest and oldest surviving Kennedy associates like Theodore Sorenson, Fred Dutton, Burke Marshall and Bill Walton could rule on such major outstanding questions as the precise site for the grave, the degree of military ceremonial wanted in Washington or the details of the service at St. Patrick's. All these matters had to wait for adjudication, and the first effort to obtain it proved abortive. When McNamara, having driven straight from the Cathedral to the Carlyle hotel to be with Jackie and Ethel Kennedy, eventually turned up about one a.m. at the central command post, most people assumed he would start issuing crisp Pentagon-type orders. It did not take long for them to discover he did not view his role that way. After a brief discussion with Nick Katzenbach and Bill Walton he left to conduct further negotiations with the family, this time taking the photographs and diagrams of Arlington with him. He returned within half an hour to announce that nothing could be decided that night. It was commonly supposed that he had found Ethel Kennedy asleep and had not wished to wake her. McNamara himself then departed, announcing, as he left, his intention of going to inspect the grave site the next day.

Shortly afterward both Steve and Teddy Kennedy arrived and, in a four-cornered meeting with Katzenbach and Fitt, the first guidelines for decision making began to emerge. On one point Fitt and Katzenbach were told the family was adamant: all military participation must be kept to a minimum. The reasons behind this decision did not need to be explained; both Fitt and Katzenbach assumed they came first of all from a desire not to compete in any way with the memory of the late President's funeral, and secondly from the fact that Bobby Kennedy's opposition to the Vietnam war had made trumpets, drums and gun carriages look inappropriate. But the prohibition was not absolute. There could be, it was indicated, a Naval pallbearers' group at Union Station (in the end even this was not used), a Naval band to play the Navy hymn as the coffin was unloaded from the train and an all-service uniformed cordon lining the route out of the station on the way to Arlington. At the grave site, however, the ceremony was to be wholly civilian. The family wanted the music to be supplied by a university band (preferably the Harvard one) and the coffin itself to be borne from the hearse by a group of friends appointed by the family.

These last two directions caused a twinge of anxiety to Alfred Fitt, the man from the Pentagon, believing that it might prove impossible to assemble the Harvard (or any other university) band at thirty-six hours notice on the second weekend in June and worried over the ability of untrained pallbearers to carry a heavy coffin up a steep hill; he arranged in each case to have fallback military detachments available. Neither was needed.

By this time on Friday morning it was clear that the Washington end of the funeral was turning into a major organization job. The needs in New York might be more immediate—if only because the Senator's lying in state (at which 150,000 people were eventually to file past) was due to start within an hour or two. Delicate personal problems like which individuals would be asked to form the honor watch through the twenty-four-hour vigil period (now being organized by David Hackett and George Plimpton) still had to be settled, and the funeral mass itself for the moment remained almost entirely undiscussed.

Yet in the capital where the Kennedy organization was thin there were also any number of loose ends to be tied up. Katzenbach and Fitt had agreed Thursday night that the best solution would be to call a meeting in the morning at which everyone (the Army, the police, the Secret Service, the Kennedy advance men and press people) would be told exactly what they were to do and how to get it done.

Later Friday morning this meeting, originally scheduled for one p.m. in Fitt's office in the Pentagon, had to have its venue moved to Nick Katzenbach's office in the State Department. Bob McNamara meanwhile had called to announce his intention of coming with Mrs. Paul Mellon to inspect the grave site at precisely one o'clock. The former Defense Secretary by now had recovered his renowned power of decision making. Up at Arlington in less than an hour he and Mrs. Mellon (accompanied at a distance by Fitt and Jack Metzler, the cemetery superintendent) chose the site, taking the precaution of supplying Mrs. Kennedy with two alternatives so that she should at least have the impression of having made the decision herself. The preferred site was called 'Number One' on the diagram and neither Metzler nor Fitt doubted that it would be the one selected. McNamara, who had strong feelings that the other two detracted from the dignity of the President's grave, would after all be submitting the plans to Mrs. Kennedy. Before he left to return to New York McNamara inquired how long a grave took to prepare. Metzler replied that all would be well if they got the word to go ahead by ten o'clock that evening. Characteristically, at precisely ten o'clock the phone rang on Fitt's desk in the Pentagon: the Number One site had been chosen.

Meanwhile, that Friday afternoon, Katzenbach's logistics meeting was in full swing on the seventh floor of the State Department. Even an experienced government hand like the State Department Under Secretary admits now to having been surprised at the number of people that get involved once any form of ceremonial is attempted in Washington. That afternoon nearly thirty individuals each representing a differing interest, filed in and almost filled Katzenbach's spacious office.

It was a muddled, unsatisfactory meeting: for the first time since they had taken to the road the previous March, the Kennedy campaign staff was brought face to face with just how complex and labyrinthine government machinery can be. The Kennedy advance men—the two who turned up were Irish lawyers from the Bronx—may have known all about renting coliseums, hiring buses and filling stadia, but what soon became clear was that they did not understand such matters as precedence of the Supreme Court in relation to Congress, the security requirements of the White House (the Secret Service was attached to Presidential candidates only after Kennedy was shot), even simple police demands (which they had been accustomed to riding roughshod over on the campaign trail). "Fortunately," one of the government representatives at the meeting was to comment afterward, "the chief Kennedy man who did most of the talking [this was Chris McGrath, whose brother Kevin was simultaneously negotiating rather more easily with the spiritual authorities in St. Patrick's in New York] soon realized he could swing nothing on us. He was forced to accept that he had to trust us—and in the end I think he did."

In New York no such problems were faced. Even in death Bobby Kennedy remained an imperial presence and the police, city hall, even the prelates and priests at the Cathedral wanted merely to be given directions to follow. From the beginning, symbolized by both Governor Rockefeller's and Mayor Lindsay's attendance at LaGuardia Airport, both the state and the city gave maximum cooperation. Only The New York *Times*—highly unpopular with the Kennedy people ever since its harsh judgment delivered in the immediate aftermath of the Oregon primary, that the Senator's campaign had been "too relentless and too aggressive in its single-minded pursuit of power"—caused resentment. Its somewhat peremptory demand for fifty-six seats in the Cathedral led to the first and only serious quarrel between Frank Mankiewicz and Pierre Salinger. Each competed avidly for the pleasure of telling Clifton Daniel (The *Times* Managing Editor) that his paper had been allocated precisely two seats in St. Patrick's, or the same egalitarian number as that given to the New York *Daily News*.

The demand for press credentials was rapidly developing into a major problem both in New York and Washington, where Bill Moyers (having volunteered his services) was now lending a welcome experienced hand to the beleaguered press office garrison in 2000 L Street. The original instructions from Pierre Salinger (operating out of the press headquarters in the Commodore Hotel on Forty-second Street in New York City) were crisp and uncompromising: there would be two hundred seats for the working press in the Cathedral and one hundred on the train. (Even this ceiling, however, raised some skeptical questions—especially among those who had always been doubtful about the Kennedy family's distinction between private and public grief.) But whatever these suspicions, it soon became clear that no offer the Kennedys could contemplate making would meet the strident demands of the media. Significantly, for the final ceremony at Arlington cemetery, where no numerical limit applied, no less than nineteen hundred credentials were issued by the Kennedy Washington office. Never during his life had Bobby Kennedy attracted press attention like that.

By Friday afternoon the entire planning operation had in fact, acquired an almost campaign flavor. The last of the batches of invitations went out around lunchtime. Throughout the morning there had been a complicated telephone feeding system of names, addresses and codes to a special office at Western Union, and in the suite of offices on the thirtieth floor of the Pan American Building it now became the turn of the technicians. Banks of telephones were set up and rows of people set to work to try and reach every person to whom an invitation had been sent (this proved to be a very wise move, some telegrams took till Monday to reach their destinations and others never arrived). Any guest contacted who had not received his telegram was told to go to the Kennedy headquarters where elaborate rules against gate-crashers governed the issuance of replacement tickets. An instruction sheet put out that Friday read in part:

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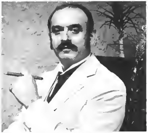

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anyone who comes in will be asked to show some personal identification, or some written authorization to pick up a ticket plus personal identification. The name of the identified party will be checked against the master list. If it appears on the list, then the person will be asked whether he or the guest he represents received a telegram invitation. If a telegram was received and has reached the invited person, then no ticket will be issued. If a person received a telegram at his home but left home before it arrived, then he is eligible to receive a replacement ticket. The master list shows for each person his code—K, S, F, WH, V, D, M—and his train status ("train" or nothing). In lieu of a letter code the replacement tickets are color coded. . . . If a replacement ticket is to be issued, a ticket of the proper color should be handed to the person who will sign his name on the back of the ticket, or if he is an authorized representative he will sign the guest's name followed by the representative's initials.

Even more complicated was the technique for dealing with people who could not understand how they had been overlooked. Here the tone of the orders was perhaps a little more tactful but certainly no less firm:

"Unless they are very obviously V.I.P.'s they should be told that unfortunately it was not possible to invite as many people as the family would have liked to invite and that the guest list is already beyond the capacity of the Cathedral. Apologize and suggest that the proceedings will be covered fully on television from inside the Cathedral. If the person is, seems to be or claims to be a V.I.P., ask for identification and show it to the supervisor. He will then call a special number at 200 Park Avenue to see whether the name has been or should be added to the master list. *Only names approved by the person answering that phone can be added to the master list.*"

A mere four individuals—Lou Oberdorfer, Carter Burden, Walter Sohier (a former General Counsel to N.A.S.A.) and Jim Flug (Teddy Kennedy's Legislative Assistant) were empowered to make additions to the Guest List once it had been made up. So sparing was their use of this prerogative that in the end the supplementary list totaled less than a dozen. But even the shrewdest precautions are not foolproof. Gary DeDell, the Syracuse printing executive arrested at the entrance to the Cathedral for carrying an unloaded pistol in his briefcase, had obtained an invitation early on Saturday morning by persuading a tired volunteer worker to break the rules.

Yet that appears to have been the only occasion on which the system broke down. The graduates from Robert Kennedy's tough training school in the Justice Department (men like Lou Oberdorfer, Jack Rosenthal, John Seigenthaler, Ed Guthman, Jack Miller and John Nolan) had now taken firm control of the whole operation, and while others—especially "the beautiful people" (normally relegated to simple tasks like fetching coffee)—milled around, they ran a very tight ship.

In a way it was curious that the old Justice Department team should have assumed control so effortlessly. At the beginning a common prediction had been that the fight for supremacy would be between the old White House aides like Sorensen, O'Donnell and Salinger and the Senator's own much younger and more radical staff, notably Peter Edelman, Adam Walinsky and Jeff Greenfield. But before these battle lines could be drawn—and they were briefly sketched in only once over the old J.F.K. brigade's successful insistence that the Green Berets (or the Special Forces) must be represented at the funeral—Bobby Kennedy's hand-picked men at the Justice Department had simply taken charge. "They were," columnist Joe Kraft was to comment admiringly afterward, "probably the best staff any Kennedy ever had—and they certainly proved their worth during these two days."

Understandably Bobby Kennedy's own Senate staff who had traveled the long campaign trail with him from Indiana to California soon relapsed into behaving as mourners rather than as chief planners. Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman worked on the Mass Card—with its echo from the J.F.K. funeral: "Dear God, Please take care of him who tried to take care of yours"—but for the most part neither they nor most of the other immediate campaign entourage played any decisive role in the funeral arrangements. Even Teddy Kennedy's eulogy of his fallen brother at the Requiem Mass was drafted by one of the Washington lawyers, Milton Gwirtzman, whose own law firm (Dutton, Gwirtzman, Zumas & Wise) had three of its four partners working away on the thirtieth floor of 200 Park Avenue. In fact, scarcely a prominent Washington law firm was not represented there. Arnold & Porter, Steptoe & Johnson, Covington & Burling, Hogan & Hartson, all were in some way involved.

In this sense what perhaps the planning of the funeral demonstrated was that the Kennedy political army was even more formidable in its reserve strength than it was in its active forces. For a moment that Friday the whole secret Kennedy underground was suddenly exposed to the world: the twenty journalists who took their turn in the Honor Watch (including, ironically, one New York Times man, Anthony Lewis, who flew in all the way from London), the former secret Kennedy sympathizers within the L.B.J. administration, like Moyers and McNamara, who dropped everything to rally to their real hero's fallen standard, even the tough, cynical television pundits like David Brinkley and Sandy Vanocur who suddenly threw their cynicism, and their reputations for objectivity too, to the winds. The desire to be part of the tribe even cut across party lines: on Capitol Hill it was a Republican Senator, Charles Percy of Illinois, who told his staff that he did not want to see any of them that Friday at all. They were to go straight upstairs and take over the Kennedy office so that the girls answering the telephones there could get to New York.

New York was where anyone who had been at all involved in the Kennedy effort now wanted to be. It was, as the saying goes, where the action was. Some of that action was perhaps surprising. That night a wake was held with virtually the whole clan, including Jackie Kennedy, present. It was a wake where people joked, laughed and sang. The Irish and the adapted Irish understood the Kennedy tribal need for this sort of gesture; the Wasps and "the beautiful people" did not.

It would also probably have shocked the more practical-minded professionals still working away on the thirtieth floor of the Pan Am Building. By now almost everything had been tied up, even the arrangements for the Mass itself (though only after a slight altercation between an emissary of Archbishop Cooke and Stephen Smith himself over the Church's ruling that it was impossible to forbid ordinary members of the congregation to take communion if they felt they wanted to). But even if decisions no longer needed to be made, men with orderly minds always want official ratification for what has already been decided. And it was not until something like two a.m. Saturday that Teddy Kennedy and Steve Smith returned to give their *imprimatur* to all the arrangements. One observer of their eventual arrival back in Smith's office found their mood almost extraordinary. "They and John Seigenthaler and one or two others were making swift, hard jokes—almost baiting each other—in a way that I suppose only close friends can. It was only a matter of minutes, but they'd trade insults back and forth—and then suddenly they all burst into a quiet kind of laughter."

This may of course have represented no more than an effort to break the tension, for by now the organization job was effectively over. The guest list, which no one in the family had seen until then, was handed over to Steve Smith; Teddy Kennedy cast his eye over the Cathedral seating plan, the list of thirteen ushers and sixty-one honorary pallbearers (only the thirteen actual pallbearers had been selected by the family) and the train list were almost casually approved. Suddenly it occurred to at least two people present that throughout the past two days there had really been no one on the bridge at all and that the normally forgotten men of any campaign—those down in the engine room—had really during this last campaign been running the ship.

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(Continued from page 106) But the neighbors did not appreciate it—one of them retired to the local police station to get some sleep—and David ended up by giving $280 to charity to appease local feeling. He says he hasn't been able to afford another party since that time.

What was perhaps more worrying was the effect which extended exposure to the egghead atmosphere of the Kennedy era in Washington seemed to have had on him.

When he had left England, his only academic distinctions had been a third class (i.e. not very good) Oxford B.A. in history, and a certificate showing that he had attended a crash course in business at Pitman's Commercial College soon after the war. He had not been known to mix in university circles. When he returned from the United States, he had a bagful of honorary doctorates—from Pittsburgh, Brown, N.Y.U. and William and Mary—and had taken to reading Freud and Jung and Arnold Toynbee (*A Study of History*). He wrote a series of lectures entitled "Must the West Decline?", which he delivered at Columbia University (returning across the Atlantic to do so). (These were published and make pedestrian reading: his uncontroversial conclusion is that the West can meet the challenge of communism and resist internal decay so long as it regards itself as a community and does not revert to nationalism, and so long as it retains its Christian values.)

Back in England, the only honor Mr. Wilson's government paid him was to make him the one-day-a-week, $4,800 a year President of the Board of Film Censors. This has since landed him in deep controversy over whether or not female pubic hair should be allowed to be shown on the screen. Lord Harlech's board decided not. The B.B.C. invited Harlech, among others, to a discussion of what happens to films under censorship, and certain of the scenes which Harlech's board had cut B.B.C. used to illustrate the point.

The Conservatives made Lord Harlech Deputy Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords. ("I've seriously considered giving up my title for a seat in the Commons but decided against it. I thought just to make a calculation that it was to your political advantage to stay in the House of Commons was a pretty cynical attitude.") But his wife's sudden death in May, 1967, ended his political career, at least for the time being, even more abruptly than Kennedy's death had cut short his diplomatic career. "Cissie," Lady Sylvia, to whom he had been married for twenty-seven years, was driving from their Welsh country house to mail some letters in Harlech town when she tried to overtake a car towing a trailer. She crashed straight into the front of a bus coming the other way, and died in an ambulance.

"I didn't feel much like going to the House of Lords after that," he said simply, and retreated as best he could from public view.

A few weeks later he was interrupted from his contemplations by a telephone call. A group of television executives were making a bid for the franchise to transmit to Wales and the West of England, and they wanted a prominent figure of immaculate respectability who could impress the licensing authority.

"After two days I rang them back and said I'd be delighted to head the group and act as chairman, and from then on I was fully involved." Whether or not the group had intended it, Lord Harlech decided to make television his new career and resigned from his position in the Conservative Party. He is now working almost full time at such problems as finding trained Welsh speaking performers and selling advertising time. "I feel I am personally very responsible for seeing that it is a success," he said brightly.

The other outcome of the Harlech car crash has been better publicized. Jackie, escorted by her brother-in-law Bobby, flew to England for the funeral. A month later, she met Lord Harlech again in Ireland. Four months after that *Women's Wear Daily* reported for the first time that they were engaged and Lord Harlech said for the first time (and he used these words): "We are just good friends."

Violent death has been a dominant influence on Lord Harlech's life, and it was indirectly as a result of a fatal accident that he met the Kennedy family thirty years ago.

The first of these deaths occurred when he was a seventeen-year-old schoolboy. His elder brother, whom he hero-worshiped and who would normally have inherited the family title and properties, was driving home from the Newmarket horse races when his car hit a telegraph pole and he ricocheted into the side of a stationary truck.

Two years later, David was driving along the same road from Newmarket when he almost killed himself. He smashed up the car, which he had borrowed from his cousin Lord Hartington, and because several of his front teeth had been knocked out, his statement to the police had to be made in writing. His driver's license was suspended for six months, and he was fined two guineas for dangerous driving.

Fourteen months after that he was returning from another race-meeting with the future Lady Harlech, when he collided with a fifteen-year-old cyclist, who died. (It could have been the boy's fault since Lord Harlech was not prosecuted.)

In the same year 1938 Cissie's father Hugh Lloyd Thomas, the Prince of Wales's Assistant Private Secretary, decided at the age of fifty that he was still young enough to ride in a steeplechase race. He fell at a fence and was trampled to death by the oncoming horses.

Cissie moved into the American Embassy to stay with her best friend Kathleen (Kik) Kennedy for the London season. Kik's father Joseph was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

David, by now an Oxford undergraduate, went down well with Cissie's hosts. David introduced Billy, Lord Hartington, who was still his best friend despite the matter of the smashed car, and Billy married Kik.

Billy was killed in the war—a month after the death of Joseph Kennedy Junior—fighting in France with the family regiment, the Coldstream Guards. David and Cissie remained close to Kik, until she was killed in a plane crash in 1948.

Having lost his first heir, the main ambition of David's father was to keep the second one alive. So while he allowed David's younger brother John (who subsequently spent ten years struggling unsuccessfully to qualify as a doctor, and now lives with his mother, occupying himself by acting as unpaid referee and umpire at medical students' games meetings) to join the Coldstreams, he arranged for David—to the latter's lasting annoyance and frustration—to take a commission with the Berkshire Yeomanry.

The wisdom of his choice is testified by the absence of any mention of the Berkshire in the histories of the Second World War. It did not get to France before that country fell to the Germans, and it moved in 1940 to Northern Ireland where, according to the official record, it "enjoyed three years of uninterrupted training."

The Berkshire was put on the list of regiments to launch a second front. Then it was told that it would be going to Normandy. But "as events proved, the complete regiment never went over" and fifty individuals were sent as replacements to other regiments fighting there instead. "As this meant the frittering away of a first-class regiment," the record continues, "the Berkshire's Commanding Officer applied to the War Office and was successful in having these postings stopped." They sailed for India, to give demonstrations at a tactical training school, before continuing to ship to Malaya—arriving just too late for the Japanese surrender.

By this time David had managed to get himself transferred to an air reconnaissance unit, but his father found out, and he was posted to an office in Whitehall where he spent the rest of the war sublimating his aggression in his spare time by driving his motorcycle very fast.

To look at today, Lord Harlech is not a beautiful man. The upper part of his face is rough and rather red, the lower is grey with stubborn stubble. The top of his head is bald, but the back of it is still covered with thick, black, well-greased hair, the ends of which end up where they meet his shirt collar. But what strikes one instantly is the unfortunate hugeness of his nose. An astonished Australian visitor remarked: "If he filled it with threepences he'd be a millionaire." (He is actually one already, if you count his assets in dollars rather than pounds sterling. The estates his father handed to him in 1948 are valued at about $700,000 and on his father's death in 1964 he inherited further property worth about $500,000 including family portraits by Gainsborough's nephew, a Shakespeare second folio and a collection of rare postage stamps.)

Public life has taught him to try to conceal the size of his nose in press photographs by aiming it straight at the camera, which achieves the optical illusion of shortening it.

He is as careful to hide his emotions, employing an extreme form of the personal reserve which Americans are said to admire so much in an Englishman. He talks volubly—as we discovered from three interviews, all of which ran over the time his secretary had allotted—but unrevealingly. He seems to dominate most of the conversations in which he takes part—when I asked him to whom he enjoyed listening, he replied: "I don't mind talking to anybody, really"—but at the same time to be disengaged from them. He has in his mind a stock of ready-made statements which fit most topics likely to come up, and which he repeats with precision at the appropriate times.

Several reporters back in their offices after "exclusive" sessions with him on, say, the inside story of the Cuban missile crisis, have been upset to find from press cuttings that he revealed exactly the same information three or four years previously, in exactly the same words. Secondly, he never drinks enough liquor for it to affect what he says.

Some of his family friends attribute his unemotional self-control to the example his parents set. We were told that his mother, the Dowager Lady Harlech, now Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, had an intensely formal relationship with his father, who had been Postmaster General and Colonial Secretary. At meals, as is the custom of the English aristocracy, his parents sat at opposite ends of the table, and if Lady Harlech wanted to say something to her husband, she would ring a bell she kept near and announce loudly, "I wish to speak to His Lordship."

The only hint David gives of any special affection for the woman he has so often denied he is going to marry is a strangely inverted one: he refers to her by her surname. In his conversations with outsiders Bobby was Bobby, Teddy is Teddy, but Jackie is always Mrs. Kennedy.

Despite his remote air, Lord Harlech is an amiable and popular man. If he is not intellectually or physically outstanding, he has an aristocratic sense of public duty which makes him work hard and competently. He plays golf and tennis somewhat clumsily, but with a keen competitive spirit, and this put him in demand as a touch-football player on the White House lawn.

The particular aspect of David's personality that impressed the Kennedys from the time they first met him in London in 1938 has been something of a puzzle to the English upper classes.

Arthur Schlesinger says that Joseph Junior and John Fitzgerald were originally struck by how much more confident and sophisticated he was than the boys they had met at Harvard.

"I don't remember what I told in those days, or what John Kennedy said," Lord Harlech told us. "I think in the kind of social contacts I had with him at that time he didn't appear to be very serious-minded. But that is to some extent misleading: he was in fact writing his thesis, *Why England Slept*."

David at the time was making his decidedly cursory study of history. He had recently arrived at Oxford, as his and Cissie's fathers had done before him, from Eton. It was the only educational path for a boy of his background to take, and Billy Hartington and David's three brothers-in-law (Harold Macmillan's son Maurice, Lees Mayall, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and the Honorable William Pease, an ear, nose and throat specialist) went along it too.

At Eton David had distinguished himself only once: by publicly accusing the school of driving one of his fellow pupils to suicide through its bad food. At university, he said, "I did the minimum of work."

"Those of us from Eton and good backgrounds all had fun together," said the Reverend Honorable Andrew Elphinstone, later to become A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. "We all spoke the same language and there was no pressure on us to know the grammar school types."

These latter included at the time swots like Harold Wilson and Edward Heath, but David and his friends never got round to meeting them. For them life took place mostly at weekends.

Saturdays would start with a morning trip to the station to meet girls like the Honorable Deborah Greenwood, the Princess Priscilla Bibesco and Lady Rose Paget arriving on the train from London. Girls who attended Oxford as students, according to literary critic Philip Toynbee (son of Arnold), "were regarded as unsmart."

After lunch they would go off to the Grind, as the local steeplechases were called. And in the evening they would meet again in the George Hotel in Oxford for dinner. Famously they were able to hear the shrill sound—to quote Evelyn Waugh, who, if the Lord Harlech of the Oxford days had not existed could easily have invented him—"of the English county families baying for broken glass."

"Dinner at the George on Saturday night was a smart thing to do," said Woodrow Wyatt, now a radical newspaper owner and a Labour M.P. whose social conscience had yet to be fully aroused in his student days, overshadowed by Munich and mass unemployment. "We used to throw bread rolls around the place, toss bottles of champagne out of the window, pick up our steaks and our smoked salmon and slap each other in the face with them. I remember David on those nights very well."

The Right Honorable Julian Amery, subsequently Harold Macmillan's Minister of Aviation, also recalled nostalgically "champagne being chucked out of the windows." He explained: "Champagne was very cheap in those days."

David and Woodrow Wyatt founded and financed the University's own yellow press, titled *Oxford Comment*. David wrote the jazz column—he still likes the Chicago style of the Thirties—and contributed racing tips. The paper was closed down by the authorities, after an article alleging that the University was constructing air-raid shelters for the faculty, but none for the students.

Before its demise, the paper had run a campaign to have Philip Toynbee (then and for the next few years a card-carrying Communist) elected President

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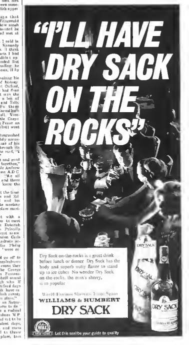

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of the Union in those days world-famous for its motion that "This House Would in No Circumstances Fight for King and Country." Toynbee described it as a rather frivolous exercise, but he won the election—only to be censured by his remarks for mixing with aristocrats like David.

David was not himself a member of the Union. "He wasn't very politically conscious," Wyatt explained. "I remember his father coming down to speak and we went to listen to that. It was more of a laugh than anything else."

The future Lord Harlech's real ambition was to go into business. "I thought enough generations of Ormsby Gores had gone into politics," he told us, "and somebody ought to try and make some money."

He is now beginning to realize his ambition through commercial television which Canadian communications tycoon Lord Thomson once described as "a license to print money."

His only noticeably uncontrolled passion now is for very fast sports cars. He started subscribing to *Autocar* magazine when he was eight, and despite the tragic effect automobiles have had on his life he now owns a rare Gordon Keeble Special, with Italian styling and a Corvette Sting Ray engine which has taken him up the London-Birmingham motorway at a hundred twenty-five miles an hour. Although he has not owned a motorcycle since the war he happily rode one again recently—at the age of fifty—to satisfy a photographer.

The picture was to illustrate an interview about himself, which his twenty-one-year-old daughter Victoria had sold to *Ladies' Home Journal* for $2,500. She is also responsible for persuading him to become cosponsor with Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones of the First European International Pop Festival in Rome, the stated aim of which is to enable people to "meet and communicate with each other in an environment made conducive to such warm human communication by music played by people who are like themselves from everywhere." Victoria persuaded her father to issue a statement that "I find myself much more in general agreement with this than with a number of other enterprises I have supported in the past."

His eldest daughter Jane is twenty-five. In September 1966, in a Catholic church just off Carnaby Street, at twenty-four hours' notice to her parents, she married Michael Rainey, who runs a Chelsea boutique called Hung on You. (Rainey later moved the boutique down to the cheaper end of King's Road.) Among the articles on sale are what the assistants describe as "pot pipes."

The Raineys had a child in April 1967, whom they named Saffron Noon Gabriel Max. ("We like the word Saffron anyway," said Jane. "And then there was the song *Mellow Yellow*. And then he got jaundice.")

In September police found the Raineys, with their son, sleeping in a field near Glastonbury, Somerset. Two people with them were charged with being in possession of drugs. The Raineys said that they had been trying to feel emanations coming from the Glastonbury Tor—the hill where St. Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have built the first Christian church in England.

Michael Rainey told a press conference: "Merlin the magician is alive and living in Somerset. Flying saucers really do exist. I saw one in Wales last weekend which changed color but did not land.

"The world may not be the world at all, but hell. And dull grey suits are the death of our civilization. Only color will save the world because of the vibrations it gives out."

The Raineys recently moved from a small crumbling terrace house between a gasworks and a bone mill to an apartment house known as Chelsea Cloisters. Religiously Michael and Jane—both brought up as Catholics—have not renounced Christianity but are inclined sympathetically toward an Indian called "Meher Baba, Avatar of the Twentieth Century." Baba, according to his disciples, stopped talking on July 10, 1925, and intends to speak only one more word before he dies. A pamphlet Michael sells to customers at Hung on You (which his father-in-law, once named Best Dressed Man of the Year, claims to patronize for his leisure wear) states: "The breaking of Baba's silence has been compared to the bursting of an atom bomb. ... When he speaks that word, a great spiritual upheaval and great material destruction will occur by the release of his infinite wisdom."

Lord Harlech is unwaveringly loyal in the defense of his children. He was particularly annoyed when the local Public Prosecutor in Somerset criticized Jane for taking her infant son along on that Glastonbury trip.

"I mean camping out in the summer is not the most terrible thing anybody can do. In fact I think she looks after her baby better than anyone I have ever seen."

His new religious views are more conventional. "I'm an Anglican. And because my wife was a staunch Catholic and a very regular churchgoer and very interested in her religion and went to retreats and took a great interest in the Church, this has obviously had some influence on me. I always felt that one really ought to dwell on the extent to which Catholicism and Protestantism are in agreement, rather than get enormously excited about the differences."

Because Cissie was a Roman Catholic, the marriage was not entirely approved of. "I think certain members of my family, although not my mother and father, did think it was wrong to marry a Catholic and agree to have children brought up as Catholics. But the atmosphere with regard to Roman Catholicism was quite different to what it is now," he said. There was no way of telling whether this had any personal significance for him now. ■

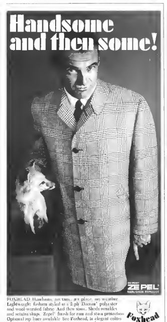
PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 6) matter of fact, Czech participation in the Cultural Olympics is (unless the tense now has to be changed) scheduled to be a very important one, as is, for that matter, that of Russia, both the Germanies and China. It won't be the least of the astonishments with which this vice is already so stuffed if all of them should carry out their parts of the cultural Olympiad as if nothing whatsoever had happened among them.

We agree of course that the arts shouldn't be competitive and Pedro Ramírez Vázquez, the president of the organizing committee, is right in his emphasis that "the presence of culture is the all-important factor." There are twelve Folklore Ballet Companies represented on the roster of visiting arts organizations coming to Mexico this year from all over the world, and it would be absurd to attempt to say which one is "best." But just the same, if you've ever seen theirs, we know you share our secret wish that there were some way that the Folklore Ballet Company of Mexico could come out of this with some sort of medal. They are the living proof that in the arts, at least, it isn't the size of your country that counts, nor the attributes of its life style, but only the extent of your talent. And their talent is immense.

With as many cultural events as there are athletic contests, the Nineteenth Olympiad is unique. In a sense, going to Mexico now that the games are on is like going to an exhibition the day of the opening. Fine, to see and be seen, but if you want to get a look at the paintings you have to come back another day. So any time from October 27, when the games end, until the middle of December is a fine time to see, if not the best part, then at least the part that makes these Olympics different from all the rest in modern times.

—A.G.



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THE APPENDIX IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

(Continued from page 87) through the fat but through the fascia as well.

"Not that hard," shouted George, grabbing my right wrist with his left hand while with his other hand he plunged a gauze pack into the wound to stop the bleeding. "Start clamping," he told me.

The nurse handed us hemostats and we applied them to the numerous vessels I had so hastily opened. "All right," George said, "start tying."

I took the ligature material from the nurse and began to tie off the vessels. Or rather I *tried* to tie off the vessels because suddenly my knot-tying proficiency had melted away. The casual dexterity I had displayed on the bedpost a short hour ago was nowhere in evidence. My fingers, greasy with fat, simply would not perform. My ties slipped off the vessels, the catgut snapped in my fingers; at one point I even managed to tie the end of my rubber glove into the wound. It was, to put it bluntly, a performance in fumbling that would have made Robert Benchley blush.

Here I must give my first paean of praise to George. His patience during the entire performance was nothing short of miraculous. The temptation to pick up the catgut and do the tying himself must have been strong. He could have tied off all the vessels in two minutes. It took me twenty.

Finally we were ready to proceed. "Now," George directed, "split the muscle. But gently, please."

I reverted to my earlier tack. Fiber by fiber I spread the muscle, which was the last layer but one that kept us from the inside of the abdomen.

Each time I separated the fibers and withdrew my clamp, the fibers rolled together again. After five minutes I was no nearer the appendix than I had been at the start.

George could stand it no longer. But he was apparently afraid to suggest I take a more aggressive approach, fearing I would stick the clamp into or possibly through the entire abdomen. Instead he suggested that he help me by spreading the muscle in one direction while I spread it in the other. I made my usual infinitesimal attack on the muscle. In one full sweep George spread the rest.

"Very well done," he complimented me. "Now let's get in."

We each took a clamp and picked up the tissue-paper-thin peritoneum. After two or three hesitant attacks with the scalpel I finally opened it. We were in the abdomen.

"Now," said George, "put your finger in—feel the cecum [the portion of the bowel to which the appendix is attached] and bring it into the wound."

I stuck my right hand into the abdomen. I felt around—but what was I feeling? I had no idea.

It had always looked so simple when the senior resident did it. Open the abdomen, reach inside, pull up the appendix. Nothing to it. But apparently there was.

Everything felt the same to me. The small intestine, the large intestine, the cecum: how did one tell them apart without seeing them?

I grabbed something and pulled it into the wound. Small intestine. No good. Put it back. I grabbed again. This time it was the sigmoid colon. Put it back. On my third try I had the small intestine again.

"The appendix must be in an abnormal position," I said to George. "I can't seem to find it."

"Mind if I try?" he asked.

"Not at all," I answered. "I wish you would."

Two of his fingers disappeared into the wound. Five seconds later they emerged, cecum between them, with the appendix flopping from it.

"Stuck down a little," he said kindly. "That's probably why you didn't feel it. It's a hot one," he added. "Let's get at it."

The nurse handed me the hemostats and one by one I applied them to the mesentery of the appendix—the veil of tissue in which the blood vessels run. With George holding the veil between his fingers I had no trouble. I took the ligatures and tied the vessels without a single error. My confidence was coming back.

"Now," George directed, "put in your purse string." (The cecum is a portion of the bowel which has the shape of half a hemisphere. The appendix projects from its surface like a finger. In performing an appendectomy the routine procedure is to tie the appendix at its base and cut it off a little beyond the tie. After doing this the stump which is left is inverted into the cecum and kept there by tying the purse-string stitch. This was the stitch I was now going to sew.)

It went horribly. The wall of the cecum is not very thick—perhaps one eighth of an inch. The suture must be placed deeply enough in the wall so that it won't cut through when tied but not so deep as to pass all the way through the wall. My sutures were alternately too superficial or too deep, but eventually I got the job done.

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"All right," said George, "let's get the appendix out of here. Tie off the base."

I did.

"Now cut the appendix off."

At least in this, the definitive act of the operation, I would be decisive. I took the knife and with one quick slash cut through the appendix—too close to the ligature.

"Oh oh, watch it," said George. "That tie is going to slip."

It did. The appendiceal stump laid there open. I felt faint.

"Don't panic," said George. "We've still got the purse string. I'll push the stump in—you pull up the stitch and tie. That will take care of it."

I picked up the two ends of the suture and put in the first stitch. George shoved the open stump into the appendix. It disappeared as I snugged my tie. Beautiful.

"Two more knots," said George. "Just to be safe."

I tied the final knot and breathed a sigh of relief. The appendiceal stump remained out of sight. On the third knot—for the sake of security—I pulled a little tighter. The stitch broke—the open stump popped up—the cecum disappeared into the abdomen. I broke out in a cold sweat and my knees started to tremble.

Even George momentarily lost his composure. "For Chrissake, Bill," he said, grasping desperately for the bowel, "what did you have to do that for?" The low point of the operation had been reached.

By the time we had retrieved the cecum Mr. Polansky's peritoneal cavity had been contaminated. My self-confidence was shattered. And still George let me continue. True, he all but held my hand as we retied and resutured, but the instruments were in my hand.

The closure was anticlimactic. Once I had the peritoneum sutured things went reasonably smoothly. Two hours after we had begun the operation was over. "Nice job," George said, doing his best to sound sincere.

"Thanks," I answered lamely.

The scrub nurse laughed.

Mr. Polansky recovered, I am happy to report, though not without a long and complicated convalescence. His bowel refused to function normally for two weeks and he became enormously distended. He was referred to at our nightly conferences as "Doctor Nolen's pregnant man in Ward L4." Each time the reference was made, it elicited a shudder from me.

During his convalescence I spent every spare moment I could at Mr. Polansky's bedside. My feelings of guilt and responsibility were overwhelming. If he had died I think I would have given up surgery for good.

He, on his part, thought I was wonderful. He referred to me as "My doctor" and during his recuperation he told all the neighboring patients, in his broken English, what a wonderful surgeon I was, how I had saved his life—and advised them to try and get me to do their surgical work.

I never was obtuse enough to pretend to myself that his praise was justified, but listening to him at least gave me enough self confidence to believe I might someday make a surgeon.

I've done more than three thousand cases since that first appendectomy fifteen years ago. It would be easy to begin to accept each problem as routine, to develop a complacent attitude toward the challenges of surgery. Some surgeons do. When I find myself falling into this trap I have only to remember Mr. Polansky. And my humility returns. ###

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(Continued from page 13.) most conglomerates claim that they are able to do more with less because of their managerial skills. Doing more with less is hardly a new concept in American economic life: automating factories to obtain greater output with fewer workers, for instance, has been a goal of industry for the past two decades. The conglomerates have been applying the same idea—what they love to call "synergism"—to the management of companies, and when the principle is in good working order, synergism amounts to a counter-revolution against Parkinson's law of proliferating white-collar workers.

Many of the critics of conglomerates, usually financiers and businessmen near retirement who remember the investment holding companies that came apart in the Great Depression, cannot believe that what failed then could succeed now—namely that two plus two can equal five (or more), which is the New Math of synergism. "Conglomerating a company is a mirror trick," says one business school professor. "It's the old holding company all over again. Fancy financial footwork—nothing more." Even an advocate of the conglomerate type company such as Equity Research Associates, an investment research outfit on Wall Street, warned five years ago that "the pasting together of disparate corporate elements without any established operating capability or well-defined direction does not create investment values."

The elder statesmen of business would feel far more comfortable in having conglomerates as neighbors of their own corporations if the conglomerateers, the executives who manage these amorphous corporations, were not so flamboyant. Most of the better known conglomerateers are relatively young, chemically energetic and, if not always intellectually brilliant, at least remarkably smart. Jim Ling, an up-from-nothing Dallas businessman who has built himself a $1,500,000 mansion in pseudo French provincial out of his profits, mixes military terms (Operation Redeployment) with the latest business school jargon as he explains the limitless dollar signs ahead for his Ling-Temco-Vought. "Tex" Thornton, Roy Ash, and their stable of restless "entrepreneurs" at Litton operate out of a maverick among corporate headquarters, the Beverly Hills "mansion" formerly used by the Music Corporation of America, and the current tenants book deals to acquire companies daily with somewhat the same flair the MCA executives once booked movie stars. And Charles Bluhdorn, the catalyst for Gulf & Western, enthusiastically touts his conglomerate's Leisure Time Group, a corporate branch that would probably not find ready acceptability among the board members of, say, Standard Oil of New Jersey.

As action men, and to some extent self-styled intellectuals as well, the conglomerateers came across like college educated gunslingers. Harold Geneen's International Telephone & Telegraph fought—unsuccessfully—to acquire American Broadcasting Companies, the nation's third largest television and radio network. Jim Ling's LTV sought and won Wilson & Co., a billion dollar meat packing, sporting-goods, and pharmaceutical company. (When Ling split it into three product groups, Wall Street promptly called them the "meat ball," "golf ball," and "goof ball.") Litton has set out to help cure some of the problems that ail cities with a "systems approach" utilizing task forces. And with a nod toward Alexander Calder's mobiles, which might serve as an apt symbol for their corporations, the conglomerateers use the phrase "free-form management" to describe how they supervise subsidiaries that produce goods for very dissimilar markets.

Emboldened by the entrepreneurial spirit, each conglomerate writes its own rule book, which, in Litton's case, includes an admonition against making a vital corporate decision in London or Paris within twenty-four hours after arrival on a flight from say Los Angeles—the metabolic time clock inside the executive needs a brief rest period for adjustment, Litton men will tell you. Yet individualistic as they are, conglom

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erates represent a sort of corporate personality type. They exude confidence that there is such a thing as an all-purpose executive—a smart, well-informed generalist, in contrast to the nuts-and-bolts specialist, who can understand and manage a corporation's affairs no matter how complicated and diverse they may be. He need not be an Organization Man who started work at General Motors banging hubcaps onto assembly-line cars and then, after having done a stint in a variety of manufacturing and marketing divisions over three decades, made it to the top. The executives at City Investing, one of the newer conglomerates, make decisions about aircraft and missile products one moment, about real-estate development the next — and City Investing is typical.

Conglomerate managers also believe in a fairly small central staff—call it a "think tank"—for handling broad financial, legal, and administrative moves. Textron's staff numbers no more than one hundred or so executives and assistants who oversee about thirty outlying divisions and subsidiaries (at the rate of conglomerate acquisitions, it is difficult to stop the clock and count precisely what subsidiaries belong to the line-up). If a subsidiary needs help from the brain center at headquarters, a company such as Litton will even provide in-house management consultants who rush to the scene and often diagnose, provide a prescription for improving the patient's health.

As another personality trait, conglomerates like to let their subsidiaries run their own affairs with so-called profit centers way out there in conglomerate land where the operating divisions actually produce and sell. Conglomerates, in fact, attempt to acquire only going concerns—ones with bright executives who can handle business at least for a period of time after the acquisition without much interference from headquarters. This is a case of pure pragmatics: there simply are not enough qualified managers, notwithstanding the yearly output of business-school graduates, to allow any conglomerate to play free and easy with human talent.

With a touch of the old McNamara defense thinking, conglomerates believe in a "flexible response" to changing corporate conditions. If an acquisition proves to be a lemon, a conglomerateur such as Rupert Thompson of Textron gets rid of it as fast as possible. When a subsidiary feels growing pains in a particular market, Litton experts or I.T.T. experts will jet to the plant, investigate the trouble and make swift, often on-the-spot, recommendations. And this conglomerate philosophy of mobility also encompasses "flexible action" to launch new ventures. A favorite boast at Litton is that "one-half of the advanced products now marketed by Litton Industries did not exist five years ago."

As they count their profits on the way to the bank, some of the conglomerates enjoy pausing en route to issue philosophical comments on the industrial age in which they live. Litton's 1966 annual report focused on the theme, "Managing Ideas," with historian Allan Nevins providing some deep thoughts and photographer Art Kane providing some arty shots of Greek columns, children's faces, desert sand and the Statue of Liberty. With the same kind of visual pretension Ogden Corporation's 1967 annual report features montages of poster-type, silk-screen photographs to illustrate its food, marine construction, technology products, metals, engineered transportation and development divisions.

For all this the well-known secret of conglomerate success lies in the simple arithmetic that has served as the foundation for growth. Basically, the target for a conglomerate is constant growth, both in physical size and especially in earnings per share, with earnings inching or occasionally jumping up quarter by quarter, year by year. The market value of the stock naturally soars. To increase earnings, corporations traditionally grew from within—"internal growth" as it is called—by selling more and more toothbrushes in more and more markets, a not so difficult goal in an American economy which has steadily grown bigger with few interruptions. But for conglomerates, internal growth is the slowpoke way to grow. Why not "buy" bigger sales and earnings by acquiring other companies? And here is where the conglomerate kings have shown their footwork in financial deals. When buying another company, a key element for the conglomerate is Wall Street's favorite yardstick, the price-earnings ratio or P/E, meaning of course the price of its stock and its earnings per share versus those of the company it plans to acquire. Under conditions that a conglomerate would call "attractive," it uses its high P/E (50, for example) to purchase a company with a low P/E (10, for example). In short, through this leverage the conglomerate buys cheaply but, because of its richer market position from the added earnings of the acquired company, sells itself dear to investors as its stock goes up.

Here is a simplified chalk-talk explanation of such a deal.

General National A to Z Corporation, a sexy growing conglomerate, with five million shares outstanding, earnings per share of $1 (or $5,000,000 in all), stock selling at $50, has a P/E of 50. Over there in Grubville is a well-heeled foundry called the Clunk Chunk Corporation with 500,000 shares outstanding, earnings per share of $1 (or $500,000 in all), stock selling at a much cheaper $10—a company with a P/E of 10. To buy Clunk Chunk, General National offers 100,000 shares of its stock (worth $5,000,000) in exchange for Clunk Chunk's 500,000 shares. Where is the magic? Suddenly General National can boast earnings of $5,500,000 by adding Clunk Chunk's to its own, and the conglomerate's total shares outstanding have risen only to 5,100,000. For an investor who wants his portfolio to move, National General looks like a real doll: earnings up ten percent and its stock "diluted" by a piddling two percent. It can look like an even prettier doll if National General pays for Clunk Chunk with cash (no stock dilution in this case) or with fancier securities such as convertible bonds. The hypothetical General National-Clunk Chunk deal is all quite legal, but in the real-life activities of conglomerates, the financial dealings involved in acquiring a company can become as complicated as a rat's cradle. "I paid them their worth," says one executive who arranged such a deal. But he adds, "In counterfeit money."

Whether or not there is a "pattern" or rationale to the acquisition campaigns of conglomerates is a question which can easily unsettle a conglomerateur. "One corporate development is well-balanced," he will answer defensively. "We're twelve percent in bottled condiments, twenty-five percent in amphibious assault landing vehicles for the military, twenty-one percent in car rentals, thirty-three percent in burglar alarms and other protective devices, and seven percent in heavy-duty rolling mills. It's all in The Plan." In the actual case of Gulf & Western Industries, whose sales have jumped from a piddling $8,000,000 in 1958 with expectation almost double that amount for fiscal 1968, the conglomerate kick has brought an expansion into odd areas that would seem to have more relationship in a Horatio Alger dream than in reality—though somehow it all makes sense in the mind of Vienna-born Charles Bluhdorn. From its lowly beginning as Michigan Bumper, a tiny producer of auto parts, the company rapidly expanded into the "after market" for auto replacement parts, then into die castings, aerospace parts and aircraft escape mechanisms, more recently into zinc production, followed by the purchase of Paramount Pictures and now E. W. Bliss (machine tools), Universal American (air conditioning, defense forge products), Consolidated Cigar (Dutch Masters, El Producto) and Associates Investment (commercial and consumer credit). It probably could be said that Gulf & Western, from its base in the automobile life of America, bought a piece of the sky (aircraft and aerospace), a slab of our underground resources (mining), and a slice of the new leisure time (movies, TV).

What the conglomerates argue as justification for their modus operandi is that this financial wheeling and dealing is only a means toward one end: the corporation best adapted to meet the demands of the Sixties and onward, intricately interwoven with the conglomerate conception of the corporation, is the way-out technology spawned by the Pentagon during and since World War II, by the gigantic space program, by the communications revolution and most recently by the crisis in the cities. Corporations, say the conglomerates, must swing with the times, free to change fast to meet changing circumstances. For the Seventies close ahead there are some familiar and not so familiar commercial areas to be explored: water-pollution control, undersea mining, magnetohydrodynamics, self-repairing mechanisms, urban mass transit, fuel cells, fiber metallurgy. And beyond in the Eighties the "opportunity-oriented" conglomerates see possible areas of interest in self-organizing machines, automated highways, lunar colonization, magnetoplasmadynamics, undersea farming.

In fact, some experts who enjoy classifying things prefer to call conglomerates "high-technology companies," and Litton Industries, with its base in electronics and later expansion into business equipment and computer-controlled warehouse handling systems, would surely qualify in this category. So would Harold Geneen's hyperthyroid International Telephone & Telegraph which, with the international structure it inherited, has stretched into many fields of electronics and telecommunications. To see opportunities in these new whiz areas is one thing, but to grasp them—or more correctly to be able to grasp them—is another. And this is the dividing line that separates the corporation, old style, from the conglomerate, new style: flexibility, imagination, even motivation.

The skeptics who mock the merits of conglomerates generally fall back on the historical record as proof that there is nothing new, conglomerates included, under the sun. Business history, like history in the large, repeats itself, they will say. In their efforts to convince everyone that Litton Industries is really a General Motors (a giant originally assembled from many parts), critics point out that most of today's blue-chip behemoths grew big from a long series of mergers and acquisitions, just like the conglomerates. In groping to define what is and is not a conglomerate according to a yardstick of eight "categories," *Fortune* arrived at a list of forty-six candidates, some with household corporate names: Chrysler, Dow, Firestone, Ford, Goodrich, Johnson & Johnson and

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several others, all seasoned, even elderly players of the corporate game.

In their day, it is true, the oldtimers diversified to stimulate growth and what growth should bring—profits. They spread upward, downward and outward to what is regarded as the classic American form of diversification. Ford began producing its own steel for its cars (vertical integration) and General Motors expanded its line of cars by acquiring various auto companies (horizontal integration). But through the decades this kind of expansion brought one confrontation after another with the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, the arm of the government empowered to prevent unregulated monopolies, restrain companies from dominating a market and foster good old competitive capitalism. And the trustbusters succeeded up to a point in keeping a single corporation (such as the old Standard Oil of New Jersey) or several corporations from getting embarrassingly powerful within the oil, auto, steel, and other key industries.

Then in the Fifties came a new wave of diversification as antiquated business methods and simple old age caught up with industries such as New England textiles. As a spur to growth and also as an "insurance policy" against sudden downturns in volatile industries, corporations started to wander far afield to find corporate partners for growth. Textron, based in Providence, began diversifying and developing as a conglomerate well before its brilliant creator, Royal Little, had ever heard the word conglomerate widely used. (And who would have heard of it, considering that it made its first bow to the public in 1948 in the pages of a relatively obscure document entitled *Report of the Federal Trade Commission on the Merger Movement*.) The 1958 recession temporarily, in some cases permanently, crippled these conglomerates to be: Penn Texas, U.S. Industries, Merritt-Chapman & Scott. But the idea of assembling bits and pieces of unrelated corporations to form a new kind of corporation, like a Picasso or Braque using newspaper scraps, twists of yarn, photographs, and a pastepot to create a collage, caught the imagination of the corporate builders. And it caught the Antitrust Division by surprise, for the time-honored Clayton and Sherman Acts never specifically forbade a corporation from becoming a giant potpourri of unrelated, dissimilar subsidiaries.

That was the initial strategy of the conglomerates, but more important, because the conglomerate movement probably would have been impossible without it, was skilled generalship. In a quick sum-up, Equity Research told subscribers to its investment letter two years ago: "The first post World War II graduating class at Harvard Business School had as its top-ranking student Roy Ash, President of Litton, and as runner-up, Robert V. Hansberger, President and creator of Boise Cascade Co. In that same year Ford Motor Co. was hiring two demobilized Colonels who became famous during the war as logistics experts—Robert McNamara and Charles B. 'Tex' Thornton. Ultimately these two groups, representing (1) the 'intellectual fount' of American business and (2) the best in World War II management experience, were to merge in the Thornton-Ash combination which created Litton Industries. Litton in turn has 'spun off' the Walter Kidde management (President Sullivan formerly ran Litton's Business Equipment group and remains a Litton director) and a number of other managements (examples: Teledyne, Western Union, City Investing). This pattern of interrelationships shows up elsewhere as well. Boise Cascade has recently 'spun off' William D. Eberle as the new president of American Radiator and Standard Sanitary (Automatic Sprin-

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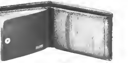

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(1316)

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kler's Chairman, Harry E. Figgie Jr., who served his apprenticeship in management consulting (Booz Allen & Hamilton), may now be said to relate back to the Thornton Ash syndrome via his having recently joined Russell McFall (former Litton Vice-president) on the Board of Directors of Western Union. . . . ' With one biblical style "begat" after another, continuing actively even since Equity Research's analytical look, the conglomerate trend seems like a non-violent conspiracy to rebel against the older precepts of management. So many Litton alumni are the driving forces in other conglomerates and other more ordinary corporations that *Business Week* referred to it as the "Litton B-School." And it is ironical that as a company that has preferred to hire men from other companies who are sufficiently dissatisfied to be "motivated," Litton in turn has been losing some bright executives who are dissatisfied.

The conglomerate fraternity likes to talk about itself and its origins, and the discussion, at least for public consumption, is usually on a high plane. 'The creative person is someone who sees more clearly than others,' said Ralph E. Ablon, president of Ogden Corporation, a conglomerate on the make. 'His product, whether concept, building, book, or painting, is merely evidence of the clarity of his vision and the quality of his credentials.'

"There are basic developments," he goes on, "which account for the emerging multimanagement company. . . . First we must acknowledge the constantly shrinking nature of one world in terms of communications. In 1900, a man who traveled 300,000 miles in his lifetime was a renowned world traveler. I have already traveled over 3,300,000 miles, and my travels do not compare to those of an airline hostess, to say nothing of those of an astronaut. Nor will they compare with the intercontinental businessman of tomorrow—traveling at a rate of two thousand miles an hour."

After ticking off several more crudely practical reasons for the development of the conglomerate corporation, Ablon takes off like an astronaut into the higher regions of corporate thought. The conglomerate has its origins partly in "the emergence of the political-military/economic complex as interacting power pyramids in current and future corporate operations. The interdependence of these three areas upon each other must be considered by any growth-minded company. . . . Systems planning in the military and government area is the counterpart of systems planning in the corporate area, and political and social objectives are an essential part of the planning of all three areas. We can perhaps more accurately estimate the growing similarities between military, economic, and political planning if we consider the significance of a statement by the Postmaster General that he is not essential as a Cabinet member and that his department should be turned over to a semi-public corporation."

And then Ablon has a few words about Buckminster Fuller's principle of "acceleration." While life has always been changing, Ablon says, "the rapid increase in the rate of change aided by continually expanding technology enables corporations today to do things which were impossible in the very recent past." He goes on to refer to Fuller's "comprehensive ephemeralism," which, in Ablon's interpretation, "means the ability to achieve more effective output with less input, so to do a great deal more with a great deal less. The most illustrative example is the vast superiority of a quarter-ton satellite as compared to 150,000 tons of cable lying on the ocean floor."

When Wall Street and the business community talk about conglomerates, the words come out a little differently. "Conglomerates are sounding the death knell for small businesses," says a management consultant who is clearly an enthusiast for the new corporate form. "What does a smaller company have to offer? Speed. Mobility. Certainly not vast resources, like a large corporation. But these giant conglomerates have both resources and speed." Some skeptics think that con-

(Continued on page 182)

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STOMPING AT THE GREENSBORO COLISEUM

(Continued from page 117) despise him.

"I pull hair. I kick. I stick finger in other man's eye. I hit with fist. I am dirty," admits Mulkovitch, smiling through a handsome beard. "Would you believe I paint? Oils. Look here."

Out pops a color Kodak. The Russian has painted a matador in a perfect pirouette.

Mulkovitch is the absolute villain. He wants to be a bad guy. No guessing about him. A bad actor. Same goes with The Infernos.

The Infernos are polite people but basically evil people right down to their shoelaces. God bless professional wrestling for making the definition between good and evil as sharp as it is. Other masked men in other vocations have come to us as chiaroscurists. The Lone Ranger, for example, operated outside the law and never once advised criminals of their right to an attorney. Hardly anybody ever trusted Tonto, who also wore a mask. And only heaven knows what Batman and Robin had going for them.

But Mr. Wrestling is as absolutely good as The Infernos are evil. He wears a white mask and white trunks. He is stranger than dirt. He is a good guy. Bright, too. Listen and hear how he strings together three words without even one grunt. A clean man. One day, when the universe is ready for it, he will confront the evil of The Infernos. The ultimate match will be born. "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson have bleached their hair. Who can trust a man who does *that?* Hiss on Hawk and Hanson. Down with The Infernos.

The poison is there for these guys four nights a week. The cheers and the affection is there, too, for George and Sandy Scott and Johnny Weaver and George Becker who, well, who look like good people.

"Weaver is my favorite," said the swinger in the leopard-skin coat. She is wearing purple lipstick. Good legs.

Who cares about the gold drain? So whatever happened to the *Pueblo?* Who is Gene McCarthy? Never mind that. The people in the seats want to know about the important stuff. Why in the name of heaven did Rip Hawk have to tear up Little Eagle's war bonnet and beat him bloody?

The lady in Row B made a sign and brought it for The Infernos to see. It says, "Let's trade J.C. Dykes for three Vietcong."

Before the main event, Sandy Scott is in his dressing room trying to add up victories. It is no use. "In twelve years I guess we have won ninety percent of our bouts." The exact count escapes him.

Nobody counts victories or defeats. There is no need. The customers tell the promoter who is going good. They buy or they stay home. If the Scotts do not play to 12,000 people in one week it is an off week.

There is a lot of burlesque in professional wrestling. No laughs or pratfalls or anything like that. But the participants have the exaggerated movements of a second banana. Some old men are still in the ring. Some of the old girls stayed too long in burlesque too. The flab shows.

"This here business is ninety five percent scientific wrestling and five percent showmanship," insists Dykes.

Many of the other wrestlers agree. Come on, now. It is more like fifty-fifty. If these big men played it ninety-five-to-five, the people would stay home and watch *The Beverly Hillbillies* on television.

Mnenick and his partner had the benefit of timing when they began the tour in 1960. Professional wrestling was ready for a comeback. It flourished and died along with Uncle Miltie and those other grey faces in the early days of television.

The wrestlers worked in Australia, England, Scotland, central Europe

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and Africa and waited for somebody to get the sport going again. Murnick and Crockett obliged. They booked tight, ninety-minute shows with wrestlers who established rapport with the audiences.

It was simple stuff. The good against the bad. The pretty wrestler against the ugly one. If the citizens wanted to hear Bernstein conducting Grieg's *Norwegian Dance Number Two*, or if they dug Gore Vidal, they could go watch somewhere else.

"The people want action," said Murnick. "It's here."

The tag event is large box office because four men are involved and four men make more noise, create more excitement and create more boos and hisses than two men. The pay is exceptionally good. Murnick once paid a tag team $700 for one match. The main-event guys always work against a share of the house.

When Murnick books a head-to-head match in the main event he books a name, people like Gene Kiniski or Lou Thesz. On other nights it is the tag-team match or, for a spectacular, the six man event or the twelve-man lumberjack match.

The bill proclaims, "Eight strong wrestlers surround the ring to keep the tag-team contestants in the ring at all times. Should they choose to leave they will be thrown back in by the seat of the pants."

The citizens are in a frenzy for tickets. On a lumberjack night in Norfolk Murnick could sell out the 3,452-seat arena three times over. Four major cities in the state are about to start construction on facilities of 10,500 seats or more.

Murnick wonders what is taking so long to get the things built. The double lumberjack match awaits!

Midget girls versus more midget girls!

When The Infernos and the Scotts met in the main event at the Norfolk Municipal Auditorium last March it was bloody. Nobody is sure which team won because, at the end of the third fall, all the wrestlers leaped into the ring and started to beat the hell out of each other.

The customers stood on their chairs and said "Hot damn. Give it to the Infernos." The citizens would talk about it all week.

Sandy Scott has been in the ring for twelve years. He worries about a possible spinal injury which could end his career tomorrow or the next night or the night after that. He said it is no problem to come back from the broken nose and the torn tissue.

"But when something happens to the back . . . that is it."

Becker started young and has been in and out of rings for thirty years. With Weaver, Becker won the Southern Tag Team Championship. The title means a nod of recognition from the obscure National Wrestling Association, a large metal belt and, always, a guarantee of a percentage against the gate.

"This sport gets in your blood," said Becker. He quit for a while. His brother Bobby, also a wrestler, died of leukemia. George was shaken.

Becker is getting too old for the traveling. Here today and there tomorrow. The two-suiter is packed just so. After the bout it is a shower, maybe an autograph or two and pop! The grip snaps shut, on to another town.

Johnny Heidemann used to be in the main events. Nothing to it. Agree to wrestle a bear and you are in.

So maybe you'll get lucky and get the bear in a good humor."

Heidemann, sweat glistening on his bald head, was talking about the times he was in there against Ginger and Terrible Teddy. Bad customers.

"The winter is no good. The bears would rather be where they should be. In hibernation. The last place they want to be is in a ring. The summer is no good. Too hot. Hot lights and thick fur."

Heidemann used to wrestle bears all the time. The last time was in Albany, Georgia. When the match ended he phoned his wife and said it was all over with the bears.

Heidemann explained. "They muzzle the bears but it's still easy to get a finger inside the leather. I almost lost a knuckle. That night the bear was making a swishing noise. Look out. That swishing noise means an angry bear.

"After he clamped down on my finger, about 1,000 pounds of pressure, I scrambled out of the ring with the bear still mad. The referee puts up his hand to show me the way out of the ring and the bear makes a sweep for his hand. He got a finger. I tore the ref's pants and made a tourniquet."

Only bears win over bears, said Heidemann.

You survive in bear wrestling by using a technique called the turtle. Fall down in a lump and pull in arms and legs. Make like a turtle. Maybe the bear will go away.

Malkovitch knows about the bears too.

"You think to yourself that in the forest the bear swats ten pound salmon out of streams with a little swish of the paw. You think about this when the bear stands up high in front of you. Maybe seven feet high."

So what if the bear is wearing a muzzle and so what if somebody removed the claws. "I spent a lot of my time before a bear match in mortal fear," said Heidemann. "The other guys would stand around and watch me shake."

The bear-bit is an act, a staple in professional wrestling.

The men revel in whatever debt has come to them. They have a way about them which suggests the satiation of contestants around Plaza de Toros de Sevilla. It is the kind of fulfillment you find in a hippie who has inspected a bundle from home and found among other things a button proclaiming "Apple pie makes you sterile."

Hey, there, Rip baby. Want to talk about that beauty of a scar you got there in the middle of your forehead?

"Hell yes. Cracked 'er open on a ring post. Bled like a pig."

Now this is not the style of the Black Venus. The Black Venus will look away and she will start to fidget with her shoelaces when somebody asks about the time Black Venus broke a black ankle when a tough sweetheart bounced her out of the ring on her black tail.

The Black Venus! The Black Venus is 34-26-42.

The Black Venus is thirty-eight. She is a mother eleven times. She is a grandmother several times. Black Venus is 34-26-42 which is well, not bad for a grandmother.

"The men don't know about the children. They make passes. I hear the wolf whistles," said Black Venus.

Two or three years ago a promoter took Waver Pearl Bryant to one side and said, "Look here. Pearl is for Pearl Bailey. Let's get you a new name. Black Venus."

The promoter had bad eyes. The Black Venus is brown. Up there in the ring the sweat is all over her brown thighs. Somebody has left a Hershey bar out in a light rain.

The kids are back home in Los Angeles. They are with Mr. Black Venus who is the pastor of the New Morning Star Baptist Church.

Somebody once wrote of the Black Venus, "She is a champion in the ring and at home."

She explains, "I liked this wrestling thing ever since I can remember. It is always what I wanted to be in."

A match involving Negro women is not of headline caliber. Third banana. But it has consistent appeal. Black Venus heard about the money in it and she started to train after Number Eleven arrived.

Every once in a while Black Venus is in the ring against Miss Marva Scott, who is younger. Miss Marva Scott wears eye shadow and a white

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outfit which could have been in Slave Girl Noola's wardrobe.

"I believe we have a lot of sex appeal," said Miss Scott.

The good old boys in the audience look hard at the girls. Hard as hell. Who knows? A tit is liable to pop out of that white thing she is wearing.

Then again maybe it is masochism. A lot of the customers on Tobacco Road never heard of masochism but they knew it feels good under their checkered shirts to see one woman, all sweaty up there in a ring dominating, mistreating and hurting another one.

Now, sure enough, maybe the wife won't go for it. But these girls do it. They do it for money. "The money is good," said Miss Marva Scott.

The times are good, too. The men are attentive. So what if Miss Marva Scott is a wrestler, a professional wrestler. So what if she doesn't smoke and so what if she says never until Hong & Hing. So what?

Explained Miss Scott, white teeth showing, "I have to keep strong so I can carry on."

She means carry on up there in the ring where the money is. Talk about rear attractions in sports and the theatre. Mantle at bat in the bottom of the ninth. Who needs him? Unitas with the ball on third down and three. Forget it. Give the customers a couple of Negro girls in the ring and, hot damn, you have something there.

The women wrestle with quick moves. Flair. "Foxy style I call it," said Marva Scott of Columbus, Ohio. "There has to be a lot of hair pulling. Women fight that way."

"Not much of it," say the girls. This is business. Who wants mussed hair? Look at Ethel Johnson and Penny Banner and the rest. They keep themselves looking very good.

Style! It just has to be. The Garvin Brothers from Canada somewhere have their hair a shocking shade of white or yellow. Hiro Matsuda of Japan somewhere wrestles in his bare feet and gives the customers a little karate between falls. He would make it in a remake of Charlie Chan.

The girls have style, too. The Black Venus has to have something because she is a grandmother and the good old boys whistle when she comes into the ring and a lot of the soul brothers like her just fine. Just fine.

It is absolute showmanship. A lot of people dismiss the whole sport as theatre and not very good theatre at that.

Sandy Scott said if wrestling is theatre the bouts should be held off Broadway. "They say we are actors. How come the actor's union doesn't make us join? We could use a union."

A union could picket for equal rights. Everybody march for the right to gouge the other guy. "The hard way is the best way for me," said Scott. "The hard way is the scientific way."

Maybe a union could do something about the guys who work on old injuries. Got a gash in the forehead? Watch out because some leg is going to ram your head into the ring post.

"When I get hurt like that I think maybe I am in the wrong business," said Paul Jones, a young wrestler with handsome features and thick wavy hair. Here is a matinee idol if there ever was one.

One day, perhaps in a year or two, Jones will be headline material. Maybe he will find another wrestler who will take the name of David Farragut. Think of it. Main Event! Paul Jones and David Farragut versus the entire Confederate Flotilla!

It could be a buffalo act if they can get the Confederate Flotilla to wear masks. #

THE SKEPTICS

(Continued from page [illegible]) was President gave his generation a special viewpoint. Naturally we looked to Bobby to carry on the heritage of his brother," said Cohen. "He was glamorous and youthful, with great personal appeal. But in New Hampshire, it became very clear to us that Bobby Kennedy was chicken. We looked to Bobby to fill the emptiness after John Kennedy was shot, and he let us down."

Eleanor Clark French, a prominent liberal Democrat from New York, said she was convinced that Bobby was so popular because "the lower classes would love to have a king and queen." Mrs. French, running for Congress against John Lindsay in 1964, campaigned side by side with Kennedy. "When he climbed up on the hood of a car and grabbed a microphone," she said, "you could see from the faces of the crowd that he brought romance into their lives." Bobby, she said, was embarrassed by all the adulation, but he understood the meaning, in political terms, of the mesmerizing influence he possessed.

Seated in a clubby Princeton restaurant, a psychiatrist attributed Bobby's popular appeal more to his being "a man on a white horse than a movie star or a reigning monarch." But he, too, was saying that Bobby Kennedy fulfilled a mass popular need.

The psychiatrist was Dr. Bryant Wedge, director of the Institute for the Study of National Behavior. For him, Bobby Kennedy had to be understood as the phenomenon of a society in a state of disarray like the witch-hunts of the Middle Ages.

"Our society is obviously going through a great transitional crisis in which its whole character is changing. The issues are perfectly clear—urbanization, internal migration, mass communication and education, industrialization.

"When big events happen to people, events they don't grasp and that are beyond their control, they need something concrete to grab onto, a person or an idea. Since we're not much on ideology in the United States, we prefer persons.

"Right now our society is fragmented and incoherent. People are being displaced from their old values. As a result they're seeking out new focal points, new objects. The deep hostility some feel toward Bobby is the other side of the affection others feel for him. In fact, when Johnson withdrew from the race for President, much of the emotion spent on him obviously was transferred to Bobby. In the sense that he was such a positive personality, he solicited these feelings. But it is also true that if Bobby had not existed, society in its current disorderly state would have had to invent him. Even now, the search is on for a new Bobby."

Wedge insisted that what made people so emotional about Bobby was the impression that he had a "hidden agenda," that he actually planned to do more than he was saying. This worried businessmen, labor leaders, conservatives generally. On the other hand, it seemed to inspire Negroes and the poor. "Bobby," Wedge said, "had hooded eyes. They showed

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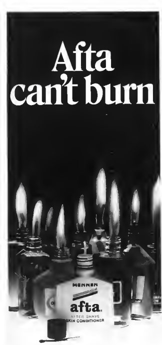

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on every television show, as if he were veiling something.

Bobby was like de Gaulle, in that he understood the value of mystery in the struggle for power. He was always a little detached and he always seemed to be saying a little more than he did. He was an ideal object for the projection of impulses.

For an American, Bobby was also a peculiar combination of the ruthless and the idealistic. In the search for power, he was undoubtedly a pragmatist of the Honey Fitz school, the kind of politics played in Boston in the days of his grandfather. Bobby believed the end justified the means—as long as the end was right. He found what was right, I think, in Catholic social thinking. He seemed to have a profound humanist feeling about him. These two concepts—pragmatism and humanism—are not necessarily contradictory but in America we tend to look on them in that way. Democracy is a system which exalts the means, and Bobby exalted the ends. I don't think Bobby cared so much about democracy but he did care about social justice.

"Once again, this apparent contradiction helps explain why he was loved and hated. Some people were frightened by his ruthlessness, with the inference from the 'hidden agenda' that there was more to come. Some were excited by his idealism, the hidden agenda conveying promises he never made. And all of this must be understood within the disturbing social currents of our times."

Charles Evers, the Negro leader from Mississippi, said he was dedicated to Bobby "because you could trust him; you could see it in his eyes and tell it from the tone of his voice." Evers, who shared with Kennedy the loss of a brother—Medgar, in this case—to an assassin's bullet, said that "most politicians are liars, cheaters and connivers. But Bobby, he was honest. He never let me down. He cared. That's why some people loved him and some people hated him. Medgar and Bobby, they're two men you just can't ruffle me up about."

Wes Barthelmes shares Evers' view that Bobby both attracted and offended people by an excessively straightforward, unornamented approach toward life. Barthelmes served for some years as Bobby's press secretary. Too easygoing to meet the demands of Bobby's operation, he has since moved to a less relentless employer. Barthelmes was recently rated as one of the five best aides on Capitol Hill. Even after severing his formal relationship with Bobby, however, he continued to serve him in various informal capacities.

"Bobby had a lot of edges he never bothered to change," Barthelmes said. "The way you saw him publicly is how he actually was. He was incredibly impatient about planes and speeches, about getting things done. He didn't like being in the Senate, where he couldn't move things around. He didn't like the rituals of politics, playing the game. He just couldn't stand three hours at a stuffy luncheon and he didn't go to them. I remember once scheduling him to speak at a dinner in New York. Naturally, his hosts expected him to attend a cocktail party at six thirty, begin dinner at eight, listen to the introductions at eight-thirty and start speaking at nine. I told them the Senator would show up at eight fifty-five. Needless to say, they were furious. But I had to tell

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physical vigor which made him one of their own. I've often thought that physical daring, prowess, interested him more than politics. He was, for instance, more intrigued by my having been a paratrooper in World War II than in anything else I ever did. I think he communicated this healthy vibrant lust for life to kids. Bobby certainly had much of the child left in himself. This, I think, explains his popularity with the young.

"But whether his audience was young or old, Bobby wasn't perfunctory. He didn't lapse into the jargon of the professionals. He conveyed a sense of concern and, in Harlem and Delano, he developed rapport. He seemed to understand blacks and Indians and Jews, mostly, I think, in terms of the British in Ireland. Or maybe it was because he was the runt in a pretty high powered family. But he felt natural and at ease with these people, and they obviously felt good with him.

"Still, Bobby's powers of communication are not easy to figure out. He was not garrulous. He preferred small groups of people he knew well to unfamiliar people. He communicated even around the office more by sense and feeling than by words. Ed Guthman used to say, 'You've got to learn to read the pauses.' Some mastered the technique better than others. I think he and his brother Jack had this technique down best and that's how they talked to each other.

"I finally had to leave Bobby. It wasn't so much the demands that he made as the example that he set. You had to run to keep up with him. You had to get up early and stay late. Once you got woven into the operation, there was no privacy left, then that it would be eight fifty-five or not at all. Bobby understood that they were using him, exploiting the prestige of his name and didn't give a damn about the speech. But he agreed to give the speech and that was it.

"Bobby saw the fraudulency in life and had a sustained feeling about the injustices in the world. He wasn't a hater, but he had a rage inside him that people felt. He thought the world was a crappy place and that you had to try to make it better. He was a tortured guy and he was moved by the torture in others. That unsettled people.

"In the conventional sense, Bobby was bad in politics. The standard labor people, for instance, had little patience with him. The big backs would come in and he'd question them about racial discrimination in unions. They wouldn't want to talk about anything but minimum wage. Bobby was always asking, always probing. He never played the conventional game. He upset these people by asking these questions. In this sense, I guess he was better as someone's assistant, even as his brother's Attorney General. But he wasn't a politician.

"There were, of course, redeeming qualities about his personality. He had a natural gift of laughter. He unquestionably had a great and beautiful thing going with his wife and the two of them preferred each other's company to anyone else's. Probably the biggest thing about him was the way he lit up over kids. He loved kids. He much preferred to speak to them than to adults. He could talk to them about baseball and football and Willie Mays and adventure. He conveyed a great

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as life of your own. I had a wife and family and all the rest, and I finally decided it wasn't worth it. But for so many of the others in the operation it was like a religious calling, a vocation, a laying on of hands. Working for Bobby wasn't a job; it was a way of life.

"But say what you will about Bobby, he was a very bright, very positive, very constructive guy. What kept him from turning into an arrogant spoiled child with a parochial Catholic view of life, running around having a good time, I don't know. He didn't have Jack's worldliness. He was narrowly Irish in many ways. He certainly would never have been a candidate for President if Jack hadn't gone before him. But he may have been more sensitive, more effective, more thoughtful than Jack. And I think that Bobby never stopped trying to keep the rage within him confined to constructive channels."

Perhaps this rage was Bobby's strength and his undoing, the quality that distinguished him from ordinary politicians. But call it rage, even call it magic, whatever it was, it struck the spark of the California crowds as well as the fanaticism of a California killer. It may have been a product of the demons or a gift of the gods, but—as the tragedy of the Savonarolas and the Gracchi and the Saint Joans attest—it exacts a heavy price. Bobby Kennedy possessed a rare capacity to call forth the best in men and the most wretched. But before he ever put the best in men to use, the most wretched destroyed him. History may continue to be uncertain about his intentions. It can scarcely be equivocal about his powers. ##

DIAL M FOR MERGER

(Continued from page 181) glomerates move so fast that they leave a blur on the balance sheet. Most of the security analysts on the Street who like the safety of conventional categorization of companies (electronics, food, machinery, etc.) in evaluating the ups and downs of corporate development would agree.

Can Kinney National Service (parking lots, funeral chapels, comic magazines) really stand comparison with North American Rockwell (aircraft, atomic energy, cotton-baling machines) since each is involved in such different and diverse lines of business? How much of the much-touted growth of conglomerates is "internal" and how much is simply the result of rapid acquisitions? Until they felt pressure recently from investors and particularly from the accounting profession and the Securities and Exchange Commission, conglomerates were rather cavalier in their manner of lumping dollar figures together in their earnings statements. This is what led Jim Ling to publish full-page ads, entitled "The more you look at LTV the more you see," in which his conglomerate made an attempt to come clean with shareholders through such statements as the "Balance Sheet Spells It Out" and "LTV Is The Nation's Most Visible Diversified Company."

Beyond this suspicion that some conglomerates camouflage their weaknesses on the principle of "togetherness" for all their operating groups (as they are called), the fine-pencil analysts point to another weakness: the go go now, pay later aspect of many acquisitions. By issuing convertible debentures and convertible preferred stock (securities which bring the returns of a bond but which could be converted into stock shares in a favorable market) the conglomerates are simply delaying what may happen—a dilution of a conglomerate's stock as debenture holders convert into common stock. That, of course, would reduce per-share earnings *unless* the conglomerate can consistently maintain its growth rate. And so it came as a shock to Wall Street—and to the promoters of conglomerates—when Litton apologetically told shareholders last January that profits for the first quarter would be "substantially lower than planned." This was the first slowdown for the most famous of conglomerates, and nothing to make even a conglomerate "humanist" happy. (And humanists is what conglomerate managers are: men concerned with the social problems of our times as well as with grubby administrative matters, according to some students of conglomerates.)

But more important than these challenges to conglomerates is the fear that the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission will call a halt to their growth. The heart of the antitrust argument, inadequately formulated as it is so far, is that while conglomerates do not necessarily control given markets or limit competition, they are simply growing too big and too powerful. The trust-busters, by the perennial methods of hints and threats that a government can use, may force conglomerates into a position of self-policing. The federal laws now on the books may not have the teeth to cut into conglomerates, but they have the power to harness them to the point where conglomerates, like traditional corporations, discover that caution is the prudent policy rather than aggressive showy action. If they are not cautious, they may well be policed by new legislation emerging from the recommendations of the current Federal Trade Commission study.

Even the New Left in its attacks on Big Everything, including business, could have a significant impact on federal policy in the area of corporate bigness. But the prudent ones of the conglomerate watchers on Wall Street are much less foreboding. In their view the primitive law of the capitalist jungle—survival of the fittest—will help to sort out the worst from the best. The consensus is that as with every important new development in American corporate life, there will be a few stragglers, even complete dropouts along the route ahead. Inept management, unexpected financial problems and awkward acquisitions could well be the undoing of one or another of the conglomerates of today. Beyond this, maturity works on corporations just as it does on people, and the freewheeling methods of earlier growth may be replaced by a slower, more conventional approach in adulthood. But the fact will remain that conglomerates have lifted the concept of the corporation out of its straitjacket. It is a little disconcerting to know that when you rent an Avis car, you are boosting the sales figures for I.T.T., or that food at a Stouffer's restaurant is really out of a Litton kitchen. It would be even more disconcerting to find that the lunch you ate at a coin-operated Horn & Hardart was a product of General Motors. ##

"IRIS" See page 79

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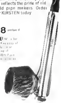

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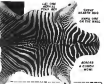

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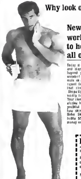

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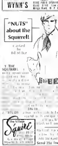
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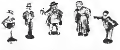

BRASS TAMPERS for pipe smoker depict five Dickens characters ostensibly from David Copperfield including that creep Uriah Heep! Reproductions of antiques, they're about an inch high and are terribly British. Five are $5 postpaid from David Ehrlich, 32 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 02108.

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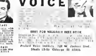
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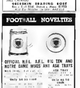
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Where to be and when to be there for this year's unusual whoop-de-dos. As usual, let Richard Joseph be your guide.

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A connoisseur selects seventy five great late night movies worth getting circles under the eyes for—and twenty-five anyone can afford to sleep through.

CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE CRATCHITS

God rest those merrie, their roast goose with chestnut pudding won't a good deal. Esquire takes the basics, adds some succulent and reasonable extras, and invites you to a roaring, glorious, Dickensian feast.

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